THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1899. No. 5

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Austin Dobson recently wrote the following lines in a copy of the works of Poe:

I wonder when America will know
That much her greatest bard is Edgar Poe,
I say this reminiscent and defiant
Of Boker, Tabb, and Longfellow, and Bryant.

The combination of names in the fourth line strikes us as rather amusing.

Mr. Zangwill was passing up Fifth Avenue one Sunday afternoon recently, and his striking appearance made him the cynosure of many eyes. It seemed to us that there could be no mistaking his identity. But imagine our amusement upon overhearing the information conveyed by a self-complacent looking young woman to her companion, who was evidently curious but baffled. "Why, dear, don't you know," said the knowing one, "it's a Filipino!"

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. Frederick S. Dickson of Philadelphia, in which he writes at length about Thackeray's *King Glumpus* (published in the December BOOKMAN), and other Thackeray matters interesting to the bibliographer. The letter arrived too late for publication this month, but will appear in our next number.

A subscriber in California writes us a three-page letter in which gentle protest and compliment mingle with that balmy sense of humour born of kinder skies than favour us in the East. As this subscriber received the Christmas BOOKMAN only on the fifth of December, he rightly complains that he had no chance to send in a list of the most popular illustrated books requested by us on that date. The result of these votes, by the way has been postponed until the February number. "Let me suggest," chides our correspondent yet again, "that your Letter-Box has been *non est* for some numbers past, and your belated invitation affords me a decent excuse for addressing you. Not to receive THE BOOKMAN within a reasonable time is bad enough, but to read THE BOOKMAN without its Letter-Box is like eating an egg without salt! Let us then have some more salt." Very good. See page 482.

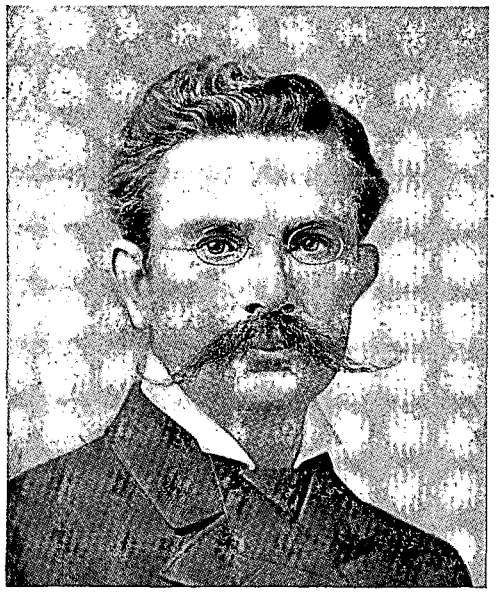
One of Dean Farrar's novels has been dramatised by Mr. Chillingham Hunt, a well-known English elocutionist. The Dean has expressed satisfaction with the play, which is completed, and the next interesting event will be the production. Will Dean Farrar's play, we wonder, compete with *The Sign of the Cross* or perhaps *The Christian?*

Mr. H. G. Wells has recovered from his recent severe illness, and is beguiling the tedium of convalescence with the writing of a humorous novel. A new story of his, entitled *When the Sleeper Wakes,* will appear in serial form in the *Graphic* early in the year.

The death of another well-known novelist fast following on Harold Frederic's decease, marked the close of the old year. William Black, whose last novel, *Wild Eelin,* was published recently, died

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on December 10th, at his home in Brighton, England. He was born in 1841 in Glasgow, where his first journalistic work was done at the age of seventeen. He was a facile writer, and ready at turning his hand to any kind of work on a newspaper. By turns he was dramatic critic, musical critic, reviewer and sub-editor of the Glasgow *Weekly Citizen*. He left that city for London in 1864, and continued in journalism until 1875. He was at one time the editor of the *London Review*, and again of the *Examiner*. His mind was early turned to the writing of fiction—his first story was written before he left



WILLIAM BLACK.

Glasgow, but, as he himself once said, "there was nothing in it." *Love or Marriage*, published in 1867, benefitted by his experience as war correspondent for the *Morning Star*, during the campaign between Prussia and Austria, but it made no stir. With *In Silk Attire* and *Kilmeny*, which succeeded, he began to attract attention, and *A Daughter of Heth* not only increased his popularity, but gave a sure footing for the novels which quickly followed, among which the most popular were *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *A Princess of Thule*, *Madcap Violet* and *Macleod of Dare*. His greatest success was achieved by *A Princess of Thule*, rivalled perhaps by *A Daughter of Heth*. Tom Cassilis, better known as the "Whaup," in this novel, is his most famous character. While Mr. Black had reached the height of his popularity before the publication of *Macleod of Dare*, it is claimed that a new book by him was as eagerly read to-day as it was ten years ago, at least in this country. The great regret in the case of Harold Frederic's premature end, is that he was evidently still approaching the zenith of his power and prestige as a novelist.

The author of *The Refugees* is himself the hero of a good story which the *Academy* relates. A little Irish town possesses a convent ruled by a Mother Superior, whose eyes have seen their best days. Going lately into the local bookseller's shop, she picked up a volume which she thought was written by Canon Doyle, a dignitary of renown in those parts. She bought it, and had it read aloud for edification at the midday meal of the community. The edification in the opening chapters seemed far to seek. Never had love-making been so freely alluded to within those secluded walls. The novices were thrilled. "Well, well," said the Mother Superior, "the dear Canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace. The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of Heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil." Then came the awakening. Someone eagerly peering into the volume perceived that the title-page bore the word Conan instead of Canon. The discovery reached the ears of the Mother Superior. "Well, well," she said, "the bookseller of whom we bought the book is a pious man, and now that we have paid for it, we should be wasteful not to read it to the end." What she decreed was duly done; and it is Mr. Conan Doyle's fault if all succeeding books chosen for community perusal have seemed to be exceedingly dull.

"Is Mr. J. M. Barrie dead?" writes a correspondent who encloses a notice clipped from a recent number of the Chicago *Record*. The notice purports to be a review of a book called "*Jess*, by J. M. Barrie," and is evidently some cheap illustrated edition of several chapters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of *A Window in Thrums*. The review begins:

> Another little glimpse of Thrums and the Thrums people, whose quaint lives and living were so much to him in his fiction, is given to us in this posthumous (!) work.

Between the predatory greed of the publishers on the one hand, and the crass ignorance of the reviewer on the other, Mr. Barrie has once more fallen a victim to certain conscienceless methods of publication and reviewing which we have always deplored as one of the blots on our conduct of literature—a state of things which, we are happy to say, is becoming less possible.

A firm of publishers, who advertised the other day for a man to occupy a position of some importance in their house, received the following application:

> Sir so I sawd in this morning world that you wanted a good man and if you want Sutch I will Soot you as I can give the best of refrence please Let me no wat your bis ness is and Ooblige I have always worked hard and would Like to Come to the Sittey and git a Studey plase (never Smoked nor chew nor never was drunk yet and Can furnish refrence to that efect please Let me heer from you I can give you refrence booth Sittey and Countrey. Yours truely,

In an early number of THE BOOKMAN, there was published an article on "The Brotherhood of All Creatures," in which the "rabbit" and "Uncle Remus" stories of Joel Chandler Harris, and the Jungle books of Mr. Kipling were considered as being prophetic of certain relations of man to animal life, which are imperfectly realised now, but towards which the race is surely approaching. No book of this kind since then has made the strong appeal to our sympathies which *Bob, Son of Battle*, by Alfred Ollivant has done. We are not forgetting that most interesting canine autobiography *Diomed*, published a year ago. But *Owd Bob* (Old Bob), as the book is called in England, is of a higher and nobler breed. This Cumberland tale is not only one of the best dog stories we have read—again we are not forgetting Dr. Brown's *Rab and His Friends*—it is a strong human story of dark passion and noble feeling; steeped in the Dalesman's life of sturdy toil, and with a kind of beauty and simplicity that is easier felt than defined, but which gradually takes hold, and at last wins the reader entirely. Any work which throws a new light of the imagination upon the lower creatures, and lifts them into closer relationship to mankind; which presents in a new form the message of divine tenderness and patient charity; which may quicken by its truth and force the movement toward a larger benevolence, is to be welcomed as a con-

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

tribution to the literature of humanity. Such a work is *Bob, Son of Battle*, recently published by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

Mr. Alfred Ollivant was born in 1874. He is the son of an artillery officer, and was destined by his father for the army. He was educated at Rugby and Woolwich, and after passing through the two years' course at the Royal Military Academy, he came out with his commission

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the head of the list, Tomb's Memorial scholar, and the winner of the coveted saddle and bridle. Two months later, at the age of nineteen, he joined the army, and saw the first step in his ambition realised. Almost immediately his military career, only begun, was abruptly ended by a severe fall from a horse, which brought on a long illness, and left him a cripple. For two and a half years he hoped for recovery and waited, then finally accepted the fact that he would never be fit for service, and sent in his papers. Reading in Stevenson one day, he came on the tragic tale of a collie in one of his essays, and something in the evil end of the collie touched and fascinated him. "Alas!" wrote Stevenson, "he was that foulest criminal under trust, a sheep eater." Here, surely, was the very germ of a romance, and suited to the temper of a man who has always been fond of dogs. He ventured on a short story with sheep-murder as the motive. The story grew under the cripple's handling; the character of James Moore needed a foil, hence Adam McAdam came on the scene; the little Scot loomed ever larger in his maker's mind, until he assumed the important rôle he now occupies in *Bob, Son of Battle*. Lying in a spinal chair; trying to make the ink run uphill on the table pinned across him; hindered by operations and physical difficulties, the young fellow nevertheless wrote on arduously, rewriting and revising, until the completion of the manuscript also saw him crawling cautiously out of cripplepdom after undergoing the open air cure. It is an unpretentious tale, honestly and plainly told, but we shall be much mistaken if Mr. Ollivant does not find that the arrows of outrageous fortune have been winged with kindest intent after all. He is but twenty-five, and we shall look with eagerness for his next book. Meanwhile, *Bob, Son of Battle*, or *Owd Bob* will bring its own reward.

As we go to press we learn that the Doubleday and McClure Company are just publishing the biography of the late Professor Henry Drummond by George Adam Smith. We are told that there has been a great demand for the book in advance; in Scotland alone more than four thousand copies have been ordered before publication. Dr. Smith had placed in his hands by the Drummond family, who selected him as the biographer, all the journals and letters of Professor Drummond, and in addition some unpublished addresses to young men which will form an appendix to the book. To begin with, Dr. Smith has had a most fascinating subject for a biography, and a writer who can bring Isaiah down to modern times and make him live in the imagination of modern men, as Dr. Smith has done in the Expositor's Bible, cannot but make an intensely interesting and most human story of the life of his friend. It will be remembered that the book was promised for publication before Christmas. It is interesting to note that in order to keep this promise the American publishers printed the book and bound the whole edition in less than a week after the arrival of the final copy from England. It is a large work of nearly six hundred pages.

An English traveller, wandering among the unfrequented byways of rural England, came upon the following epitaph in Lincolnshire:

Here lies an honest lawyer;
And that's STRANGE;
He never lied before.

It was a countryman of the Fens, too, who produced an inscription with great pride for this same traveller to gaze upon. It was written in the modern style on the back of an envelope, and the owner treasures it with a snuff-box of "Bobbie Burns," for which (so he said) he has received an offer of £200.

Marie Corelli.
With best wishes.
Sept. 12th, 1897.

Fancy that now!

A third large edition of Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*, has just been issued. Mr. Crawford seems to be fairly in the way of becoming popular as an historian of Rome as well as its novelist. The curious will find in the pages of this historical narrative a great deal of groundwork and many of the plots which have gone to the making of his more popular novels in the Saracinesca series. Few of us have known what an unworked mine of material Mr. Crawford had discovered in the Mother

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Cities as one after another of his famous Italian novels were being published.

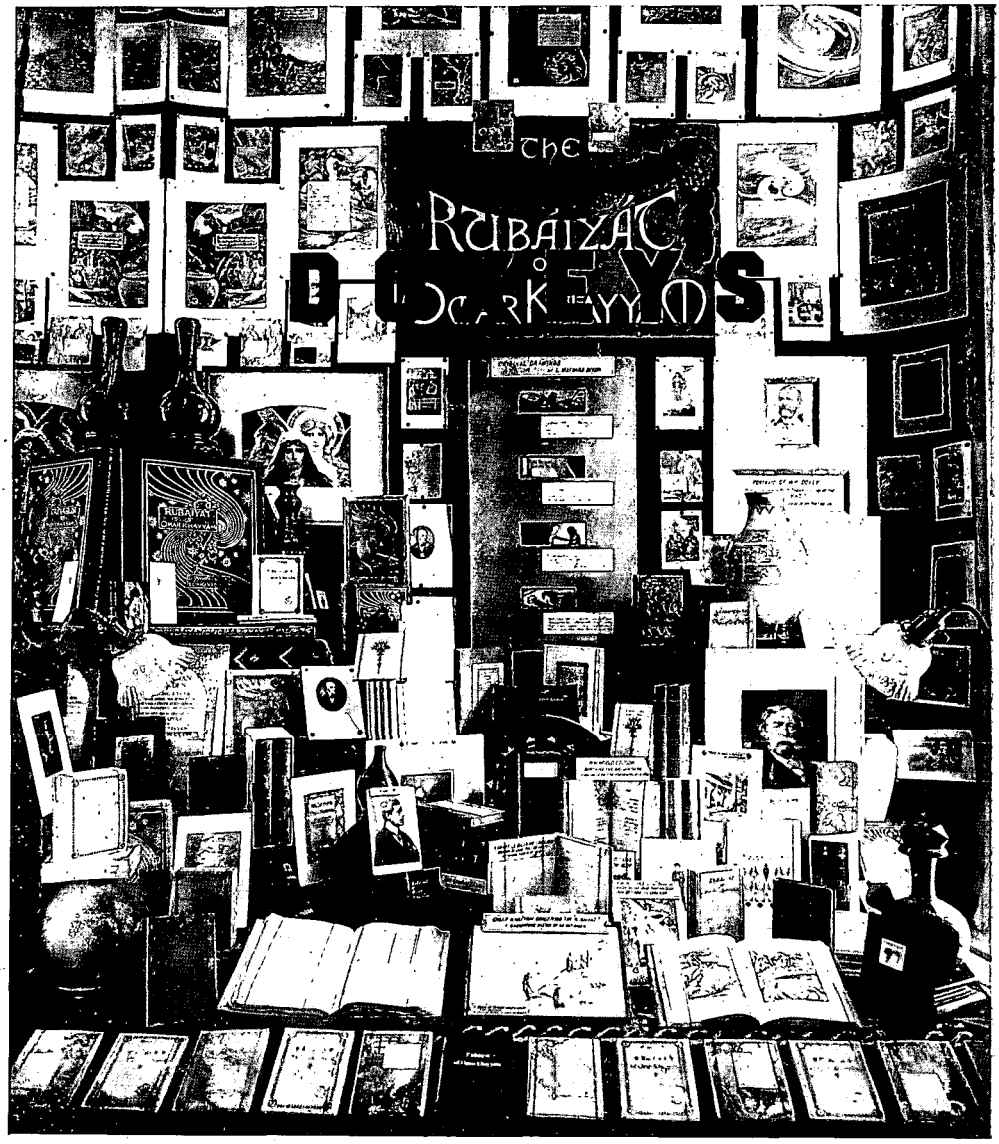
In the new story which Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company have recently published for Mr. Henry James in America, the author shows himself a past master in the art of shadow painting. The play is enacted behind the scenes; only in the intervals and at odd moments do the actors appear. His nameless heroine is a mere spectator of the shadow play—a kind of latter-day Lady of Shalott immured behind the prosaic lattice screen of the post office in a British grocer's shop. To her "shadows of the world appear" in the lines and spaces of telegraph forms, and instead of counting stitches she counts words. She looks up when Sir Launcelot passes, and then, being at last "sick of shadows," she marries Mudge. The outlining of Mudge is one of the best things in the book. When you have finished reading *In the Cage*, you will turn back over the pages to make his acquaintance better, with his orderly little pocketbook and interminable calculations. His rôle in life was to be a grocer, and into grocery, therefore, he concentrated the forces of his being. An admirable, loyal, and single-hearted little man was Mudge, worthy of a shop in Piccadilly.

"If what your Majesty commands be possible, your Majesty may count it as already done. If it be impossible, your Majesty may rest assured that it shall be done." The historic answer of the French courtier is quoted by Mr. Henry Harland in the *Academy* as symbolising, in a way, the attitude, or, at least, one of the attitudes of Mr. Henry James towards his art. Mr. James is constantly undertaking the impossible, he says, and constantly achieving it. Mr. James the critic, has more than once reminded us that the writer of stories is, after all, just a painter of pictures. Most painters of pictures prudently confine their efforts to the representation of the wholly obvious; a few more intrepid spirits (Childe Rolands approaching the Dark Tower) dare the half obvious, the clear obscure. But Mr. James boldly attacks visions to the common eye invisible—so Mr. Harland claims—and paints them and makes them visible and lovely. "The story that can be told is not worth telling"—one might almost fancy that Mr. James had emblazoned that proverb over his study door. Mr. Harland continues: "Rigorously, invariably he sets himself to tell the story that cannot be told and tells it. Who else could have told the story of *What Maisie Knew*, or the story of 'The Private Life,' or the story of 'The

HENRY JAMES AS SEEN BY MAX BEERBOHM.

Coxon Fund,' or the story of 'The Author of the Dead' to select a few of Mr. James's stories at haphazard? Above all, who else could have told the story of 'The Turn of the Screw,' in Mr. James's latest volume, *The Two Magics?* Somebody, writing elsewhere the other day of that masterpiece, suggested that the power which had enabled Mr. James to 'bring it off' was nothing less than 'a third magic.' And, indeed, to tell the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A "RUBÁIYÁT" WINDOW EXHIBIT IN MR. WILLIAM DOXEY'S BOOKSHOP, SAN FRANCISCO.

story of two little English children pursued to their destruction by two particularly hideous and evil ghosts, and not to make the story ugly, not to make it horrible, sinister, repulsive, not to make it ridiculous either, but to make it beautiful, simply and entirely beautiful, might well strike one as a performance requiring supernatural aid. Analysed, however, 'the third magic' will perhaps turn out to be just a finer, intenser insight than that of other artists, served by a technique nearer to perfection."

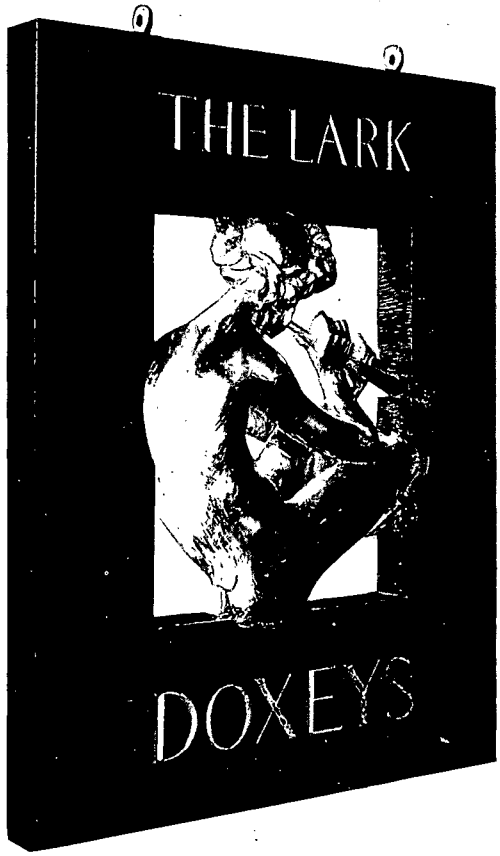
The enterprise and daring of literary Chicago is proverbial. A lady now living in the "Windy City," toward which the spices of the *Rubáiyát* have been wafted from the Orient lately, claims to have heard Edward FitzGerald lecture in New England. Another Chicago lady apologises for printing the Omar-FitzGerald poem in her society paper, and thus depriving many American publishers of their just deserts, on the ground that it is only one of Omar's poems, which together fill a large volume, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is "becoming very popular; everybody is reciting it—even the boys are whistling it in the streets." One wonders what excuse the editors of the *Critic* have to offer for publishing the poem entire in their last number.

Is there a boom in the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám?* It would seem so from the number of editions in various translations and paraphrases decked in holiday attire, expensive and inexpensive, that have crowded in upon our shelves during the last few weeks. Aside from the *Rubáiyát* itself, there has been a recent accumulation of literature on the subject. From Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, of Boston, we have just received what purports to be a romance of Old Persia by no less an Omarian than Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. It is entitled *Omar the Tentmaker*, and the frontispiece illustration by Frank T. Merrill is certainly very suggestive of the poet, who sang of wine, women and song. And now Mr. Doxey, of San Francisco, adds to his famous window exhibits a Rubáiyát window, a photograph of which he has been kind enough to send us. It is, we think, one of the most successful of his exhibitions. Chicago would seem to be no less enthusiastic, as is evidenced by the offering on another page from one of Omar Khayyám's most ardent lovers, Mr. Irving Way. The next development that we expect to witness is an Omar Khayyám club springing up somewhere in America. There is one already in London, which has flourished for a number of years, and numbers among its members many worthy and prominent literary men.

The custom of making special window exhibits of a far-famed author's works has become prevalent among Eastern bookshops, also, but it is due to Mr. Doxey to state that he was the originator of the scheme. The idea belongs to Mr. Doxey's son, who has planned and dressed all the window exhibits which Mr. Doxey has had, most of which, if not all, have been illustrated in THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Doxey is a man of great energy and determination, and it is through his efforts that the publication of books has been made possible in San Francisco. The publication of the *Lark*, which first appeared in May, 1895, did more than all else perhaps to force the barriers which separated the East from the West. By the way, Mr. Doxey has just issued *The Lark Almanack* 1899, and *The Purple Cow!* in which the best of the pictures and rhymes, which made *The Lark* famous, has been republished. The Sign of the Lark which swings over Mr. Doxey's door was originally designed as a poster for the first number of the *Lark* by Mr. Bruce Porter, and was modelled

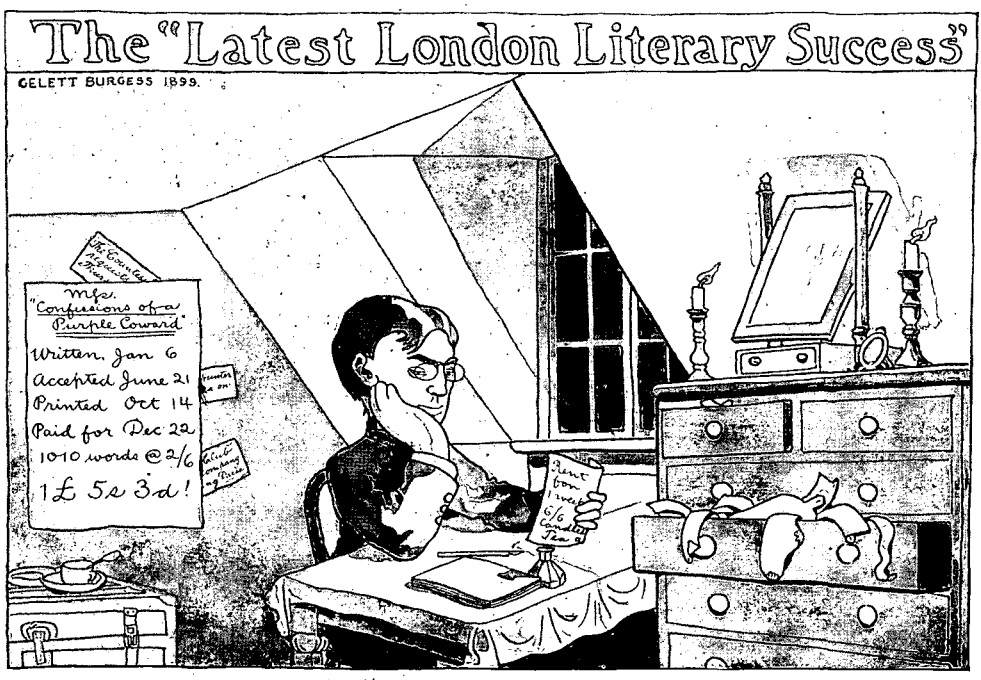


THE SIGN OF THE LARK.

and carved by Mr. Piper. Mr. Doxey deserves recognition for the service which he is rendering literature on the Pacific Coast in the face of so much discouragement and difficulty. We hope that the Sign of the Lark will swing for long over his threshold as a token of encouragement to Western publishers, and as a mark of Western enterprise.

The Lark ceased singing over a year ago, when Mr. Gelett Burgess left San

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Francisco for the East, where he tarried a while before transporting himself and his Purple Cow to London. The light-hearted humourist of the West, and creator of the fanciful Vivette has had his ups and downs since he went to live in Grub Street, and he would seem to be very much in the "downs" just at present, judging by his pictured report. Does Mr. Doxey never sing of an evening, "Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" Look on this picture, dear Mr. Doxey, and call the prodigal home.

The *Outlook* recently invited a vote from its readers on the most important ten books published during the year ending September 30th, 1898. The ten books named by the majority are as follows, in the order of preference indicated by the vote. It is interesting to notice that five books out of the ten were published by the Macmillan Company.

The Life and Letters of Tennyson, edited by his son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson. The Macmillan Company.

Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The Macmillan Company.

The Story of Gladstone's Life, by Justin McCarthy. The Macmillan Company.

Caleb West, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The Workers, by Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bismarck, by Dr. Moritz Busch. The Macmillan Company.

Penelope's Progress, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by F. G. Kenyon. The Macmillan Company.

Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope. Henry Holt and Company.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbours, by John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company announce that they expect to publish Professor James Schouler's sixth and final volume of his *History of the United States*, in the early autumn.

Mr. R. H. Russell, who has just published Anthony Hope's dainty little comedy, *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula*, to which E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned have given popularity on the stage, is also printing *Trelawny of the Wells*, by A. W. Pinero, now appearing with great success at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Russell is drawing on the scenes of the acted play for illustrations, as he did with *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula*, and it will probably be February before the book is ready. *The Pinero Birthday Book*, published by Mr. Heinemann in England, and by Mr. Russell over here some months ago, ought to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find favour at this time with those who like this sort of thing. It contains a portrait of Mr. Pinero, similar to that reproduced in connection with the notice of *Trelawny* in this number. Here is the quotation for the first day of the year: "We will start life anew—always seeking for the best that we can do, always trying to repair the worst that we have done."

❧

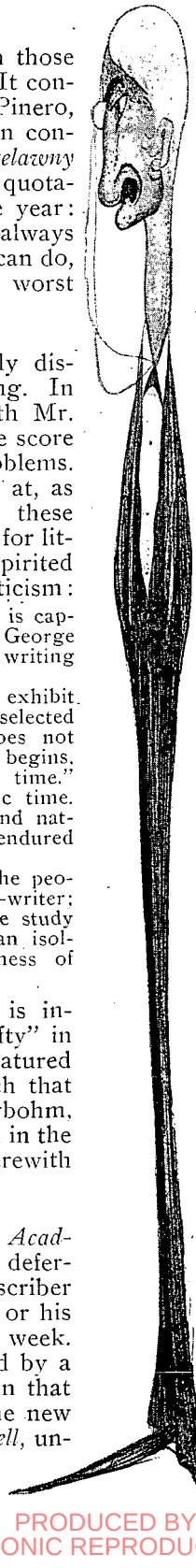
Evelyn Innes has evidently disagreed with Mr. Andrew Lang. In *Cosmopolis* he has a tilt with Mr. George Moore over it on the score of its psychology and sex problems. That is not to be wondered at, as Mr. Lang cares not for these things, and Mr. Moore cares for little else. Here are a few spirited paragraphs of Mr. Lang's criticism:

An Irishman without humour is capable of anything, and Mr. George Moore has proved capable of writing *Evelyn Innes*.

Sir Owen himself meant to exhibit "books of a lighter kind," and selected a passage from one which does not seem so very light. The text begins, "I am a man of the Homeric time." Men *were* men in the Homeric time. Their very vices were manly and natural, and they could not have endured a page of *Evelyn Innes*.

The story becomes a tract; the people are the puppets of the tract-writer; and the Ulick puppet is a mere study of a contemplated affectation, an isolated freak in the great business of forced originality.

That Mr. Andrew Lang is inclined at times to be "toplofty" in his notions is happily caricatured in the attenuated form which that "happy hypocrite," Max Beerbohm, has recently attributed to him in the *Academy*, and which we herewith reproduce.



❧

In a recent number of the *Academy*, the editor stated that in deference to the request of a subscriber any mention of Mr. Kipling or his work would be omitted for a week. But the editor was outwitted by a contributor, who published in that very number, a review of the new *Life of Charles Stewart Parnell*, under the caption, "The Man Who Would be King." In the succeeding issue of the *Academy*, another reader wrote as follows. "I beg to say that if any literary paper in this kingdom will undertake to refrain from mentioning Omar Khayyám for one month, I will subscribe to it for one year and pay in advance." The *Academy* briskly accepted its correspondent's conditions at once, and sent him an annual subscription form.

❧

Here is a story told by Rudyard Kipling. His father, John Kipling, went to pay a visit to an Indian Rajah who was about to bring home a queen. The elder Kipling had been engaged in the decorations of the palace, and its owner showed him the gifts of stuffs and perfumes he had procured for his coming spouse. The Rajah also sent for his jewel caskets, and asked Mr. Kipling to assist him in selecting the gems to be included in the marriage gifts. They were of extraordinary size and value, such gems as are seldom seen except in the East, and to the artist the selection was a pleasure. Finally he lifted a wonderful diamond, one of the choicest gems in the collection, and said: "You should send this. No woman could resist it." The Rajah looked up, caught it, and held it jealously to his breast. Then, slowly replacing it in the casket, answered, "Nay, such gems be not for women."

❧

We have received from Messrs. E. R. Herrick and Company a new book by Tom Hall, entitled *The Little Lady, Some Other People, and Myself*. Under this heading the author has gathered a number of sketches and stories, some short and some not so short, and all served up in a light and humorous vein. "That there is some truth," says Mr. Hall facetiously in his prefatory note, "in many of the sketches contained in this volume, is attested by the fact that they were originally published in *Truth*. Indeed, in them the author has made some fun of his friends,

PRODUCED BY UBZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without making an enemy of any of them, and more fun of his enemies without making a friend of any of them. If a profusion of pronouns in the first person, singular, is noticed in these pages, the reader will please remember that the author considered it wise to make more fun of himself than of either his friends or his enemies." The publishers have given the book a good form, and have bound it in a very picturesque cover.

Mrs. Ella Higginson, who has already been introduced to the reading public

by the Macmillan Company through her two volumes of short stories, *From the Land of the Snow Pearls*, and *A Forest Orchid and Other Stories*, now takes us pleasantly by surprise with a little book of poems entitled *When the Birds Go North Again*. There is a distinct charm in Mrs. Higginson's poetry, especially in her lyrics, but it is in her sonnets that she shows her power most. Not a few into whose hands this volume comes will treasure it for its touch of insight and its grasp on the tragic realities of human life. "Wearing out Love" is reminiscent of "James Lee's Wife," but Mrs. Higginson has her own note:

Forgive you? . . . Oh, of course, dear,
A dozen times a week!
We women were created
Forgiveness but to speak.

You'd die before you'd hurt me
Intentionally? . . . True.
But it is not, O dearest,
The thing you mean to do—

It's what you do, unthinking,
That makes the quick tear start;
The tear may be forgotten—
But the hurt stays in the heart.

And though I may forgive you
A dozen times a day,
Yet each forgiveness wears, dear,
A little love away.

As the impatient river
Wears out the patient sand,
Or as the fickle ocean
Wears out the faithful land.

And one day you'll be grieving,
And chiding me, no doubt,
Because so much forgiving
Has worn a great love out.

And in the last sonnet, "In Absence," she has caught the deeper note of silent, hidden tragedy so characteristic of Mrs. Meynell's work, and has given it poignant expression.

Heart of my heart! Time was when moments went
As petals cast upon a rushing stream.
So swift, so sweet, I could but catch their gleam
Ere gone were all their beauty and their scent—
With the slow-ebbing sea of ages blent.
Then thou wert with me! Now, alas, they seem
Long as the long-drawn torment of a dream—
Long as the endless way to sweet Content.

Yon sea that murmurs—is it blue or gray?
Yon moon that rises—is it dull or bright?
How shall I live to meet another day,
How, having met it, live on to the night—
When all my soul aches that thou art away,
And all my being for love's lost delight?

It is worth noting that several American women have done this successfully in sonnet form within recent years, yet none of them reaches the same skilled artistry of form which gives Mrs. Meynell a place apart.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have recently published, in their Town

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Country Library, a story by an English writer which has succeeded in attracting a good deal of marked attention in England, and which has run through several editions. It is reviewed among our Novel Notes on another page, and we should like to say here that it is a book worth reading for its wit and humour, its excellent dialogue and brilliant epigrams, and for its fine sympathy with a religious circle in England which is rarely approached with such understanding and noble feeling. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, has been known only to a small literary coterie heretofore, by some little volumes of verse, and in her novel some of the most pleasant things we carry away from it are contained in the verses which serve for chapter headings. A few of these things are worth quoting here:

The little blind god, as he softly trod,
  Did a dart from his bow prepare;
And he sharpened it with a woman's wit,
  And he feathered it with her hair.

As a place of residence Eden was closed
  When Adam and Eve left home;
And no one can live there, it is supposed,
  For many a year to come.
But now and again, in the summer days,
  The gardens are open thrown
That the public may walk down the grassy ways:
  And nobody walks alone.

You took my heart and made it beat,
Then trampled it beneath your feet
    And watched its cracks and creases.
Unless I make a great mistake,
A heart thus hurt was bound to break;
So say no more, for pity's sake,
    But sweep up all the pieces.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has greatly improved in health and is making steady progress with her new novel. It will in all probability be published in the spring by the Messrs. Blackwood in England and by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in this country. The title which Miss Harraden had in mind for this novel two years ago was *I, Too, Have Passed Through Wintry Terrors*, and we have not heard that she has changed her mind.

Miss Hilda Spong, whose portrait we publish, is an English actress brought over by Mr. Daniel Frohman to take the same part in *Trelawny of the Wells* that she took in the London production. She is a valuable addition to our ranks, for of all the fine work done at the Lyceum in this play hers has the most genuine Pinero quality, the most delicate intellectual dash and lightness. In many places where she might get a laugh from the crowd by a little extra touch she misses it by an exquisite propriety. If she can do other parts as well, she is an artist.

While commenting in these columns last month on the contrast which we observed in the treatment of the two Cockney stories, *Tony Drum* and *Mordemly*, it occurred to us that it might not be unprofitable to hear what Mr. Edwin Pugh had to say of *Mordemly*, and to know what Mr. Pett Ridge thought of *Tony Drum*. Since then we have had the former question gratified, for in the London *Outlook* Mr. Pugh reviews *Mordemly* under the heading, "Real Realism and Mr. Pett Ridge." And Mr. Pugh confirms thereby our statment that in spite of the depression and sadness of

HILDA SPONG.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his literature, his view of life is optimistic. He could not appreciate *Mordemly* as he does; he could not write like this if it were not so:

> It is conceivable that there may be men to whom some small corner of the world appears uniformly sad and dismal, and I grant that such a man, if he had the power, has also the right honestly to set down his view of things and claim to rank as a realist; but I venture to think that his realism is a limited realism, limited by his purblind outlook, and is not so true or so large as that of the artist who shows us the joy of life as well as the sorrow in their due proportions. To most men the world seems not such a bad place to live in, after all, and surely he who presents life as it appears to the majority of mankind has the best right to call himself a realist.

Accordingly, Mr. Pett Ridge, he says, is a realist in the truest, widest sense of the term. He is an artist with a sane, and therefore original outlook. *Mordemly* (published here as *By Order of the Magistrate*), is replete with pure, spontaneous humour, full of truth, pathos, force and dignity. Beings more real than the people of this book are not to be met. "Mordemly" herself, the child of the slums, is triumphantly vital. If you would be amused, or if you would be interested, know her for her wit and humour, study her for the light her simple, bold nature throws on the eternal riddle of womanhood—

> For the Colonel's lady
> An' Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins.

GRAVE OF D. G. ROSSETTI, AT BIRCHINGTON.

An English friend of ours, who has a liking for visiting the graves of famous men and women, being at the little village of Birchington-on-Sea the other day, naturally turned to the churchyard where Rossetti was laid to rest. A cross, sculptured beautifully after a design by Ford Madox Brown, marks the spot. The inscription on it reads:

Here Sleeps

GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI,

Honoured under the name of

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Among painters as a painter,
And among poets as a poet.

BORN IN LONDON

OF PARENTAGE MAINLY ITALIAN, 12TH MAY, 1828.

DIED AT BIRCHINGTON, 9TH APRIL, 1882.

Talking to the old grave digger, he found him still awed by the remembrance of the crowd of strangers from London, which invaded the little village to attend the funeral of Rossetti, nearly seventeen years ago. "We never knew he was great till he died," said he. "His mother and Miss Christina used to come and sit near the grave, and took a mighty interest in the memorial window which was placed in the church. It looks much more lovely when the sunlight is not on it. One side of it, I am told, is from a painting by Mr. Rossetti." As our friend passed out of the quiet resting-place where the poet and painter lies buried, the last words that fell on his ears were, "Miss Christina was a sweet lady."

Mr. Watts-Dunton's remarkable novel *Aylwin* has passed into its tenth edition in England, and a second large edition has been published in this country, where, until now, the author, who is a literary recluse, has been practically unknown. Dr. W. Roberston Nicoll, who reviews the book on another page, and gives some biographical information about the author in his "Literary London," causerie, contributes an article on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Significance of *Aylwin*" to the *Contemporary Review* for December.

The character of D'Arcy in *Aylwin*, it may be said, has a strong portrait resemblance to Rossetti. The following description which Winifred gives of D'Arcy has been identified as true of the poet:

I suppose I must begin with his forehead, then. It was almost of the tone of marble, and contrasted, but not too violently, with the thin crop of dark hair slightly curling around the temples, which were partly bald. The forehead in its form was so perfect that it seemed to shed its own beauty over all the other features; it prevented me from noticing, as I afterwards did, that these other features, the features below the eyes, were not in themselves beautiful. The eyes, which looked at me through spectacles, were of a colour between hazel and blue-gray, but there were lights shining within them which were neither gray, nor hazel, nor blue—wonderful lights. And it was to these indescribable lights, moving and alive in the depths of the pupils, that his face owed its extraordinary attractiveness. . . . Between the eyes across the top of the nose, where the bridge of the spectacles rested, there was a strongly marked indented line which had the appearance of having been made by long-continued pressure of the spectacle frame. . . . The beauty of the face, as I said before, was entirely confined to the upper portion. It did not extend lower than the cheek bones, which were well-shaped. . . . A dark-brown moustache covered the mouth. I have always thought that a mouth is unattractive if the lips are so close to the teeth that they seem to stick to them; but on the other hand, where the space between the teeth and the lips is too great no mouth can be called beautiful, I think. Now, though the mouth of the gentleman was not ill-cut, the lips were too far from the teeth, I thought; they were too loose, a little baggy, in short. . . . When he laughed his teeth were a little too much seen, and this gave the mouth a somewhat satirical expression.

In the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which by the way, is the best number that we have yet seen of this magazine, and that is saying a good deal, Mr. W. M. Rossetti prints some hitherto unpublished scraps by his brother Dante Gabriel. One of these is a parody of the darkey song "Uncle Ned," with a very pointed reference to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Who would have thought of Rossetti as the author of these lines?

Dere was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Tom,
And his tale was rather slow;
Me try to read de whole, but me only read some,
Because me found it no go.
Den hang up de author Mrs. Stowe,
And kick de volume wid your toe—
And dere's no more public for poor Uncle Tom,
He am gone whar de trunk-lining go.

Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet, painter and radical, has come to make a sojourn of several years in America. It is hardly to be wondered at that so close a student of human nature as Drachmann—a student of the humble and the oppressed—should be attracted to the land where so many of his countrymen have found a second home; a home without the restrictions, the narrowness, the hopelessness of that little kingdom by the Baltic. Drachmann, as poet, has a high place among those wonderful Scandinavian writers who are gradually but surely, coming to hold dominion over the modern literature of Europe. Germany first fell under the spell of their power, until almost all modern German literature is an imitation of the Light

Holger Drachmann

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the North. Now there are signs that France, so long a Queen of the Arts, is bowing to the superior strength of this same Northern light, and acknowledging the marvelous power and freshness of the works of these Scandinavian writers. With minor national differences, the Danes softer, less assertive, the Norwegian rugged and direct, the Swede a trifle more polished, there is much of family resemblance in all modern Scandinavian literature. In Drachmann's poems, apart from the Danish characteristics of softer outlining and great play of imagination, we notice the same intensity of human feeling, the same inevitable radicalism which must come to the poet who has a heart to understand, and feel for the disinherited of the earth. Drachmann's stay here will doubtless be fruitful of much interesting work; if it result in making known to readers of English what he has already written, it will be a gain for us as well.

GEORGE W. STEEVENS.

❧

With Kitchener to Khartum, which is now published here, is well described as the triumph of a journalist. But this is not mere journalism, although it is the work of a man who is above all else a first-class journalist. In Mr. Steevens's book you have history, geography and romance—the romance of history and geography. As readers of newspapers know to their cost, it is not every war correspondent that can make them see as he has seen. When you have read Mr. Steevens's book you feel that you have lived through the campaign, that you have passed "with Kitchener to Khartum." You have seen sights and heard sounds that you are never likely to forget. It is splendid realism. You come out of the book feeling that you, too, bear what Mr. Steevens calls the "hall-mark of the Sudan." Yes, it must be conceded that the book is a triumph, a triumph for journalism if not indeed for literature.

❧

The manuscript of "Books Which Have Influenced Me," which Stevenson prepared at the request of the editor of the *British Weekly*, and which is reprinted in the final volume of the Thistle Edition, has come into the hands of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who now own it. We reproduce in fac-simile the opening and closing sentences. The former contains a passage which has been as much quoted or referred to as anything in Stevenson's writings —the passage about the "little beautiful brother whom we once all had, and whom we have all lost and mourned."

❧

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued this volume of the Thistle Edition of *The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson*. This volume, the twenty-second and the last, containing letters and miscellanies, sketches and criticisms, some of which have been printed directly from the original manuscript, and others

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The editor ~~I perceive~~ has somewhat insidiously laid a trap for his correspondents: the question put appearing at first so innocent, ~~that it is not until after reconnaissance and review that we find it truly cutting so deep~~ truly cutting so deep. It is not indeed until after some reconnaissance and review, that the writer awakes to find himself engaged upon ~~pledged to~~ something in the nature of ~~an~~ autobiography; or perhaps worse, upon a chapter in the life of that little, beautiful brother whom we once all had and whom we have all lost and mourned ~~[illegible]~~ : the man we ought to have been, the man we hoped to be. But when word has been passed (even to an editor) it should, if possible, be kept; and if sometimes I am wise and say too little, and sometimes ~~[illegible]~~ weak and say too much, the blame must lie at the door of the person who entrapped me.

the mind. A writer ~~must learn~~ learns this early; and it is his chief support ~~a great encouragement~~; he goes on ~~quite~~ unaffraid, laying down the law; and he is sure at heart that most of what he says is demonstrably false, and much of a mingled strain, and ~~very little~~ some hurtful, and very little good for service; but he is sure besides, that when his words fall into the hands of any genuine reader, they will be weighed and winnowed, and only that which suits ~~[illegible]~~ will be assimilated; and ~~that~~ when they fall into the hands of one who cannot intelligently read, they come there quite silent and inarticulate, falling upon deaf ears, and his secret is kept ~~[illegible]~~ as if he had not written.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

FAC-SIMILE OF STEVENSON'S MANUSCRIPT; THE OPENING PARAGRAPH AND CLOSING SENTENCES OF "BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME." BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE OWNERS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collected from various reviews and magazines in which they appeared. Some of these unpublished sketches from manuscripts dated 1870 and 1871 show us Stevenson as a literary apprentice, but even from the first Stevenson put his mark on whatever he wrote, and even in the chips from his workshop one feels the sincerity, the seriousness and the charm of Stevenson's personality. It is noticeable that in these early papers the cigarette has not yet appeared. That was a later habit, but frequently one finds him speaking of "filling" or "lighting" his pipe. The genial note, the glad joy of living comes early into Stevenson's writing. A remark, which a friend makes to him in the essay on "Forest Notes," published in this volume, struck our fancy. Stevenson had set himself down on the grassy bank with a book on his lap when a painter friend exclaimed to him: "I say, just keep where you are, will you? You make the jolliest motive." In the literature of the latter half of the century no writer will be found to write with so genial and so jolly a motive as Stevenson.

How characteristic of the Stevenson of the *Inland Voyage* are the following concluding sentences to a sketch written in 1874:

> There, in the bleak and gusty North, I received, perhaps, my strongest impression of peace. I saw the sea to be great and calm; and the earth, in that little corner, was all alive and friendly to me. So, wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him: in the town he will meet pleasant faces of men and women, and see beautiful flowers at the window, or hear a caged bird singing at the corner of the gloomiest street; and for the country, there is no country without some amenity—let him only look for it in the right spirit and he will surely find.

One finds in these early words of Stevenson the philosophic calm of maturity, and that grace of humour which mingling with his vein of seriousness had not a little to do with his deep charm.

Here's a how-de-do! Sir Berry Cusack-Smith, K. C. M. G., to give the worthy gentleman his full title, has been contributing some reminiscences of Stevenson in Samoa; and has raised a hornet's nest about his ears. Sir Berry, it appears, arrived in Samoa in 1890, the same year in which Stevenson arrived, and for eight years has been "the unworthy representative in Samoa of the British Empire." Sir Berry tells the story of the trouble with the disaffected Samoan chiefs, and in speaking of Stevenson's relations with Mataafa, the great rebel leader, he does not hesitate to throw obloquy on Stevenson. For example, after Mataafa had surrendered and a certain letter of Stevenson's had been handed to him, Sir Berry comments: "I believe that when he (Mataafa) subsequently read it, his comparison of Judas and Stevenson was most forcible." Mr. Graham Balfour has spoken for many who have full knowledge of the facts, in giving an unqualified contradiction to Sir Berry's assertions. A more interesting phase of the reminiscences is Sir Berry's lofty disapproval of what he is pleased to call "the emasculated, Colvinised, expurgated edition" of the *Vailima Letters*. "I have every reason to believe," says he, "that the most interesting part of Stevenson's letters, his opinions on men and matters in Samoa, were suppressed." Mr. Sidney Colvin (the reminiscences and correspondence appeared in recent numbers of *The British Weekly*) "smiles" at the charge and retorts, "I do not quite know what to Colvinise may be, but to emasculate, in Sir Berry's view, is apparently to suppress or abridge the references to himself. Now it happened to come to my knowledge while the book was in preparation, that Mr. Cusack-Smith (as he was then) cherished the hope, which he now innocently avows, that he would figure in it somewhat conspicuously. But it was out of my editorial power to gratify him; for the truth is that this gentleman, notwithstanding his responsible official position, filled no considerable place in Stevenson's life or thoughts, and was hardly ever mentioned in his correspondence." Sure enough, we find this from Sir Berry: "The *Vailima Letters* appeared, and I read them eagerly. The worst thing Stevenson had to say of me was that I was a 'nice young man.' I admit that I was damned with faint praise, but it was not what I hoped for." Oh, Sir Berry, Sir Berry! *Vanitas vanitatum.*

We are indebted to Sir Berry for one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interesting story, not about Stevenson, but about Stevenson's pony. In the *Vailima Letters* much mention is made of this pony, "Jack" by name. When Mrs. Stevenson left Samoa finally in 1897, the leading lawyer of the British court offered Jack a home, where he might end his days in dignified retirement. "No one shall ever ride him again," said the lawyer, and all hearts were stirred by this hero-worship. Alas! for the futility of human promises! At a recent entertainment in Samoa in which the cigar and umbrella race was won by the lawyer's Samoan servant on a fast pony, it was discovered that the pony was no other than Mr. Stevenson's Jack.

The literati of to-day, that is, such of them as will own up to being small fry, should feel proud when they compare themselves with their predecessors in the craft some fifty years ago. In a book just published under the title of *Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold* (Cambridge, Mass.), they will gain access to a very amusing world of letters. It is the literary society of the early forties in this country with all its gossip and rivalries and poor little malicious triumphs brought back to life again. But it is amusing only if we can forget the pathos of it, for there is too much sarcasm in some of the jokes which time has played. Oblivion has its blessings even for a literatus. To be a grotesque archaism dragged out of a literary garret for posterity to grin at, like an old hoop-skirt; to be caught fifty years after, saying things like this and saying them seriously.

> Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
> Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
> From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets
> Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
> Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
> On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
> Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
> Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

—is worse than having one's grave robbed.

But while our present day counterpart to the author of these lines, if there be such, would be above comparing his Rosalie Lee to an anthosmial sweet apple, it is not on that ground that he should feel himself superior. It is rather because he is a far more reasonable and humane and modest person. He has less pretentiousness for time to prick, and he will not appear so ridiculous if curious people exhume his reliques fifty years hence. Above all, he is less bitten by jealousy than were his precursors in the forties. This remark of Whipple's, for instance, would have small point at present:

> I have no patience with the New York literati. They are all the time quarelling with each other. Why not kiss and be friends? You have a precious lot of feuds on your own hands. "A plague on both your houses," say I.

Griswold may have been "one of the most irritable and vindictive of men." We have it on the authority of a very good friend of his that he was. But he was an excellent editor. His volume of selected verse to illustrate the progress of American poetry during a period of fifty years, is still a standard work. The preparation of it brought him into relations with a host of writers; and the *Correspondence* now published by his son gives a wonderfully clear view of the times. Here is a glimpse of the literary lions in the New York of 1842:

> I have been to New York for a few days and saw all the people—breakfasted with Willis, smoked with Halleck, took tea with Keese, dined with Maria del' Occidente; chatted with Hoffman, Balmanno, Mrs. Embury, Seba Smith, Miss Thayer (an old Boston friend of yours, who is one of the greatest of living characters), etc. Touching Maria Brooks—she is a wonderful woman—I have never seen her compeer. She talked as volubly as any woman, but not as women talk; but what I have to say of her must be addressed to Whipple, concerning whom and Macaulay, we held appreciative converse.

The contemporary superlative looks rather odd after fifty years. Nowadays, literary coteries do not take themselves so seriously. Daudet's "Society of the Failures," and the pompous group described in Calverly's much-quoted passage as oiling "each other's little heads with mutual flattery's slime," are in reality anachronisms. The lesser scribbler is certainly a better fellow than he used to be. The Bludyers and Slashers no longer flourish. This is the day of literary hospitality—too much so, some say, pointing to the square roods of print; but this is hardly fair, for our ancestors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beat us in indiscriminate praise as well as in indiscriminate abuse. They log-rolled for their friends as frankly as they cudgelled their foes; though log-rolling in those days was done oftener for money than for love. For instance, Greeley wrote:

> Get a right notice in the *Ledger*, if you can. Swain would like to do me a kindness. But pay for it rather than not get a good one.

And another sends in a book, saying:

> Please keep the authorship a secret, and if you can get the accompanying notices published, one in the *North American* and the other in the *Evening Journal*, without betraying it, do so. I shall be much obliged, and will cheerfully reciprocate the favour at any time.

The ways of puffery are as devious as those of literary damnation, but in both of these black arts even the pessimist will grant that there is a gentler touch at present. The personal motive is better disguised, to the advantage of good manners, if not of good morals. Reviewers no longer use their pens as if they were war-clubs. They may slay sometimes, but they seldom mangle. Civilisation has gained that much. Even when the work of devastation is done as neatly as it is occasionally in the *Saturday Review*, it is not much admired. People are beginning to realise that polished sarcasm is a rather obsolete weapon after all. One does not have to be very clever to use it, and a practical public wants to know what is inside the book, not what particular brand of venom the reviewer secretes. Therefore the blasting of a literary reputation must proceed with some show of conscientiousness, and by reference to chapter and verse.

If, however, a man is big enough to be an authority, he may still carry off a bit of the subjective sort of criticism fairly well. His work has value as mere impressions, even when worthless as criticism. And whether an authority or not, these impressions make very good reading, if he happens to be picturesque or original enough in his whimsicality. Hobby-riding is often good sport for the on-lookers. But it must be the right sort of a hobby. A recent writer on "Some Aspects of Thackeray," in the *Atlantic*, rides a much too solemn animal for the purpose. It is the kind that preaches in the following old-time strain:

> Pettiness, the vulgarity of money, the admiration of mean things, hang before him [Thackeray] like a curtain at the theatre. Rome may be on fire, Hotspur leap for the moon, Othello stab Iago, Lear die in Cordelia's lap: but the sixteenth of an inch of frieze and fustian keeps it all from him.
>
> He lived in a moral Pumpernickel, where the ideal is kept outside the town gates. Pumpernickel was his home, and he has depicted it in Vanity Fair. . . . Thackeray had so many fine qualities that one cannot but feel badly to see him in such a place.

Away with the "moral Pumpernickel"; away with cakes and ale! Let us have even Colonel Newcome with a moral.

> He draws Colonel Newcome as an object of pity; he surrounds him with tenderness and sympathy. Here is Thackeray at his highest. But he never suggests to the reader that Colonel Newcome is not a man to be pitied, but to be envied; not a failure, but a success; not unhappy, but most fortunate.

Not men and women, then, but stained glass figures that teach something or preach something. Lovable old Colonel Newcome stuck all over with texts lest the moral of him might escape somebody. Good-hearted little Harry Foker with the common humanity all scraped off, and trailing clouds of glory after him. Pen and Clive, and Philip and Harry Esmond, and all the rest of them packed off to an idealist's quarantine to be disinfected of their points of likeness to ourselves. This point of view assumes a moral vantage to which it has no right. To a very young man the folly and meanness of the world that Thackeray describes, loom up large. He sees the worse side first. Probably he likes it best; for he can fancy himself world-wise, cynical, disillusioned, just a bit *blasé*, and other pleasant precocious things—and he gets it all without stirring out of his arm-chair. There he is, a battered worldling; no matter if his only club is a Greek letter fraternity and his only Mayfair the annual Junior hop. But this is not Thackeray's fault; nor is there anything the matter with the young man except his youth. When he gets over that, he sees more than the moral Pumpernickel in Thackeray's world, as well as in his own. Nor yet will he regard the world as if a nursery governess made it. As to the moral of it all, it is quite as plain as if it were preached noisily on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every page, and a very good moral it is. *Humani nihil alienum*, and so forth—very ancient, but very sound. Of course Thackeray had his limitations. He was not one of the roaring lions, as he himself would have said. He does not call up a whirlwind of passion, ecstatic bliss, demoniac fury. But he does make a very human sort of world—a world of faulty, kindly folk that we can know and like. Shall we sulk because it is not fairyland? Is there never a moral unless it is stated in large explicit letters? Malice and envy and the sordid little motive are there, and so are generosity and self-sacrifice and charity; nobody all black or all white, but more or less speckled, always recognisable as earth-dwellers. Hence our deeper sympathy, for they too can fail and slip. It is a genial, wholesome reproduction of a world that isn't so bad after all.

How familiar it is, this view of Thackeray as the mere microscope for meanness, the satiated sneerer whose world was too much with him! The theme is seldom long without a spokesman. Some one retorts angrily, and the argument surges around those same old rocks of temperament that people have been mistaking for logical convictions since the world began. "So few nice people in his book," quoth one. "Low ideals," says another. "Moral purpose obscured," moans a third. "His women all knaves or fools," chimes in the inevitable and pertinacious fourth. Then a clatter from the defenders, who rush in with lists of characters and favourite passages; till somebody laughs, and there is peace again for a while. "There has been a loud cry raised," said the *North British Review*, taking up the gauntlet shortly after the appearance of *The Newcomes*, "and in the name of religion, too, that this writer represents men and women worse than they are. But why do we go on calling ourselves miserable sinners on Sunday, if we are to abuse Mr. Thackeray on week-days, for making out many of us to be somewhat less than saints?" A certain type of mind will find nothing for itself in Thackeray—not if it devotes a lifetime to the search. It is a very admirable type, but it lacks flexibility. It insists on positive, definite results. Right and wrong must be kept distinct and not left to the reader to disentangle. It has a passionate craving for the obvious, lest the very young may go amiss. It thinks that the "moral uplift" can come only by way of an ostentatious boost. Then there is another class of persons who are forever quarreling with one author because he is not like some other author. They grieve because Byron was not Bunyan; or Bunyan was not Bacon; or Thackeray, Scott; or George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and so on. The thing is endless. They are ill at ease with nature's prodigality, and would have us all fed with the same spoon. But these are the fidgets of criticism.

That Thackeray's view of life was a noble one, that he was a firm believer in the power of goodness, and that he took his work seriously is borne out by a letter which he once wrote to a Brighton clergyman, and which Mrs. Ritchie prints in her introduction to *The Newcomes*, just published in the Biographical Edition. "He looked upon himself," writes Thackeray's daughter, "as a lay preacher, even more than a maker of stories." We reprint that part of the letter which is pertinent to the question at issue:

> I want, too, to say in my way, that love and truth are the greatest of heaven's commandments and blessings to us; that the best of us, the many especially who pride themselves on their virtue most, are wretchedly weak, vain and selfish; and at least to preach such a charity, as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire to us poor people.
>
> I hope men of my profession do no harm to talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing-rooms and in the world. Your duty in church takes you a step higher—that awful step beyond ethics, which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his is who has that mystery to explain! What a prodigious boon the faith which makes it clear to him!

We hear that the prospects of erecting a Byron statue in Aberdeen are, at the present moment, not particularly bright. The appeal to the pockets of the Aberdonians has so far been met with a somewhat cold response, the total sum subscribed amounting only to five hundred dollars, which is rather discouraging when the length of time that the project has been under discussion is remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bered, and when it is known that over fifteen thousand dollars is required. Some of the "unco' guid" in the Granite City have objected absolutely to any memorial of the poet, and even the more liberal sort, who are willing to go as far as to support the erection of a statue, are strenuously opposed to its being placed in the grounds of the Grammar School, where Byron received much of his early education, because they have a hazy idea that in some way the statue might have a bad effect on the character and mo of young Aberdeen. Not long ago one of the most religious lairds in Aberdeenshire entered a vehement protest against

A CALVINISTIC SCOT WHO OBJECTS TO A STATUE OF BYRON.

the whole scheme, and the event was chronicled in caricature by a local artist to whom we are indebted for the accompanying picture.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce two important new editions in their subscription department. The first two volumes of the International Edition of the works of Tolstoy, will be published by them this month, and the whole edition, complete in twenty volumes, will be ready before the end of the year. These volumes will contain direct translations from the Moscow edition, and Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, whose personal relations with the author invest him with special qualifications for the work, will supervise the preparation of the edition. Mr. Dole has himself rendered into English most successfully several of Tolstoy's books, which have had the approbation of the author. It is strange that we have not had until now a uniform edition in English of Tolstoy's works, notwithstanding the great popularity which the Russian novelist and propagandist enjoys in this country. The other announcement has reference to a new subscription edition of the works of Charles Dickens in thirty-four volumes. Four volumes of this edition have now appeared, and the succeeding volumes will follow at the rate of two each month. It will be edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, who will write introductions and a general essay on the work of Dickens. As in all their subscription editions, the Messrs. Scribner will endeavour to make this the most complete collection of Dickens's works which has yet appeared. It need scarcely be added that the press-work, binding and bookmaking of these editions will be equal to the standard of excellence reached in previous subscription sets.

One feature of the new Dickens is worth mentioning. It is not generally known that the English publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, with whom the American publishers are co-operating, have in their possession unused duplicates in fine condition, of many of the steel and copper plates of the original illustrations by Landseer, Maclise, Leech, Cruikshank, and others. The impressions for the Complete Edition will be taken from these plates. These duplicates were made at the time the originals were engraved, and have remained since then untouched in the hands of the English publishers. The new edition, therefore, with the illustrations printed from these plates has an unusual interest for Dickens lovers; the value of the illustrations being on a level with those used in the original edition.

The only manuscript novel which Harold Frederic seems to have left is en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

titled *The Market Place*, and deals with the fortunes of a daring speculator and incidentally with the corruption said to exist among some titled directors of English companies. Its pictures of English society and English country life are said to be powerful and convincing.

❧

Among the books for boys and girls published recently, Barbara Yechton's *A Lovable Crank* deserves to be singled out as a story for those young people who have just got beyond the stage of fairy tales and nursery rhymes. *A Lovable Crank* is a sequel to the story published two years ago, entitled *We Ten; or, The Story of the Roses.*

❧

The literary event of the month in Germany is the publication of Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, *Führmann Henschel.* The critics are busy discussing this new drama, and the general opinion is that Hauptmann has definitely joined the Naturalistic School. For English readers the play presents many difficulties, the chief of which is the strange Silesian dialect, which will puzzle all but the best of German scholars.

A BALLADE OF PETITION

The Blue Skallalatoot stories are all morning stories.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Prince of the Pen, your work comprises
  Love and Sorrow and Peace and War;
Your versatile genius authorises
  The babble of babes and the jungle roar.
  Tales you tell of the crew and corps,
The old official, and young recruit;
  We've read all these, and we beg for more—
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

The weird name baffles all surmises,
  Its strange uncertainty we'd explore;
For ever the heart of man despises
  The mysteries he has solved before;
  We only delve for the hidden ore,
We crave unknown, not forbidden fruit;
  Give us the treasure you have in store,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Tell us, we pray, what his shape and size is,
  Why is he blue? and what is he for?
Recount his exciting enterprises,
  Where he resided and what he wore;
  Tell us his history, we implore,
Sharpen your quill or tune your lute;
  In verse or story or Indian lore,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Envoy:

Kipling, we've read your yarns of yore,
How Bagheera growled and Mulvaney swore.
Now whether he's Man, or Thing, or Brute,
We want the Blue Skallalatoot.

Carolyn Wells.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

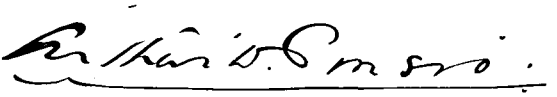
As comedy of any distinction is almost as rare in New York as tragedy, the production within one month of a play by the foremost English comic writer, of *The Merchant of Venice*, and of *As You Like It*, giving a new Portia and a new Rosalind, stirs many thoughts about the change in comedy writing and acting, between Shakespeare's day and ours. Pinero's new play had a much greater success than either of the revivals, but little can be argued from that fact about the hopefulness of an attempt to resurrect the classics, since *Trelawny of the Wells* was seen under much better auspices than either of its rivals. We hear much from time to time of the difficulty of finding actors to play the older dramas properly, and the changing taste of the public, making the ancient conventions absurd and demanding pictures of its own life, is ever dinned into our ears. The leading actors of England, almost all of whom are either reviving Shakespeare, or contemplating revivals of him, are charged with avarice and the desire to avoid royalties, an argument made a century and a half ago against no less a person than Garrick, by no less an author than Goldsmith. Oliver, however, was a playwright, and producers of any brand of merchandise have a keener eye for the market in that aspect than for the general good.

Trelawny of the Wells crowds the Lyceum, while *As You Like It* played to but moderate houses at Wallack's, and *The Merchant of Venice* was confronted mainly by empty stalls at Daly's. The public does love novelty, but that explanation goes only a little way in this contrast. The authoritative monster, to whom we all cater, prefers pictures of its own time, *other things being equal*, but of course other things never are. Pinero's new comedy is much the most invigorating light repast of the season, but if the older plays had been presented with equal adequacy, the victory, in whosever favour, would probably have been won by a neck. *Trelawny* is a charming bit of contemporary mood and comment, and in addition, it is firmly founded enough to promise a good deal of permanence. Its chances of entering the short list of lastingly popular plays would be better if the last scene were a more integral part of the whole, a more inevitable gathering together of the threads in the narrative, more of a climax and less of a makeshift; but even in its present form the comedy marches so perfectly up to and including the point in the last act where two actors of the old school, shelved by the new taste, discuss their sorrows, that it can endure the let-down at the end. The rehearsal with which the piece concludes, is interesting in itself, especially to the confirmed theatre-goer, but it is too slight and special for a climax. It is not a good medium to converge the moods and thoughts of the entire play, in which it marks a weakness even more noticeable in *The Princess and the Butterfly*. Last year's comedy aimed higher, but *Trelawny* hits the target more frequently, because Pinero, on the literary side of him, is highly successful in comedy, but artificial when he takes the tone of serious sentiment. In *Trelawny* what sentiment there is, is so well imbued with humour, that only in one or two spots, especially in a speech by Rose about the player world, is the wooden ring heard again.

The most important element of a play is its theme, and *Trelawny* deals with a perennially attractive subject, the world of paint and footlights, set against the decorous dullness of Cavendish Square. The life of mimetics has proved its solidity as dramatic material, by a long line of durable plays, to all of which *Trelawny* is in some respects superior. There are touches, in this last addition to the list, which will be seen only by actors, playwrights, managers, and theatrical enthusiasts, but on its broad lines it is made of elements of human nature which are clear and important to all the thinking world. Acting is not a trade which tends to stability and dignity of character, but it encourages sensibility and flashes of warm instinct. Extreme alertness to praise and blame, harmoniously combined with vanity and absorption in one topic, are almost a necessity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Hollyer, London.

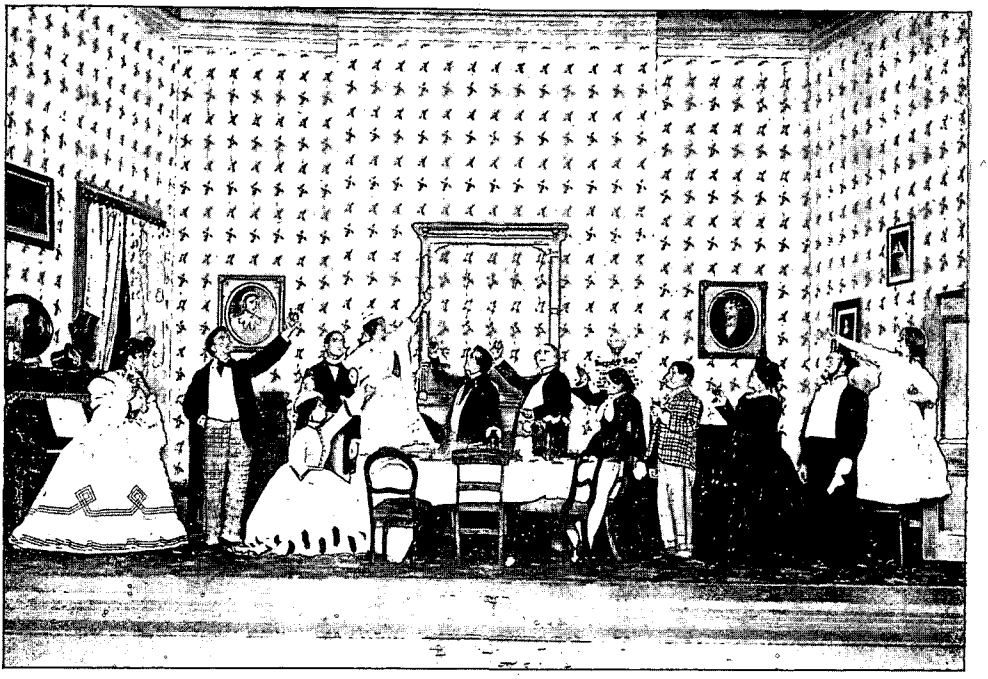


of the occupation, but this existence, however narrowed and distorted, has the primal virtues of vividness and vitality. It not only depicts human passion, but it requires in its servants a varied and constantly ready fund of emotions and instincts. Lacking the free air of independence and impartial thought, it has, to the full, the warm breath of crude but passionate humanity. Pinero has put a group of actors against a background of Cavendish Square, and allowed them to carry all the sympathy of the audience with them. In feeling, however blind, in life, however fragmentary, the onlooker finds more to love than in all the dead decorum of a philistine prosperity. Like a true comedian, the author shows the foibles of all his persons, even the most sympathetic, but, also with the truth which is the basis of comedy, he arranges the composition so that the more warmly beating hearts shall stand out triumphantly against the background of the comic writer's abhorrence, dead conventionality.

For two reasons it is easy to have Pinero well acted. He is modern, and he is an actor and a stage-manager, and writes plays for the actor of to-day as much as for the contemporary audience. In this latter respect, he comes into comparison with the great dramatists of the past. Sheridan and Shakespeare were managers, imbued with all the details of an actor's life, and when they wrote they remembered every little human pawn upon the stage. It is as easy in *Trelawny* to make a hit in a subordinate rôle as in the leading parts; just as Launcelot Gobbo, Gratiano, Phoebe, Le Beau, or Adam, give opportunities for brilliant success. Pinero, like his great predecessor, takes care of the actor, of his entrances, exits, speeches, and position on the stage, seldom leaving him stranded with the deadness of furniture, knowing himself how it feels to be victimised. Actors feel these possibilities, and will take small parts without grumbling in Pinero, as they will in Shakespeare or in Molière.

The other reason that it is easy to have Pinero well acted is that, being a practical stage-manager, a clever man, and not a poet or a prophet, he writes for actors of moderate ability. There is no immense demand, nothing calling for real creation. It would be easier to find several actors to do acceptably any.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS. SCENE IN ACT I.

part in Pinero than to unearth one Bob Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Tartuffe, or Malvolio, not only on account of the lack of training in these rôles, but for the more fundamental reason that those characters, being more largely conceived, make greater demands. Pinero's plays are so written that players can easily be found to "fit" them, and it is noticeable that essentially bad actors gave thoroughly good performances in *Trelawny*. In a great play, the actor cannot fit the part, because the personages are generalised and born of imagination. He has to be an *actor*, to get out of himself, to re-create.

It is along this line of thought, that the two older comedies present so timely and interesting a contrast to the modern one. How much can be done in the line of breaking a troupe of actors into Shakespearean form, if only it be known just what is needed, was shown by the improvement in *As You Like It* during its first week. On the opening Monday, most of the players were so little at home and on such distant terms with their parts and the play, that the comedy altogether lacked its magic. By the Saturday following, such earnest efforts had been made to catch the real spirit of the drama, that the ever-living Arden passed again before us with its old power to uplift and enchant. Miss Arthur is the kind of woman who may do much in the world. Positive, sometimes even obstinate, honest, and high-minded, she needs only to nail her flag to high ideals in order to fight her way through the toughest obstacles. She has begun a career with her own company after some fifteen years of varied training, begining in her early girlhood. Still young, with millions of dollars at her disposal, the stage-life, with easy success in such freaks of the day as *A Lady of Quality* or *The Christian*, would hardly seem worth the candle. All that can make continued effort in the theatre worth while, is to make it a life of art, breathing in the highest dramatic regions she can reach. Since her extreme youth, Miss Arthur had not attacked any really great part until she undertook Rosalind, a very hard rôle for her, for instead of being a spirit of the air, mercurial, tremulous with fun and fancy, like Rosalind, Miss Arthur is calm, direct, full of a kind of cold, fierce strength, when it is aroused, a nature which would bring her nearer Imogen, or even Lady Macbeth, than to the gay lady of Arden. In spite of this,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADA REHAN AS PORTIA IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
Photographed by Miss Ben-Yusuf.

despite also a first-night failure, Miss Arthur took hold of the part in so fine a spirit, that in a few days she was good enough to promise much more. The same improvement took place in her company, nearly all of whom seemed to start with the notion that this lyric of another world could conveniently be treated like a piece of horse sense, A.D., 1898. Where they deserve praise is in being able to learn by experience that they were mistaken. This company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ought soon to give the best all-round Shakespeare performances we have in America, especially if several members be displaced by more adaptable actors. W. S. Hart, after amusing the audience on the first night by his awkwardness, reaped the reward of keen interest and intelligent study and presented an admirable Orlando, and Miss Ethel Mollison, in the little part of Phoebe, showed that she could radiate an atmosphere of the sixteenth century as attractively as in *A Lady of Quality* she breathed that of the eighteenth. To notice all actors who do well in Shakespeare is worth while, for the hope of the classics is in a body of players young enough to be full of fire and ambition, under the guidance of somebody who intimately loves the poet.

Crossing the street to Daly's *Merchant of Venice*, we turn from a hopeful young experiment, to a rigid and wholly unteachable system, no more like Shakespeare in spirit than it is like Christian, pagan, or man. The kindest thing to the actors themselves, as well as to a weary public, it to place the blame explicitly where it belongs, on Mr. Daly's head. He allows no liberty of conception to his players, takes no help or advice from anyone, but forces every actor to play his mechanical game in delivery, gesture, and conception. He has no more reverence for a great poet than a pork-packer. He distorts Shakespeare's language, pays no attention to the order of his scenes, but borrows a kind of distinction from his name, while he brings him down to the level of the Philistine, sacrificing the whole power of his order and harmony, to get in a pretty stage moon, give Miss Rehan an entrance, or introduce a ballet. He is fond of the pretty-pretty, and cares nothing for majesty, simplicity, ingenuousness, and grandeur. As in construction and language, he knows no law but a tasteless love of cheap prettiness, so in acting he forces his servants to walk to and fro like machines, lift their hands and bob their heads in gestures which interpret nothing but serve only to keep up a restless motion, and talk correspondingly. From the pitiful corpse which results, in this production of *The Merchant of Venice*, the genius of Miss Ada Rehan emerges triumphant. She has been saddled with certain faults, all to be summed up in an over-emphasis of her natural gifts of facial expression and voice, and a constant unfairness to her fellow actors, but through all these errors of vanity and ignorance, her talent shines forth and gives us a Portia that is all her own, full of original conception, force and beauty. If by any miracle this actress could be surrounded by a good company, and taught to act for the whole play, she could still give performances which would raise the most critical lover of great art to the highest enthusiasm.

Norman Hapgood.

AT SEA

Across the unknown sea we sail far out
O'er dark mysterious depths where all is doubt.
Behind us at the low horizon rim
The distant land fades slowly gray and dim.

A plaything of the vast uncertainty
  Of hidden deaths that lurk on every hand,
We sail calm-hearted through the treacherous sea,
  Safe from the doubts of life that haunt the land.

John Albert Macy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUDY OF A HEAD.

From a hitherto unpublished drawing by C. S. Reinhart, in the possession of William T. Smedley, Esq.

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

VII.—Serious Book Work.

Perhaps in no other direction has America progressed more rapidly than in the making of attractive, illustrated books. During the late sixties and in the early seventies, the movement became fully apparent, though for a few years the efforts were painfully slow, and the artistic struggles were great. There was a public to be educated, and they did not take kindly all at once to the innovations. As the publishers were not in trade from any Quixotic notions of elevating the masses at the expense of their bank accounts, they naturally felt their way carefully. Daring departures

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROWENA AND REBECCA.

Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey for "Scenes from Great Novels" in *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1897.
By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

were liable to remain flat failures financially and a large edition left on the bookseller's shelves, was not a thing to be desired. But feelers were sent out now and then, and from the conventionally illustrated book of poems with inane landscapes, to the highly artistic publication entirely out of the commonplace, the change came about logically and, all things considered, very fast. True, some of the artists who had the courage of their convictions were held to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mild sort of lunatics who were working a sort of fad; but with a little comparison it was seen that after all the older workers were uninspiring, that there was something rather fetching in the expressive line, or the mass brushed in fearlessly, that held attention, and gradually they were accepted.

Through all these later years, Charles S. Reinhart and Edwin A. Abbey had been working on the Harper publications. Reinhart had gone to the firm almost immediately after the Civil War, through which he had followed the army, and Abbey came to them in 1870. They drew side by side in the art department, attacking any and all subjects they were called upon to illustrate. The practice was most varied, and was of course of great value, familiarising them with composition, and making them fertile in resource. Little by little their styles developed, and each found his own particular bent. Reinhart subsequently went to Paris, where he took a studio and sent back pictures for stories, bits of Continental life in European capitals, notable among which were a series of drawings of the French Chamber of Deputies, the German Reichstag, and foreign watering places. He came home between whiles and went the round of the summer resorts of his own country for the purpose of making pictures to accompany a story by Charles Dudley Warner, and later he returned to reside permanently in New York, where he died in 1897. Some of his most recent work included clever political sketches and war pictures of the Rebellion, in which his memory served him well, for these were among his best efforts. Mr. Abbey's pen-and-ink work, in the manipulation of which he is unexcelled, and easily the first among Americans, soon attracted attention to him, especially in the illustrations he made for *Harper's Magazine*, on a series of pictures for the poems of Herrick. Here was a spontaneity most alluring, with a technique absolutely fascinating and irresistible. It was done with a grace and an ease amounting to naïveté, and was quite unique. The work was watched for eagerly, attracting artist and layman alike. The illustrations for Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, followed, and were no less able and original. Mr. Abbey then went to England to procure fresh material, but finding the place agreeable and congenial, he remained, establishing himself in the artistic colony with Millet, Alfred Parsons, and Sargent, at Broadway. Illustrations for Shakespeare occupied his attention next, and a beautiful series followed. It was impossible to picture the work of a master who has always been so fruitful a theme for discussion without running against the views of some, yet it is admitted that the technical part of the work is almost flawless, while the invention shown is little short of marvellous. Certain New England pictures had preceded these, with a variety of book and magazine work, for no one was more fertile than Mr. Abbey. For *Scribner's Magazine* he drew one of the Great Novel scenes, representing "Rebecca and Rowena," from *Ivanhoe*, a wonderful piece of pen-and-ink work.

Contemporaneous with Abbey and Reinhart in these days, was William T. Smedley, a prolific worker and a contributor to nearly all the magazines and to many books; his facility was scarcely less notable than Abbey's, and superior to that of Reinhart. With unusual cleverness he combined dainty fancy and a nice grasp of character, and he ran the gamut of all the emotions influencing or actuating humanity, from the lowest village folk, to the most fashionable frequenter of the watering places, the avenue, or the club. No point was too small to escape his keen eye; he caught the subtle *nuances* that give distinction to the work of the thoughtful delineator, and he caught them with unerring touch. His women were thoroughly well-bred, and his men *distingués* when ladies and gentlemen were his theme; or if they were New Englanders, then he gave them the stiffness, the unyielding Puritan traditions so characteristic in certain communities. He was the first to picture the people of whom Mary Wilkins has written so cleverly, and one saw these folks in the life on looking at his illustrations. The great demand on his time in the past years, and the enormous number of drawings he has turned out, have not materially helped him to maintain the high standard of his earlier work, but the faults are more those of haste than of artistic deterioration, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FISHERMAN'S BABY.

From a drawing by William T. Smedley, by courtesy of the artist.

when quite himself he still displays the inventiveness, the daintiness and the charm of his best efforts.

A work of distinct and special pictorial importance was published in 1884, when Elihu Vedder produced the labours of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RECORDING ANGEL. BY ELIHU VEDDER.

From "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. By permission of the publishers.

several years, in his illustrations to *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. The pictures were worthy of the famous poem, and were further interesting by reason of the great invention and very personal technique, peculiarly suitable to an expression in picture of the beautiful thought and philosophy of the great Persian. There were some score or more of drawings, full of symbolism and profound meaning, all of which had cost the artist serious thought and severe application, and they were entirely unique in their way. The work was done in Rome, where Mr. Vedder has lived many years, and was drawn in line with much decorative study and many important wall and ceiling panels which he had executed from time to time. Although he had done no little illustrative work prior to these, the *Rubáiyát* was much the most important thing of its kind with which he had yet occupied himself. In its intellectual quality as well as considered technically, this work has not been excelled by any of his countrymen, or indeed by others. John LaFarge, although he has been mostly occupied with decorative work, including much stained glass and occasionally an easel picture, has con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

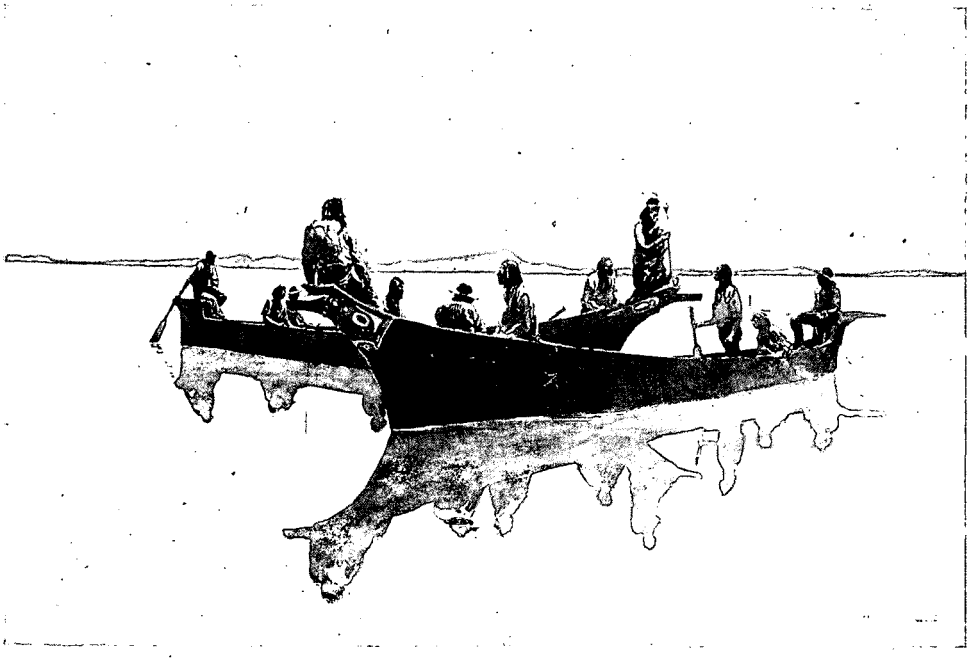
UNDERGRADUATE LIFE, 1679.

Drawn by Howard Pyle for *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1897. By permission of the publishers.

tributed illustrations, generally records of his travels among the South Sea Islands and in Japan, a country which naturally appeals to his decorative sense. Many of the qualities that make his other work distinguished may be found in these, although, of course, his main reliance is in his wonderful appreciation of colour, which, in the black and white, is necessarily absent.

Although among the American illustrators, none of the men confine them-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ON THE NORTHWEST COAST.

From "Drawings by Frederic Remington," published by Mr. Robert Howard Russell. By permission of the publisher.

selves wholly to one class of subjects, there are yet a few who are more or less identified with certain phases of life which they depict with more feeling than others, and in the course of years the public has come to look with anticipation to them for social, military, or other interpretations of humanity. A prolific contributor to the books of the last twenty years, himself the author of a number, is Howard Pyle, than whom none of the natives is more seriously considered, or more satisfactory all around, although he has identified himself mainly with the colonial life of the country. Fertile in imagination, ingenious in his arrangement, and correct in the minutiæ of his compositions, Mr. Pyle has been the historian of the Revolutionary soldier, as well as the chronicler of the social happenings of the last century. With a decided feeling for the quaint, decorative side of the simple existence of those early days, this artist has vividly brought the manners, customs and the costumes into his pictures which make them valuable records of the life of our ancestors, of their architecture, furniture, surroundings, and finally of their struggles for liberty. The man's progress has been healthy, steady and sure, for beginning with only mild equipment in an academical way, he gradually improved in every direction, and his drawings now show a full appreciation of fundamental requirements.

Recent pictures for *Scribner's Magazine* in the notable papers by Henry Cabot Lodge, from Mr. Pyle's brush, have been among his best work. Some of his pupils, notably Mr. Yohn, have also contributed to this series of papers, and in each case the compositions have shown thorough familiarity with the manners and customs, the dress and accessories of the times. Mr. Pyle has also illustrated much of his own literary work, for he is no less gifted as a writer of short stories than as a draughtsman.

What Mr. Pyle has done for the stiff, formal man-at-arms of the eighteenth century, Mr. Remington has accomplished for the troopers of our small army, who between important wars have given up their time and thought to hunting up bad Indians along the western horizon. This artist has figured much in recent books bearing on this and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE CONVENT.

From a hitherto unpublished drawing by Albert E. Sterner. By courtesy of the artist.

kindred topics of life on the plains, in mining camps and along the borders of civilisation. Mr. Remington's coming, with his original technique and manner of looking at men and things, marked a departure and brought out many imitators. More conventional, but better equipped academically, Gilbert Gaul has given us many illustrations of soldiers, mainly those of the Civil War; Harry Ogden, A. C. Redwood, Rufus Zogbaum, Thule de Thulstrup, Julian Scott, and sometimes, but rarely, the distinguished painter Winslow Homer, are also to be included among the military draughtsmen, though others have occasionally entered the field.

Joseph Pennell's appearance in the magazines and books about 1880, was a distinct event in the advance of American pen-and-ink work, as applied to architectural subjects. That Mr. Pennell had obtained in the beginning much of his inspiration in the matter of handling from such a master of this medium as the Italian, Rico, mattered little, for he soon assimilated with the manner of Rico a style and individuality of his own, and he developed an unusual ability to grasp the salient and picturesque points of an architectural composition in which he was quite unexcelled by any one. Thus soon the street corners of American cities, the churches and the modest houses, were dexterously jotted down with great delicacy, assuming, it must be confessed, a quality of the picturesque hitherto unsuspected, if at times recognisable. Presently Mr. Pennell began a course of wanderings in Europe, noting interesting corners of Italian cities, or bits of more prosaic, but equally absorbing London, and gayer Paris, and his work was received no less enthusiastically abroad than at home. He thus became and still remains an important contributor to the books of his times.

Will H. Low, who has divided his time almost equally between painting and illustration, and who had for years contributed to books and magazines, set himself a more serious task, and in 1885 completed his drawings for Keats's *Lamia*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINTER IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

Painted by Will H. Low for Mr. H. W. Mabie's "In the Forest of Arden," published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

and *Odes and Sonnets*: thoughtful pictures, worked out with intelligent appreciation of the poet's theme; serious compositions, gracefully and decoratively arranged, all demanding instant attention and taking a high place. Only recently he has completed a series of pictures for Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's *In the Forest of Arden*, an idyllic realisation in pictorial form of the charming sentiment of the author. A year later, Kenyon Cox, who but recently had re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright, 1883, by The Century Co.

MANSION AT MEDFORD, MASS., 1634.

Drawn by Joseph Pennell for the *Century Magazine*, January, 1883. By permission of the publishers.

turned, a much heralded pupil from the French schools, made his bow with drawings to an edition of *The Blessed Damozel*, of Rossetti, demonstrating his right to be taken with much seriousness as an illustrator.

Meanwhile, among the younger men who were figuring in the different periodicals and books, were H. Siddons Mowbray, a singularly gifted painter, who, in his drawings, inclined to the interpretation of poetic themes; Irving R. Wiles, who became a regular contributor to nearly all the publications of the day; Francis Day and Willard Metcalf, both excellent draughtsmen of the figure; Theodore Robinson and Wyatt Eaton, men with much sentiment and poetry; Frank Millet, painter, journalist and decorator, with Edwin Blashfield, better known by his easel pictures and his decorations, but who has satisfactorily illustrated his own and his wife's books, some of which, on Florentine topics, have been most graceful; and Benjamin West Clinedinst, a pupil of the Paris schools, astonishingly clever, possessing much invention and the gifts which fit him as an all-around man to attack any and all topics in an illustrative way.

Albert E. Sterner, whose most important effort in book illustration is his work in *Prue and I*, has been a frequent contributor to all the magazines. With serious, academic drawing and excellent composition, he displays an intellectual, synthetic grasp of his subjects, which makes them always interesting. He is successful in securing character, and he invests his men and women of social standing with breeding and refinement.

Practically a new-comer, Peter Newell attracted no little attention with some absurd drawings for Mr. Bangs's *Houseboat on the Styx*, and for illustrations on the same order. A critical observer might recall in the technique and the treatment, the work of Kischner of the *Fliegende Blätter*, or even the late Sol Eytinge, but Mr. Newell has added much of his own to any influence he may have felt earlier in his career, and he is dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinctly personal as well as uproariously funny.

The women who have figured in illustrative work, form a little and highly interesting group by themselves. Mary Hallock, who subsequently became Mrs. Foote, must be placed prominently in the list, for her abilities are marked, and her progress has been steady. Her pictures have been largely of the western country, where she has passed much of her life, and she has illustrated her own novels, of which she has written several. Rosina Emmet, now Mrs. Sherwood, has been a steady contributor to books and periodicals. She draws with force, has had good training and possesses much invention. Alice Barber, who is now Mrs. Stephens, has been one of the most prolific of all the women illustrators. She has displayed much versatility, and covered a wide field, the results being almost always satisfactory. Her pictures of Colonial life, and drawings for the New England stories of Mary Wilkins, have been unusually good in their grasp of character, while the compositions have risen far above the ordinary. Her work of late has been almost entirely confined to the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, where she has attacked many themes, rarely unsuccessfully. Eleanor Greatorex and Sarah Whitman have also done excellent work.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.

From *The Ladies' Home Journal*. By permission of the Curtis Publishing Company.

Arthur Hoeber.

(*To be concluded.*)

PEACE

But late red War his jagged lightnings hurled,
And Thunder stalked his cloudy caverns through:—
To-day Peace broods above the quiet world,
And Earth is glad and all the skies are blue.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POET OF ABSINTHE

A most interesting volume recently published in Paris, under the title *Verlaine Intime,* throws fresh light on the late poet's life, and on his relations with the few friends that remained to him, despite the horror of his existence, through the long years of wretchedness that were only ended with his death. The book is a compilation of documents collected by his friend and publisher, Louis Vanier; and the pen-and-ink sketches illustrating it, executed by the poet himself, impart an additional interest, and show the "pauvre Lelian" in an entirely new aspect.

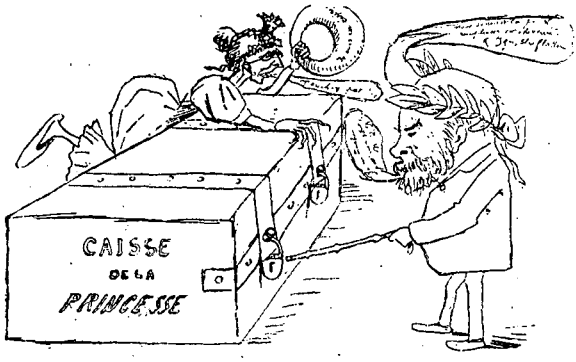
"I always had this mania for sketching," said Verlaine, "and I covered the margins of all my manuscripts with all kinds of drawings of people I knew." The best of these sketches are reproduced in the present article.

Literature certainly knows no sadder story than that of the life of this absinthe-sodden poet, abnormal embodiment of god and satyr; a master-mind giving forth unceasingly the most beautiful and lofty thoughts; a devil incarnate, committing the foulest excesses, and who, finally, after a career almost unexampled for its misery, spent chiefly in prisons and hospitals, was buried with honour by the Republic, and borne to the last resting place by the most famous literary men of France.

The last utterance of Verlaine's lips before he passed away in January, 1896, was "François Coppée," whose friendship he had formed thirty years before, when the now fashionable poet had not yet become a celebrity. But how completely Verlaine's licentiousness had gradually put an abyss between the two men, is charmingly told by Coppée himself in his preface to Verlaine's *Choix de Poésies* (Paris 1896). I translate a passage from this preface:

But Verlaine never knew the cruel yet beneficial experience that guides us roughly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VERLAINE JEALOUS OF LITERARY LAURELS.

over the stony path. He remained the great child he always was. Should we pity him? It is so hard to leave one's youth behind, to stop running on the wide road of one's fancy for fear of falling, not to pluck the rose of voluptuousness for fear of pricking one's fingers, not to touch the butterfly of desire lest it should crumble in dust under our grasp. Happy the child that stumbles to get up in tears, as quickly forgetting the accident and his pain, and his eyes enchanted with all the marvel of nature and life.

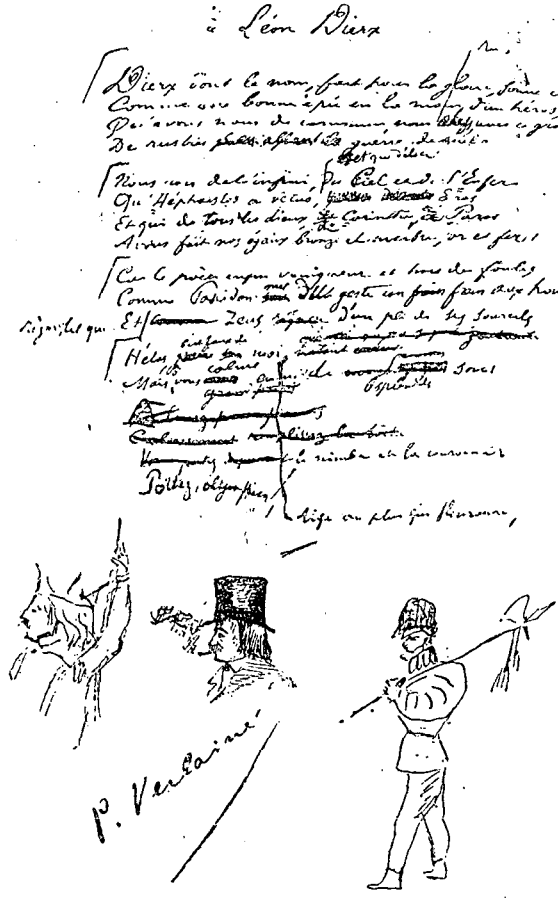
An English critic has contended that Verlaine's degradation was the result of his sense of beauty being so keen, and because, unable to satisfy it, unable in this nineteenth century world to realise ideals bequeathed to us by more sanguine ages, despair had gripped him.

"Deliberately and of malice prepense," he says, "Verlaine wrecked a life for which he felt supreme contempt, having found it bankrupt before his too great demand. He ravaged his body with deliberate excess, which no man more than he despised and condemned. He even laid profane hands on his great mind, and set to work here also to degrade. In vain! in vain! Perhaps in no one man was the triumph of mind more exultingly pronounced. The eyes were sodden, the body scarred with bad scars; drink, hunger, misery had ruined the frame, the clothes were ragged and foul; the hands, lean and filthy, shook with absinthe ague, but the mind triumphed, and even in his lowest degradation—degradation too awful to be set down—the absinthe voice formulated the speech of supreme genius."

Verlaine's passion for absinthe began very early in his career, and it gradually acquired such a hold on him, that in time he could not think except when under its influence. He himself declares that once the green concoction almost induced him to assassinate Napoleon III.

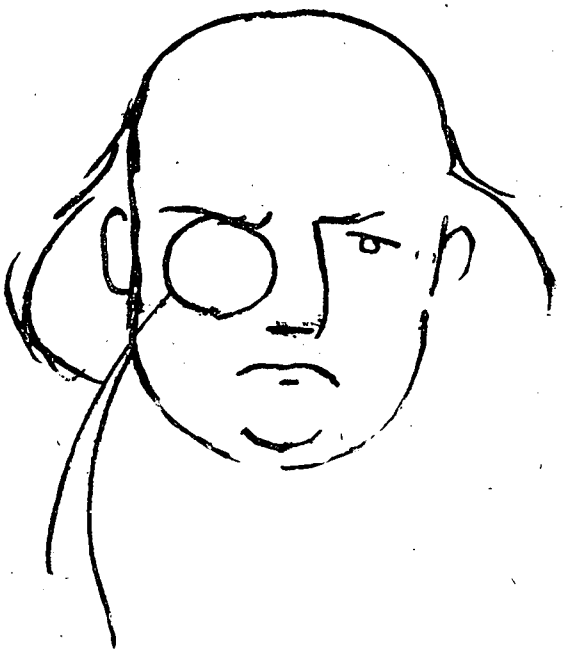
"Absorbed in my fell design, I went in the direction of the Tuileries, and chance favoured me, for the Emperor was just going out for a walk. First I assassinated him with a look and —— but, happily, the sovereign appeared tired and sad. His face already bore traces of the malady that killed him later. Thus in my soul the poet interceded with the sanguinary republican. I was merciful to the tyrant, and went away."

In 1870, he met Mathilde Mante, who inspired him with the poems collected under the title *La Bonne Chanson*, and



A CHARACTERISTIC PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SKETCH OF LECONTE DE LISLE BY VERLAINE.

whom he later married. During the few months that the honeymoon lasted, the poet succeeded in his resolve to renounce absinthe, but one winter's night, after taking his turn as a sentinel on the bleak fortifications, he again succumbed to its seduction. He went home intoxicated and beat his wife, who took refuge with her parents. A partial reconciliation followed, but for his violence and other reasons, the wife secured a divorce, she being given custody of their son. Mme. Verlaine never forgave her husband, and refused even when the poet lay on his death-bed, the latter's prayer that he might once more see his child.

During the terrible days of the Commune, Verlaine was appointed by the insurgents—among whom were several of his bohemian friends—director of the press bureau, and he declares that he was instrumental in preventing the Communists from destroying Nôtre Dame. He admits that he had no sympathy with their cause.

Adversity had rendered Verlaine sour and extremely irritable, and his constantly increasing use of absinthe rendered him subject to fits of violent rage, that made discussions with him dangerous. Gradually he was quietly dropped by the coterie of young poets that counted among their number François Coppée, Theodore de Banville, de Hérédia, Catulle Mendès, until only one—an eccentric young man named Arthur Rimbaud—seemed able to retain for any length of time the misanthrope's friendship. Verlaine and this young man became inseparable. One day, while travelling with Rimbaud to Belgium, the poet, crazy with absinthe, fired a revolver at his companion, wounding him slightly in the arm. Rimbaud refused to make a complaint against his aggressor, but Verlaine was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, which he served at Mons. While in prison, he learned that his wife had obtained her divorce from him. Overcome with contrition and grief, Verlaine sent for the prison priest, and asked him for a catechism, the reading of which produced an extraordinary change in the prisoner. From the most blasphemous atheism, he suddenly acquired the most exalted faith.

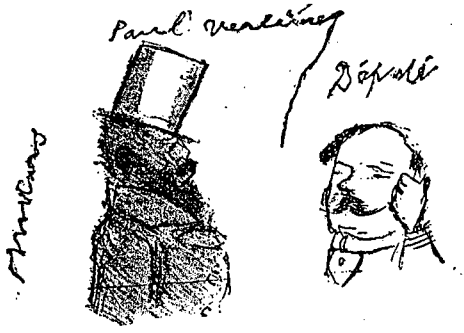
"I do not know," he writes, "what or who suddenly lifted me, threw me from my bed, without my taking the time to dress myself, and prostrated me crying and sobbing at the foot of the crucifix."

It was this revulsion of feeling that inspired him to pen those sublime thoughts in *Sagesse*, which contrast so strangely with the unholiness of much of his own life.

In 1875 he was set at liberty, and his mother, now his one faithful friend, was at the prison door to welcome his re-

A DREAM OF ESCAPE FROM MONS (1874).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VERLAINE'S IDEA OF DIGNITY.

turn to freedom. A month later he was again sent to prison for ill treating—his mother. No one awaited him the second time he came out, and with barely a sou in his pocket, he wandered like a vagabond all over the country, his brain filled with embryo volumes of prose and poetry, and at times repaying with his verses the food and shelter given him by friends and relatives. Later he took up his residence in England, giving lessons in French and drawing. So pitiful was his condition at this time, that in 1875 he wrote a poem regretting the comparative comfort that he had enjoyed in prison. In October, 1881, he returned to Paris, where for a long time the name of the author of *Fêtes Galantes* had been forgotten. An enterprising publisher had indeed printed a few copies of *Sagesse*, and put them on sale, but the story goes that when Maurice Barrès learnt of the existence of this book, and wanted to buy a copy, the publisher said it would take eight days to hunt it up in his cellars. The royalties that Verlaine hoped to draw from the first edition of *Sagesse* would at no time have permitted him to pay his daily bread bill.

He went the rounds of the publishers offering his poems, but all turned a deaf ear until at last he succeeded in interesting Louis Vanier, whose book-store on the Quai St. Michel was, at that time, a sort of rival academy to the Palais Mazarin. Verlaine frequently dropped in at these literary reunions, and joined with the others in heated discussions.

In spite of the pecunary failure of all his volumes, *Poèmes Saturnins*, *Fêtes Galantes*, *Romances Sans Paroles*, and *Sagesse*, published by Lemerre and others, the poet held out dazzling prospects to Vanier.

"All the papers will help the book along," he would say. "Take my manuscript. Make an edition of two thousand. They will sell like hot cakes. I'll see they are well advertised. I'll give the tip to all my friends on the papers."

And Vanier published *Poètes Maudits*, issued another edition of *Sagesse*, and *Romances Sans Paroles*, and in 1884 announced *Jadis et Naguère*. To gratify Verlaine's urgent and pathetic requests for ready money to live on, he also commissioned the poet to write a series of sketches of contemporary literary celebrities, at ten francs a head.

Soon after this Verlaine was seized by the rheumatic malady that finally killed him. Through the efforts of friends, he secured admission to one of the public hospitals, and thus assured of at least shelter and food, says he felt that the good old days of his imprisonment at Mons had returned.

On the death of his mother in 1886, he left the hospital, and from that time on, the poet continued to seek in intox-

VERLAINE AND EUGÉNIE KRANTZ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HARD TASKMASTER.

icating liquors some measure of relief from his physical and moral sufferings. An incorrigible bohemian, he never thought of the morrow, and next day would never find him prepared. The following letter addressed to his publisher is an illustration of this:

MY VERY DEAR PUBLISHER:
I shall finish to-day for the "Men of To-day," a Goncourt stew with potatoes. You will owe me ten francs, price agreed upon for the work. But it appears that to-day is rent day. My landlord is going to see you. Kindly give him 60 francs as an advance on my "copy" to come.

This was the beginning of a long series of demands for advances of money, that for some time were satisfied, but when the poet, finally reduced to the most abject misery, asked Vanier to advance him enough to buy a ready-made suit, he met with a categorical refusal. His landlord at last evicted him, and the poet again went to the hospital.

This martyrdom of genius procured for him in the public press ten times more articles than the two successive editions of his books had obtained for him.

"The poet," says his biographer, "in whom the famous thrill of Baudelaire had become a spasm, saw appear above the hospital uniform and the cotton cap on his devastated forehead the first crown of the laurel. Disciples proclaimed him Master and widened the circle of his admirers. It became a fashion in literary circles to make the pilgrimage to the hospital and lay incense before the inmate of Bed No. 1 in the Salle Seymour. Far from being in a pitiable condition, Verlaine, now triumphant, welcomed his disciples and interviewers and made plans for new poems."

Not one of the least remarkable events of his career was his attachment in 1891 to Eugénie Krantz, an illiterate seamstress, who exercised extraordinary influence over him, and inspired him with some of his best verse. He left the shelter of the hospital for her sake, and for a long time the strange contrast made by the ill-assorted pair, who were always together, amused the students of the Latin quarter. Eugénie, however, proved a hard task-master. Acustomed to earn her bread by constantly plying her needle, she insisted on Verlaine displaying the same industry, and when writing, if the poet stopped a moment to think, she would give him a forcible reminder with the broom "not to waste time."

This life could not, of course, continue, and after another love affair with Philomène Doudin, of whom the poet has left a sketch, attired in bicycle costume, Verlaine again took refuge in the

VERLAINE GOES A-FISHING.

hospital. He stayed there until he felt the end approaching, when in answer to his pathetic entreaties, that he be not left to die on a hospital cot, friends, his publisher prominent among them, removed him to a house near by, where he breathed his last.

Howard Lyndon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA

From some faint star I passed to earth,
And here found breath and mortal birth
In land that lies along a reach
Of rock-bound coast and palm-bound beach;
Pass but its golden threshold—lo!
A spell from out the long ago,
Conceived by some strange sorcerer
Who captive binds each voyager;
A landscape bright and Eden-fair,
A mighty magic in the air,
With names that sweetly slide and slip
Across the soft Castilian lip,
And bid the heart-strings gently stir
Like sound of lute and dulcimer—
This was my fortune, born to be
A brother to the Western Sea.

The days unfold—I joy to list
The songs of bard and balladist,
Whose chanting woos me with the wine
That purples peaceful Palestine,
Or weaves in graceful silhouette
Tall tapering tower and minaret;
Or tales of river, lake and sea
Set sapphire-like by hill and lea,
Bestrewn with garden hue and scent
From far-famed bowers of Orient,
And echoed notes from dewy dales
Where moons are wooed by nightingales—
But no, their perfect portraiture
Enchants, but has no power to lure
My faithful heart, content to be
A dweller by the Western Sea.

This my reward—I breathe the air
Blest by Franciscan praise and prayer,
Made holier still by silver swell
From many a dulcet Mission bell;
I have my northern snow-capped peaks,
From whose grand heights fair Nature speaks
To ocean, valley, plain, and calls
Afar to wondrous waterfalls;
I have my skies of sunset gold,
Dream-fields where poppy leaves unfold,
And hammock-swung 'twixt pine and palm
Life runneth as a song-set psalm;
Time drifting goes—each year anew
Still finds me constant, loyal, true,
And more and more content to be
A dreamer by the Western Sea.

Clarence Urmy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

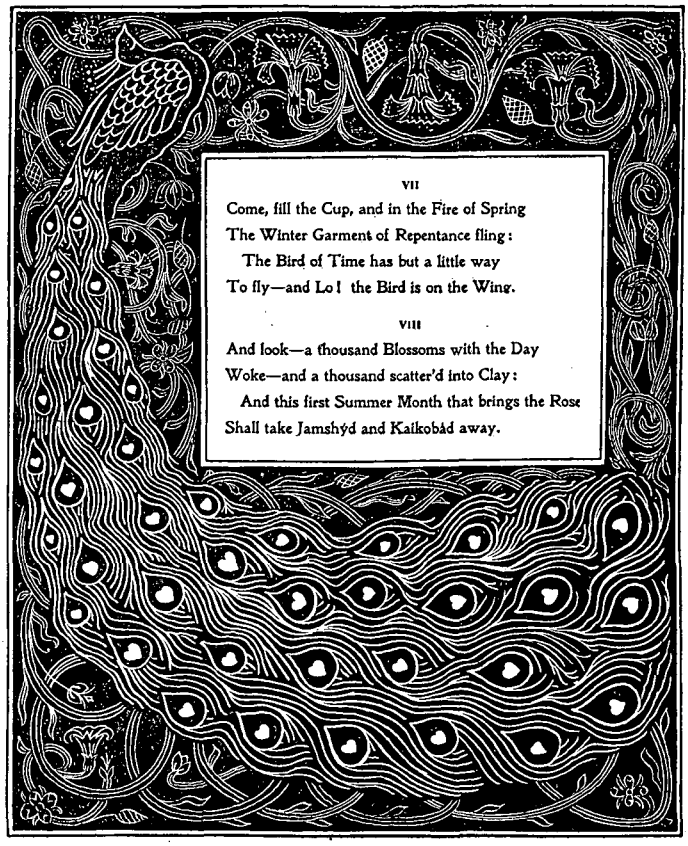
OMAR KHAYYÁM AT THE CAXTON CLUB, CHICAGO

When a layman asked a member of the Caxton Club, if Edward FitzGerald was the fellow who wrote a ballad about a nun,* or something, the Exhibition Committee thought it an opportune time to give a fête in honour of the English Omar.

The fête is a modest one—FitzGerald himself was excessively shy, and courted the shade. In a letter to Pollock, he writes of unexpectedly meeting "Anne Thackeray, who took my hands as really glad to see her father's old friend. I am sure she was; and I was taken aback somehow; and, out of sheer awkwardness, began to tell her that I didn't care for her new novel! And then, after she had left her party to come to me, I ran off." When half-way down Piccadilly, he recovered his equilibrium, "and so ran back . . . but could not find A. T."

Fanny Kemble, his lifelong friend, ventured to record her impressions of him and his family in her "Old Woman's Gossip," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1875), and he was so shocked at the praise she bestowed upon him, that he promptly pasted a slip of blank paper over the paragraph on the page containing it.

But the "nice little things," as well as the more important ones, that are now associated with his name are "interesting a few people," as he hoped, and the Caxton Club is the first, I believe, to honour his memory by exhibiting a collection of his books. Hardly a known item of importance is omitted from the Chronological List prepared by the Club, and, so far as it may be done, nearly all the bibliographical data added to each item is supplied by quotations from his letters. Fourteen of the American editions of the *Rubáiyát* are represented in the exhibition. And this reminds me that a man of national distinction, a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer with a nice sense of international copyright courtesy, was much disturbed by the receipt of a copy of one of the latest of these. It was a new book to him, and he believed an act of injustice had been done the author and



FROM THE NEW EDITION OF FITZGERALD'S PUBLISHED BY THE

*In his impromptu speech at the banquet of the Omar Khayyám Club, July 13, 1895, Mr. Harry Cust delivered the following burlesque of a much-quoted stanza in a well-known poem:

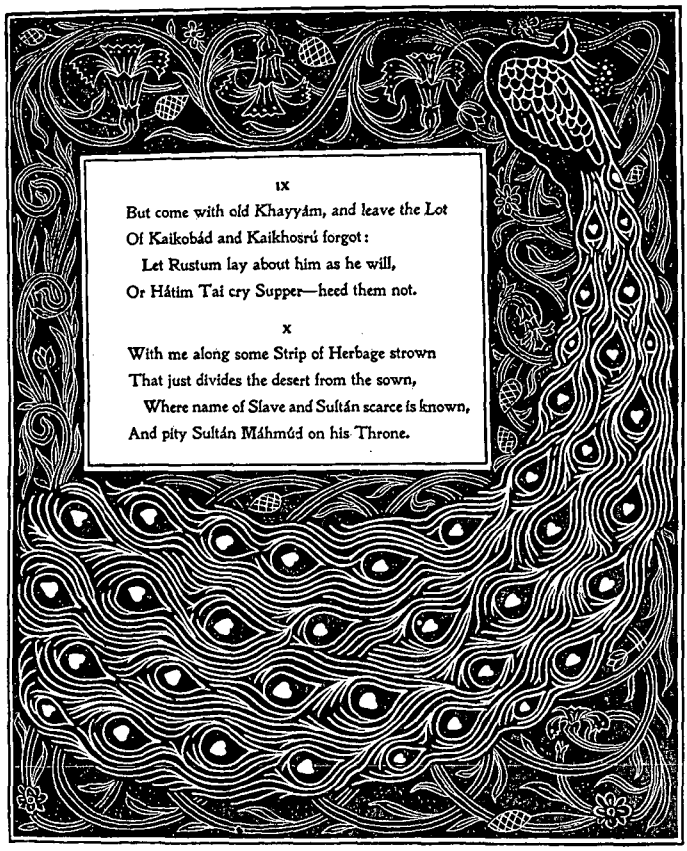
"She cares not for her broken vow,
Tho' God Himself came down to slate her;
She's mother-in-law to the North Pole now,
And maiden aunt to the Equator."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

translator, until he was informed by a friend that both were dead, and that there were no heirs of either to suffer from the piracy.

In the December (1896) issue of his *Contributions Towards a Dictionary of English Book-Collectors*, Mr. Quaritch devotes several pages to Edward FitzGerald, who is included on the strength of the book-plate which Thackeray designed for him, and from the fact that he was a bookbuyer, and the owner of many books. Mr. Quaritch is of opinion that FitzGerald's possessions are not likely to "plead against Oblivion for his name," he being a mere reader or scholar, and "therefore devoid of that fine ambition which stimulates the bibliophile. . . . Men whom Dibdin worshipped would look upon such fellows as FitzGerald with an eye of abhorrence, and would deny to them even the lowest rank in the roll of book-collectors." The amenities of book-collectors are of a kind with those of literary men. Writing to Frederick Tennyson in 1843, FitzGerald said, "I had the weakest dream the other night that ever was dreamt. I thought I saw Thomas Frognall Dibdin [who died in 1847], and that was all. Tell this to Alfred."

That padding was "abhorrent" to FitzGerald, is abundantly attested by some of the items in the Caxton Club Exhibit. His *Euphranor* he thought a pretty specimen of "chisell'd cherry-stone"; and his *Salaman and Absal* he "boiled down to three-fourths of what it originally was . . . and clapt it on the back of *Omar*"; while a copy of Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage*, he "read and reduced to one volume from two *(more meo)*." This last volume is as curious a souvenir of "Old Fitz," as one could hope to possess. The sheets were separated and the portions he wished to preserve were clipped and pasted, and bound up in one volume without regard to pagination —those paragraphs left incomplete in type being filled out with pen or pencil by his own hand. It was simply "mashed together," by a licence as free as that used in mashing together the quatrains of *Omar*. Is it any wonder that his friend Charles Keene called him the "Old Literate?" Keene had been visiting him at Woodbridge, and he thus wrote to Joseph Crawhall (1881): "I was mentioning my visits to W. B. Scott, who is one of the Rossetti, Swinburne, etc. set, and of my friend having translated some Persian poems and Calderon's plays, etc. He jumped off his chair! 'Do you know him? Why, Ram Jam (some wonderful Persian name he gave it) 'is the most quite too exquisite work of



"RUBÁIYÁT," DECORATED BY W. B. MACDOUGALL. MACMILLAN COMPANY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the age, and Rossetti considers the translations from Calderon the finest thing ——,' etc., etc."

A *Life of Charles Lamb*, "one of my best works," he called it, he compressed into four duodecimo pages. And Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* were "edited by means of Scissors and Paste [FitzGerald said he was strong in scissors and paste], with a few words of plain Prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad verses." Many of his "master pieces," as he deprecatingly called them, are without title-pages, and the copies of several differ from each other. Of no other nineteenth century author probably would it be so difficult to compile an absolutely reliable bibliography. "All these things," he said in a letter to Prof. Norton, "have been done partly as an amusement in a lonely life: and printed, because (like many others, I suppose), I can only dress my best when seeing myself in type. . . . I suppose there was some vanity in it all; but really, if I had that strong, I might have done (considering what little I can do), like Crabbe's Bachelor—

"I might have made a Book, but that my Pride
In the not making was more gratified."

This "eternal" Crabbe crawls into many of FitzGerald's letters, and the small volume of "Readings" therefrom is one of his most perplexing books, bibliographically. The copy in the Caxton Exhibition bears date 1882, with Mr. Quaritch's imprint, and Mr. Gosse says it was FitzGerald's last literary venture. Copies have been advertised as of 1883, and from the modest sum of one shilling in 1893, it now commands twenty-six shillings and sixpence. It was circulated in sheets, among friends, as early as 1879, but the introduction seems to have been written several years later, and copies are likely to turn up without this introduction at all. To Prof. Norton he wrote in March, 1883, three months before he died, "The Crabbe is the same I sent you some years ago: left in sheets, except the few copies I sent to friends. And now I have tacked to it a little introduction, and sent forty copies to lie on Quaritch's counter: for I do not suppose they will get further."

About 1870 he bound up together three or four of his "little escapades in print," for admiring friends. A copy of the first edition of *Agamemnon* (1865), "the most impudent of all," as he said, was one of these. This he had "printed by a cheap friend (to the bane of other friends)." And he did not stop with his own books. Mr. Francis Hindes Groome has a book "made-up" by FitzGerald, which comprises three French plays, a privately printed article on Moore, and the first edition of Thackeray's "A Little Dinner at Timmins's." A queer mixture this, and curious, especially if covered by the Ipswich bookbinder.

Such books as the *Euphranor* in first edition, *Polonius* and *Calderon's Six Dramas*, all three with Pickering's imprint, are very comely specimens of bookmaking—well printed, and easy to hold in the hand. FitzGerald disliked large books, such as Prof. Child's *Ballads*, which he would have none of, and during the last years of his life he gave away everything above an octavo. One would like to know who received his second and third folio Shakespeares; and the *Undine*, illustrated by Thackeray, "in about fourteen little coloured drawings—very nicely." Seeing his books together, one must be reminded that he called himself a "scatter-headed Paddy," and said he was "a very legitimate offshoot of the Ballyblunder Family." Which is a modest confession enough for a man who was reading Omar, Hafiz, Lucretius, Sophocles, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Montaigne in the originals, the companions of his cruises along the Suffolk coast. And for him a fitting epitaph from the Hundredth Psalm, of his own choosing, "It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves."

W. Irving Way.

OMAR KHYÁM.

Deep in the Spring their empty Pitcher dips,
Dips where of old a thousand Sorrows fell:
Forget not, while the gurgling Water slips
Lightly from earthen throats, the silent Well!

Arthur J. Stringer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF RICHARD HOVEY

II.—Poems.*

Whether or not Mr. Hovey's plays are "closet-dramas," his lyrics certainly are not closet-verse. They are full of open-air joy, of manly vigour, of buoyant life. His poetry is

> No fretful orchid hot-housed from the dew,
> But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
> Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
> Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills!

Mr. Hovey's work is of course not without its faults. There are some slight mannerisms, like his fondness for the word "clarion," used as noun, verb, or adjective indifferently, and his abuse of "lilt" and its derivatives. These mannerisms, however, seem to belong rather to a school of contemporary writers than to Mr. Hovey personally. A more serious matter for hostile criticism, is the great unevenness of his work, especially marked in the present volume through the inclusion of some of his earliest poems and the expression of some of his latest opinions. He illustrates strikingly the aberrations of a true poet when seized by a subject he wants to preach about. The "Call of the Bugles," for instance, which unfortunately stands at the beginning of *Along the Trail*, is a beautiful poem disfigured beyond recognition by long passages that smell of the yellow journals:

> Rejoice, O Cuba! thy worst foe
> Is overthrown.
> The money dragon,
> The Old Serpent,
> Thy jailer's strong defence, laid low,
> Cast down,
> Pierced to the bone,
> Makes off to nurse his wound,
> Dragging his scaly length along the ground.
> Ha, ha! he is sick,
> He hath no stomach for the battle.
> With dull reptilian malice in his eyes,
> Spoiled of his prey, he lies . . . . . .

And so forth. We will spare further quotation, for the sake of—the Money Power, of course, to which we are sold. At the same time we earnestly hope that those who may be repelled—or too much amused—by such elements as these in the first section of Mr. Hovey's new book of poems, will not let themselves be prevented from reading more and learning that in his better work he is a true and perhaps a great poet. This is not a phrase to be used lightly. But the Sonnets and Odes, and the opening of "Benzaquen," in *Along the Trail*; the "Jongleurs," "The End of the Day," the "Nocturnes," and "Shakespeare Himself," in *More Songs from Vagabondia*—not forgetting "Barney McGee" for variety; the *Birth of Galahad* as a whole, especially the first and fourth acts for poetry, and the second and fifth for dramatic movement; and the second and third acts of *Taliesin*: these make a record of broad and high poetic achievement.

The dominant note of Mr. Hovey's work has been suggested already: it is that of joy and belief in life. All his poetry is pitched in the major keys. Hence its freedom of rhythms and force of thought may have disconcerted some who are used to the minor cadences of our many "minor" poets, or who habitually seek in poetry only the soft singing of gentle sentiments. Not that Mr. Hovey's poetry belongs to the "robustious" school, or that it lacks delicacy of feeling; at its best it has the refinement of well-balanced strength. Life and the joy of it,

> The glory of living, exultant to be;

Nature in all her strength as well as sweetness,

> The sense of the freedom and nearness of earth,

"the merry thrill of danger," and "the thrill of the comrade heart of its fellow," are among his favourite themes.

Of contemplative and descriptive nature poetry, we have had enough, and more than enough, ever since Wordsworth. But the active joy in nature, the physical taking possession of it and glorying in it, have been all too rare. Most of the poets' love of nature comes from inadequacy to cope with man or to strive with life—and is therefore a weakness. There is nothing of the sort

*Along the Trail. Just published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. A list of Mr. Hovey's earlier publications will be found under Chronicle and Comment in The Bookman of last month.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here, in this healthy outdoor shouting, with its sudden "Spring, fellows!" To show how different from the usual Spring-Song is Mr. Hovey's "Ode to Spring," we have only to cite the fact that it was received with tumultuous applause by a crowd of college boys gathered in convention from all parts of the country, and its repetition, entire, demanded for the following evening. It is none the less true poetry for this direct appeal to those for whom it was written. Mr. Hovey has the rare Pindaric talent of making the "occasional" poem a real poem. His various odes for college reunions are well fitted to their occasions; yet they celebrate nature, comradeship, the equal rights of heart with mind, in poetry whose appeal is universal. His nature-poetry, likewise, is none the less true nature-poetry for not being contemplative or descriptive. Its quick vision does not fail to note

When through the branches the slant rays
Dapple with sunlight the leaf-matted ground,

and a thousand other vivid sense-impressions, any more than Wordsworth fails to note his daisy's shadow. It does not fail to get at the heart and life of nature—hear the call of the New Hampshire mountains:

O you who would know us, come out from the roofs you have made,
And plunge in our waters and breathe the sharp joy of the air!
. . . . lie prone in the shade,
With your hearts to the roots and the mosses.
For our heart is not down on the maps, nor our magic in books;
But the lover that seeks us shall find us, and keep in his heart
Every rune of our slow-heaving hill-sides
. . . . . .
He only that loves us and lives with us, knows what we be.

Yet in Mr. Hovey's work this love of nature's open spaces comes home to us even more strongly as human emotion than it does as mere love of nature. Love of man means more to him than love of nature. To this one alone among the nature-poets,

Dearer than the silence of the hills,
And greater than the wisdom of the years,
Is, man to man, indifferent of ills,
Triumphant over fears,
To meet the world with loyal hearts that need
No witness of their friendship but the deed.

Mr. Hovey is the poet of comradeship, of "the love of man for man," of

. . . the league of heart to heart,
The only purpose of the earth.

His interest in human life is above his interest in nature, but he loves life best when it is in close contact—or contest, for that is contact, too—with nature.

The same is true of his love-poetry. He has created a new type of love-sonnet:

When I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night.
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love! I laugh aloud for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather;
No fretful orchid hot-housed from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather.
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

No less worthy of quotation, if space permitted, are the sonnets

The ship we ride the world in sniffs the storm,

and

To horse, my love, and out into the night.

We can even say (not forgetting Browning), that the kind of love here expressed is a new creation in poetry. Yet, once more, this strength does not exclude delicacy. There is nothing this side of Rossetti so finely personal in feeling as the sonnets "The Thought of Her," "After Business Hours," and the third of "Love and Change." In Mr. Hovey's lyric verse, as in his plays, the treatment of love is at once strong and refined. His love-poetry is neither prudish nor prurient, but frank, free, and joyous.

In Mr. Hovey's thought about life, and his attitude toward it, there is an air of mastery which we are not accustomed to in our poets or versifiers. He is the poet of courage and freedom. "Life's duty of duties" is for him "honest sincerity." The root of his belief is simply that life is real, that life is true, that life is good; that death is

. . . like the passing of a star
That melts into the splendour of the dawn;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and that the only evil is fear. All this belief in the reasonableness of the universe is entirely unreasoning, to be sure; but as a poetic motive—and indeed as a life-motive—it seems to suffice. Boldly, cheerily, he throws a

> Dare in the teeth
> Of the balk and the failure.

He loves life for its battle and its danger:

> Comrades, gird your swords to-night,
> For the battle is with dawn!
> Oh, the clash of shields together,
> With the triumph coming on!
> Greet the foe,
> And lay him low,
> When strong men fight together!
>
> Comrades, watch the tides to-night,
> For the sailing is with dawn!
> Oh, to face the spray together,
> With the tempest coming on!
> Greet the sea
> With a shout of glee
> When strong men roam together!

And as for death, he can defy it—only there is no need, for he believes in death too, as fully and freely as he believes in life:

> The tale of their hosts is countless
> And the tale of ours a score,
> But the palm is naught to the dauntless
> And the cause is more and more.
> Give a cheer!
> We may die, but not give way.
> Here's to a silent morrow,
> And here's to a stout to-day.
>
> God has said: "Ye shall fail and perish;
> But the thrill ye have felt to-night
> I will keep in my heart and cherish
> When the worlds have passed in night."
> Give a cheer!
> For the soul shall not give way.
> Here's to the greater to-morrow
> That is born of a great to-day!

—or, as in the last stanza of "Comrades":

> Comrades, give a cheer to-night,
> For the dying is with dawn!
> Oh, to meet the stars together,
> With the silence coming on!
> Greet the end
> As a friend a friend,
> When strong men die together.

The poems from which these stanzas are quoted give once more the modern spirit of Mr. Henley's "Out of the night that covers me," but perhaps go a step beyond that justly famous poem, both in thought and in strength of expression.

Mr. Hovey's strong personality and delicacy of poetic feeling command a technical skill which at its best is unmatched. He is not even approached in the number and variety of his rhythms. He has ranged wider, and penetrated deeper, in the comparatively unexplored country of rhythmic expression, than any other writer of English. In some cases, perhaps, he has gone farther than his readers can follow him. He is inclined to use the less familiar rhythms—the English Alexandrine is an elementary instance—with nearly as much liberty of variation as we constantly allow in the familiar pentameter; and the reader, not having had the fundamental rhythm beaten into him as that of the pentameter has been, may fail to recognise it, and hence to feel the effect of the variations on it; he may even deny that there is rhythm at all. In *Taliesin**—the masque which introduces the second group of the Launcelot-Guenevere plays—Mr. Hovey has used, in the second act alone, blank verse, anapæstic pentameter, dactylic dimeter, trochaic tetrameter catalectic with the second foot always a dactyl, iambic trimeter with feminine ending, ionics à minori, iambic hexameter or Alexandrine (i.e., the Greek iambic "trimeter"), iambic pentameter rhyming irregularly, anapæstic hexameters, alcaics, and various other lyric stanzas. This is an extreme instance of the variety in rhythms characteristic of all his work. And this great variety of rhythms gives us a mass, not of experiments, but of masteries. What is even more important, not one of these rhythms is used without a definite expressional purpose.

It is significant, too, that this poet who is a past-master of all most complicated and most exact rhythms, has an especial fondness for free ode-rhythms. Nearly half of *Along the Trail* is made up of *vers libres*. They are not, however, of the kind in which emphasis is placed on the *libres* to the destruction of the *vers*. They bear no resemblance either to the meandering formlessness of Whitman, or to the uneven stilt-walking of eighteenth century ode-style. They must be compared, if with anything but themselves, with the *vers libres* of the few real poets among the French

*Printed serially in *Poet-Lore* in 1896; promised in book form for 1899.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Belgian symbolists—those of Verhaeren, for instance, or the best of Viélé-Griffin's. Yet they are more essentially lyric in quality than the French *vers libres*, which, strange to say, seem to fit narrative well. Mr. Hovey often fulfills even the rigorous condition which, two centuries and a half ago, Joachim du Bellay prescribed as the only one on which verse without regularity of rhyme and rhythm can justify itself: that, just as painters and sculptors must take especial pains to render beautiful and well-proportioned their nude figures, so your "*vers libres*" must be "*bien charnus, et nerveux*." The less regular a poet's rhythms, the greater need he has of peculiar rhythmic power. It is a law of all poetic expression that the rhythmic movement should fit the movement of the thought not merely as a glove fits the hand or clothes the body, but as the body itself fits its flesh to every movement of nerve and sinew, with perfect suppleness; and this law is especially imperative in *vers libres*. How Mr. Hovey meets this hardest test of rhythmic skill may be judged from the opening of the "Ode to Spring," or from the following lines of the "Faun," which will also illustrate once more his open-air love of life:

Oh, life that's a-thrill and a-bound
With the vigour of boyhood and morning and
the noontide's rapture of ease!
Was there ever a weary heart in the world?
A lag in the body's urge, or a flag of the
spirit's wings?
Did a man's heart ever break
For a lost love's sake?
For here there is lilt in the quiet and calm in
the quiver of things.
Ay, this old oak, grey-brown and knurled,
Solemn and sturdy and big,
Is as young of heart, as alert and elate in his
rest,
As the nuthatch there that clings to the tip of
the twig
And scolds at the wind that buffets too rudely
its nest.

The regular lyric measures, of which the finest are the alcaics in *Taliesin*, and the treatment of the sonnet, have been illustrated already. The irregular and suggestive song-measures are best shown in Ylen's song,

And if he should come again,
In the old glad way,

or by the soldiers' songs in the second act of *Galahad*. Finally, his management of the full poetic period in regular blank verse may be illustrated by a passage strongly contrasting with the *vers libres* quoted above. Merlin is speaking, to Guenevere:

I judge you not.
I am very old; men call me very wise;
But neither in the codes the Romans brought
us,
Nor in the teaching of the Christian monks,
Nor in the stars, nor in the crucibles,
No, nor in those dark elder mysteries
The immemorial Druidic years
Down the dim arches of the woods of Time
Have whispered to each other, in the aloof
And native shades of Britain, which are now
A vague tradition of the rustling oak;
Not in all these, nor in all-testing Life
That heeds not our conclusions, have I found
That there is any wisdom beyond this,
To keep oneself from judgment. In myself
Are undiscovered countries; how should I
Map out the wildernesses in another?

This last passage illustrates also Mr. Hovey's power over language in its appeal to the imagination, which is almost as great as his mastery of the rhythmic and phonetic effects that appeal primarily to the senses. He thus has in especial degree the final element of poetic technique, the creative imagination which through *imagery* of every kind appeals to the imagination in others. His poetry is over-running with simile, as may be seen especially in *Taliesin*, at the opening of the third act for instance. But even more common than simile is metaphor:

The people blossoms armies, and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless night;

and that oftenest a kind of hidden metaphor which is strongly suggestive without having the self-prominence of formal imagery; it is this element which gives Mr. Hovey's language a great part of its strength, and which makes it seem "of imagination all compact." It is full of phrases like:

Into the wilderness our riding thrills.

A thorough study of Mr. Hovey's use of imagery would involve taking up nearly every line of his work, especially in the plays. And if, as has been said, imagery is the very life of poetry, "*la poésie vit d'images*," there can be no better proof of the true poetic quality of his diction.

Thus Mr. Hovey has the full technical equipment of the poet, and he has a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poet's personality to express, a personality new and fresh, healthy and joyous, manly, vigorous, earnest. Added to this—as I tried to show in my article last month on his plays—he has the power of creating personality outside of himself, in a word, the dramatic power, which is essential to a broad poetic endowment. Even in his lyrics, such as "Dead," and "The Two Lovers"; even in his sonnets, to some of which ("Love and Change," for instance) the new name of dramatic sonnets might be applied, this power appears. It is true that his work is uneven; that he is sometimes carried away by opinion into regions where poetry cannot abide; that his rhythmic expression is sometimes too complex, unfamiliar, or irregular to appeal at once to a casual reader. But these faults—if they are faults, and not the examples or results of breadth of power—are unimportant beside his positive endowments and his positive personality. He is master of his art and master of life. He is the poet of joy and belief in life. He is the poet of comradeship and courage.

Curtis Hidden Page.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY FROM CHARLES LAMB'S LIBRARY

DISCOVERY OF A BOOK THAT HAS HITHERTO BAFFLED LAMB STUDENTS.

It is known that Charles Lamb had an elder brother John, the "James Elia" of casual mention in the *Essays*. Charles wrote this sonnet to him:

TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ., OF THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

John, you were figuring in the gay career
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,
When I was yet a little peevish boy—
Though time has made the difference disappear
Betwixt our ages, which then seemed so great—
And still by rightful custom you retain,
Much of the old authoritative strain,
And keep the elder brother up in state.
O! you do well in this. 'Tis man's worst deed
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,
And in the unmeaning present sink the past:
In whose dim glass even now I faintly read
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,
Which you, and I, and one more, only know.

Little is known of the personality of John Lamb or of his work other than that he was a clerk in the South Sea House until retired on a pension, and that he used to be a frequent attendant at Charles's Wednesday Evenings. He had artistic tastes and brought together a collection of pictures, of which Charles wrote just after his brother's death in 1822: "Milton [an old portrait now in the National Portrait Gallery, London], hangs over my fireside in Covent Garden (when I am there), the rest have been sold for an old song, wanting the eloquent tongue that should have set them off." He was also the author of a book on humanity to animals, heretofore unidentified, and only known through Charles Lamb's letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, undated, but written some time during the year 1810. In this letter Lamb says:

> My brother, whom you have met at my rooms (a plump, good-looking man of seven-and-forty), has written a book about humanity, which I transmit to you herewith. Wilson, the publisher, has put it into his head that you can get it reviewed for him. I dare say that it is not in the scope of your review; but if you could put it in any likely train, he would rejoice. For alas! our boasted humanity partakes of vanity. As it is, he teases me to death with choosing to suppose that I could get it into all the reviews at a moment's notice. I!! who have been set up as a mark for them to throw at, and would willingly consign them all to Megaera's snaky locks.
>
> But here's the book, and don't show it to Mrs. Collier, for I remember she makes excellent eel soup, and the leading points of the book are directed against that very process.

Both Canon Ainger, in his admirable edition of the *Letters*, and William Carew Hazlitt, the son of one of Charles Lamb's best friends and a life-long student of his writings, in *The Lambs, Their Lives, Their Friends and Their Correspondence*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A

LETTER

TO THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM,

ON HIS OPPOSITION TO

LORD ERSKINE'S BILL,

FOR THE PREVENTION OF

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

London:

Printed by H. Teape, Tower Hill,

For Maxwell and Wilson, 17, Skinner Street, Snow Hill.

Price Two Shillings.

1810.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF JOHN LAMB'S BOOK.

1897, one of the latest additions to Lamb literature, state that this book has not been identified.

But true to the axiom that a book once printed is never entirely lost, a copy of this tract has turned up and lies before us as we write—and what a copy, Charles Lamb's own! It is the last tract in a volume lettered by the binder "Tracts," and on the inside of the front cover there is a list of the contents of the volume in Charles Lamb's handwriting. The last two items in the list are "Mr. Windham's Speech on Cruelty to Animals," and "Letter to Mr. Windham on same subject, by J. L."

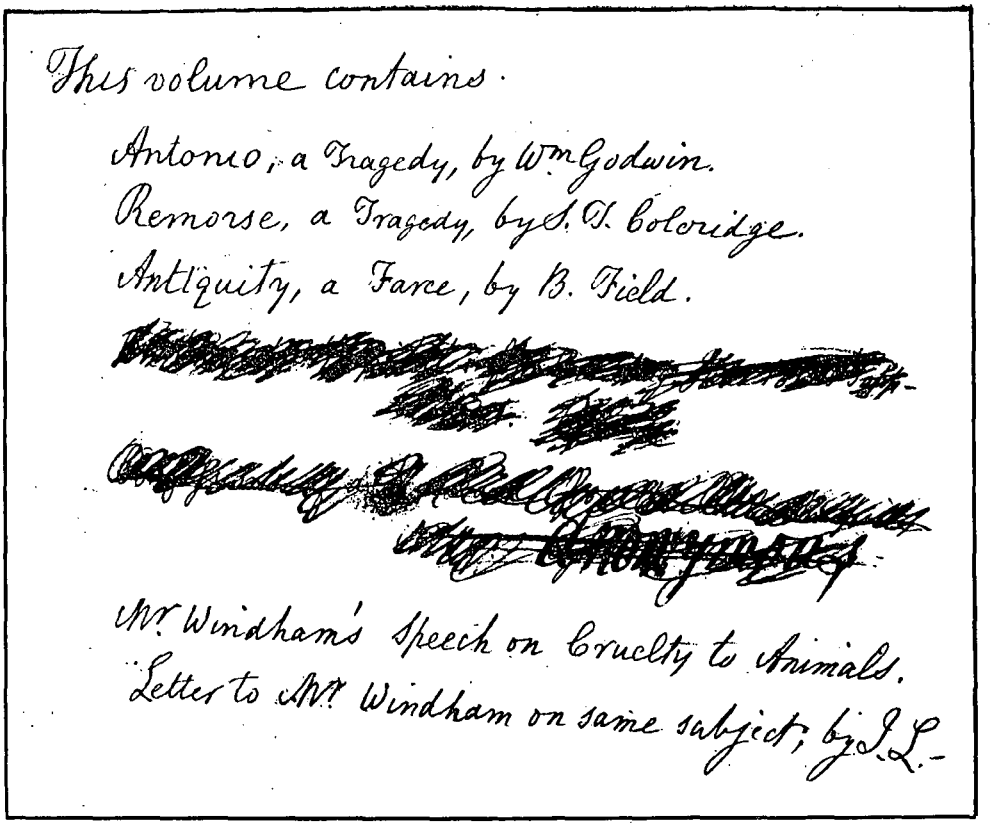
It seems that Lord Erskine, in presenting to Parliament a bill "for the more effectual prevention of cruelty towards animals," in 1810, was the pioneer in recommending such legislation. Mr. Windham, in his speech against the bill in the House of Commons, gave as his principal argument that it was not "a fit subject for legislation," and stated that "in no country had it ever yet been attempted to regulate by law the conduct of men towards brute animals, except so far as such conduct operated to the prejudice of men."

Windham's speech against the bill drove John Lamb, gentle and mild, probably, like his brother, by nature as well as by name, to write and print this letter. He lived more than ten years longer, but so far as we know, never again wrote for publication.

Charles Lamb, in his letter to Robinson, says that "the leading points of the book are directed against" the making of eel soup. As a further point of identification let us quote the one tremendous sentence against cruelty to eels.

If an eel had the wisdom of Solomon, he could not help himself in the ill-usage that be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LIST OF CONTENTS IN CHARLES LAMB'S HANDWRITING.

falls him; but if he had, and were told, that it was necessary for our subsistence that he should be eaten, that he must be skinned first, and then broiled; if ignorant of man's usual practice, he would conclude that the cook would so far use her reason as to cut off his head first, which is not fit for food, as then he might be skinned and broiled without harm; for however the other parts of his body might be convulsed during the culinary operations, there could be no feeling of consciousness therein, the communication with the brain being cut off; but if the woman were immediately to stick a fork into his eye, skin him alive, coil him up in a skewer, head and all, so that in the extremest agony he could not move, and forthwith broil him to death: then were the same Almighty Power that formed man from the dust, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, to call the eel into a new existence, with a knowledge of the treatment he had undergone, and he found that the instinctive disposition which man has in common with other carnivorous animals, which inclines him to cruelty, was not the sole cause of his torments; but that men did not attend to consider whether the sufferings of such insignificant creatures could be lessened: that eels were not the only sufferers; that lobsters and other shell fish were put into cold water and boiled to death by slow degrees in many parts of the sea coast: that these, and many other such wanton atrocities, were the consequence of carelessness occasioned by the pride of mankind despising their low estate, and of the general opinion that there is no punishable sin in the ill-treatment of animals designed for our use; that, therefore, the woman did not bestow so much thought on him as to cut his head off first, and that she would have laughed at any considerate person who should have desired such a thing; with what fearful indignation might he inveigh against the unfeeling metaphysician that, like a cruel spirit alarmed at the appearance of a dawning of mercy upon animals, could not rest satisfied with opposing the Cruelty Prevention Bill by the plea of possible inconvenience to mankind, highly magnified and emblazoned, but had set forth to the vulgar and unthinking of all ranks, in the jargon of proud learning, that man's obligations of morality towards the creatures subjected to his use are imperfect obligations!

The book is an octavo of thirty-eight pages, including the title-page, reproduced on page 454. It is concluded thus:

Lord Erskine has laid the foundation of a new moral æra, which will do honour to this age, for which it seems unaccountably to have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been reserved first to see and acknowledge the *Universality of Justice.*

The volume of which these two tracts are a part is in old half-sheep binding, broken at the joints and badly worn at the corners. It now contains five tracts, as enumerated on the inside of the cover by Charles Lamb. It, however, originally contained seven, two other pieces having been torn out and the titles marked off the list, probably by Lamb himself. The stubs of the leaves remain. In spite of Lamb's effort to obliterate the titles, we have been able to decipher them. One of them formerly read, "On Christ's hospital: from Gent. Mag. June 1813 & Supplement: by C. L.," and the other "Confessions of a Drunkard, from the Philanthropic Mag.: by C. L."

The first of the tracts now remaining in the volume is a copy of the first edition of *Antonio; A Tragedy*, by William Godwin, 1800. This tragedy was played one night only, December 13, 1800, and was a flat failure. The epilogue, the "facetious epilogue" he calls it, was by Lamb, but it does not seem to have been printed with the play. On that first night (and as it happened, also the last) he copied it out in a letter to his friend Manning at Cambridge, interrupting his letter to go "and dress for the boxes," and so it has been preserved to us. The next day Lamb wrote Godwin, suggesting some changes in the play, especially with a view to abridging it. After closing the letter he added in a postscript:

I will barely add, as you are on the very point of printing, that in my opinion neither prologue nor epilogue should accompany the play. It can only serve to remind your readers of its fate. Both suppose an audience, and, that jest being gone, must convert into burlesque. Nor would I (but therein custom and decorum must be a law) print the actors' names. Some things must be kept out of sight.

The play was printed at once, and Lamb's suggestion as to leaving out the names of the actors, the prologue and the epilogue seems to have been carried out.

Coleridge's *Remorse*, 1813, is the second tract in the volume, and for this Lamb also wrote a prologue, which follows the preface. This copy is the third edition, but printed the same year as the first and probably showing some slight variations from the first edition. *Remorse* was, as Coleridge explains in his preface, his first play *Osario*, written in 1797, but never printed, with a new title, and in part at least rewritten. It was first played at Drury Lane Theatre, January 23, 1813, and ran twenty nights. It must have been very successful at first, as in a letter to his wife he says:

Hitherto the *Remorse* has met with *unexampled applause*, but whether it will *continue* to fill the *house*, that is quite another question, and of this my friends are, in my opinion, far too sanguine. I have disposed not of the copyright, but of edition by edition to Mr. Pople, on terms advantageous to me as an author and honourable to him as a publisher. The expense of printing and paper (at the trade price), advertising, etc., are to be deducted from the total produce, and the net profits to be divided into three equal parts, of which Pople is to have one and I the other two. And at any future time I may publish it in any volume of my poems *collectively.*

In the same letter he told his wife to draw for a hundred pounds and promised another hundred in the course of a month. The first edition sold at once, and the second was probably ready early in February. On the eighth of that month he wrote to Southey: "The first copy I can procure of the second edition (of the play) I will do my best to get franked to you." And again, February 13, 1813, he wrote to Thomas Poole of the success of the play:

No grocer's apprentice, after his first month's permitted riot, was ever sicker of figs and raisins than I was of hearing about the *Remorse.* The endless rat-a-tat-tat at our black-and-blue-bruised door, and my three master-friends, proofsheets, letters (for I have a raging epistolophobia), and worse than these—invitations to large dinners, which I cannot refuse without offence and imputation of pride, or accept without disturbance of temper the day before, and a sick, aching stomach for two days after, so that my spirits quite sink under it.

In the same letter he goes on to say:

It has been a good thing for the theatre. They will get £8,000 or £10,000, and I shall get more than all my literary labours put together; nay, thrice as much, subtracting my heavy losses in the *Watchman* and *Friend*—£400 including the copyright.

This demand, however, did not continue long, as on August 26, 1814, we find Lamb writing to him, apparently in reply to an inquiry:

Let the hungry soul rejoice, there is corn in Egypt. Whatever thou hast been told to the contrary by designing friends, who perhaps inquire carelessly, or did not inquire at all, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hope of saving their money, there is a stock of *Remorse* on hand—enough, as Pople conjectures, for seven years' consumption: judging from experience of the last two years. Methinks it makes for the benefit of sound literature that the best books do not always go off best. Inquire in seven years' time for the *Rokebys* and the *Laras*, and where shall they be found? fluttering fragmentally in some thread-paper; whereas thy *Wallenstein* and thy *Remorse* are safe on Longman's or Pople's shelves, as in some Bodleian; there they shall remain; no need of a chain to hold them fast—perhaps for ages—tall copies—and people shan't run around hunting for them as in old Ezra's shrivalty they did for a Bible, almost without effect till the great-great-grand niece (by the mother's side) of Jeremiah or Ezekiel (which was it?) remembered something of a book, with odd reading in it, that used to lie in the green closet in her aunt Judith's bedchamber.

So far as we know Lamb had no literary connection with the third tract in the volume, *Antiquity; A Farce*, 1807, though as its author, Barron Field, was a close friend of Lamb, and as the Dedication and Advertisement are both dated from the Inner Temple, where Lamb was at that time also living, we may presume that the copy was presented to Lamb by its author, and surmise that he had read it in manuscript and perhaps made suggestions regarding it.

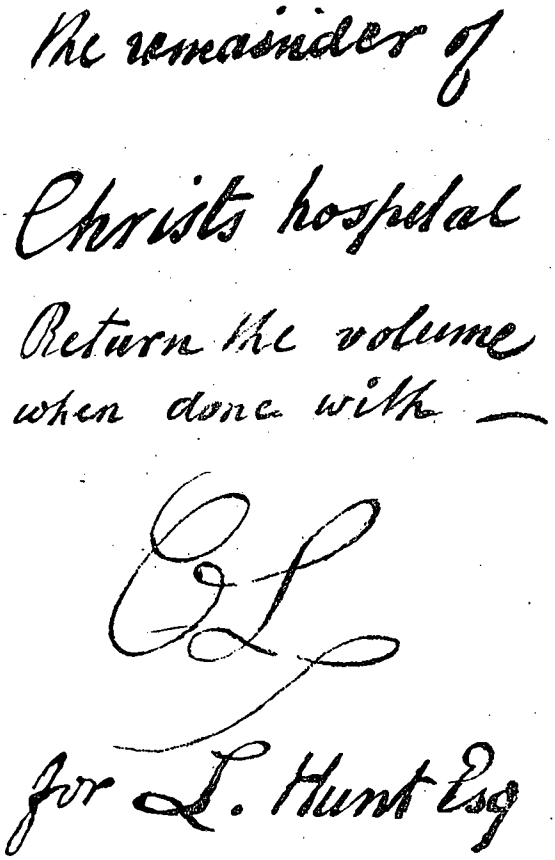
This farce, Field's first book, was published anonymously, and was dedicated, but without mentioning him by name, to Leigh Hunt, as "the author of the late Theatrical Criticisms in the weekly paper called The News, now of those in that called The Examiner."

In 1816 Field went out to Australia and was Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney from 1816 to 1824. He still retained his literary tastes, and in 1819 had printed in Sydney for private distribution, *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*, the first volume of poetry to be printed in Australia. He sent a copy to Lamb, who reviewed it in *The Examiner*. The notice began as follows:

> Whoever thou art that hast transplanted the British wood-notes to the far-off forests which the Kangaroo haunts—whether thou art some voluntary exile that solaces his sad estrangement with recurrences to his native notes, with more wisdom than those captive Hebrews of old refused to sing their Sion songs in a strange land—or whether, as we rather suspect, thou art that valued friend of ours, who, in thy young time of life, together with thy faithful bride, thy newly "wedded flower," didst, in obedience to the stern voice of duty, quit thy friends, thy family, thy pleasing avocations, the Muses with which thou wert as deeply smitten as any, we believe, in our age and country, to go and administer tedious justice in inauspicious, unliterary Thiefland, we reclaim thee for our own, and gladly would transport thee back to thy native "fields" and studies congenial to thy habits.

The "Elia" essay on "Distant Correspondents," was addressed to Field.

On the outside of the front cover of this interesting volume is written, in large, bold letters, in Lamb's autograph:



What is the meaning of this inscription, and when was the volume loaned to Leigh Hunt? Let us try to answer these questions.

Leigh Hunt, like Lamb, had been a Christ's Hospital boy, but not until long after Lamb had left that institution. It must have been always, however, a point of common interest between them.

The volume could not have been bound until 1814, as the second portion of his article on Christ's Hospital ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peared in the Supplement to the annual volume of the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1813. May we surmise that Hunt had read the first article, in the June number of the magazine, and had asked Lamb to let him read the rest? So Lamb sent this volume to him, and instead of sending a note wrote on the cover "the remainder of [my account of] Christ's hospital."

Hunt was in prison from February 3, 1813, to February 3, 1815, on account of the libel printed in *The Examiner*. The volume was probably not loaned to him during this period, because, in such case, Lamb, who was a constant visitor "in all weathers, hail or sunshine, in daylight and in darkness," as Hunt says in his *Autobiography*, would not have asked him to return it "when done with." So it must have been after his release from prison, and it must have been before Hunt set sail for Italy, where he remained several years. This was on November 1, 1821.

But we can probably fix the date more closely by considering another circumstance. The book must have been loaned before the article on Christ's Hospital was torn out. This article, with slight changes, was reprinted in Lamb's Works in 1818. Was this torn out to send as "copy" to the printer of that edition? We think it may have been. This narrows the date when the volume was loaned to Hunt to the period between his release from prison, February 3, 1815, and the printing of the edition of 1818 of Lamb's Works. During these years Hunt had been living in Edgeware Road, at the Vale of Health, Hampstead, at 13 Lisson Grove North, and at 8 York Buildings, New Road. Lamb had been living in the Inner Temple from 1809 to 1817, when he removed to 20 Russell street, Covent Garden, where he lived until 1823.

The "Confessions of a Drunkard" is said to have been first printed in the volume, *Some Enquiries Into the Effects of Fermented Spirits*, edited by Basil Montagu, and published in 1814. From the inscription in this volume, we now know that it had been printed earlier in the *Philanthropic Magazine*. It was again printed, with comments thereon, in an article signed "Elia" in the *London Magazine* for August, 1822. Again it is probable that at this time Lamb tore out that article for printer's "copy," and endeavoured to hide the authorship by writing a bold "Anonymous" over his initials. Perhaps some letter of Lamb's may yet turn up which will throw more light on the points in question, and, meanwhile, the volume, with its inscription, will remain a treasured memento of the "Gentle Elia."

Luther S. Livingston.

SONG FLIGHT

I must not keep you, wild-bird thoughts of mine,
To dull your perfectness
With that possession which may not possess,
Leave me no outward sign,
You wild, shy, wayward things for which I pine.

Go! I am naked of you. Better thus—
Glory of your swift wing,
Hunger of songs impetuous that sing
Through all my hours—than that I, clamorous,
Hold you until you sting.

My farewell lingers o'er you and its ache
Is echo of that farewell;
Winds and all wild things hint your hidden spell;
Whatever ways I take
Your strayed, forbidden, haunting airs awake.

May Olcott.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VISIT TO WHITTIER

When I was in Boston in 1884, my brilliant and hospitable friend, Mr. W. D. Howells, received a letter from the poet Whittier, expressing a most kind wish that I should visit him. It would have been a great satisfaction to me to have seen him in summer, and in his own beautiful home at Amesbury, where he settled in 1836, and where he resided until his death in 1892, although at the moment of his demise he happened to be visiting at Hampton Falls. It would have been delightful to carry away an impression of that noble, calm figure in the midst of his household gods. But, if I remember rightly, the mansion at Amesbury was at that time being altered in some way; at all events, Mr. Whittier was staying with friends at a house called Oak Knoll, near Danvers. It was, moreover, in the depth of the hard New England winter; all the landscape was choked with snow. Certainly, the visitor's attention would be the more exclusively concentrated on the appearance and conversation of his celebrated host. Accordingly, an appointment was made, and on the 6th of December I set forth on quite an arctic expedition to discover the author of "Snow Bound."

I have a superstition that all very agreeable adventures begin with a slight mishap. I was not prepared to believe Mr. Whittier so difficult to reach as I found him. We arrived early at the dismal station of Danvers, and a hack was persuaded to drive us to the entrance of Oak Knoll. All this Massachusetts landscape, doubtless enchanting at other times of the year, is of a most forbidding bleakness in mid-winter. The carriage drove off, leaving us to struggle up to the homestead, and we arrived with relief under the great pillars of an ample piazza. Doubtless, in leafy seasons, Oak Knoll may have its charms, but it was distinctly sinister that December morning. We rang, and after a long pause the front door opened slightly, and a very unprepossessing dog emerged, and shut the door (if I may say so) behind him. We were face to face with this animal, which presented none of the features identified in one's mind with the idea of Mr. Whittier. It sniffed unpleasantly, but we spoke to it most blandly, and it became assured that we were not tramps. The dog sat down, and looked at us; we had nowhere to sit down, but we looked at the dog. Then, after many blandishments, but feeling very uncomfortable, I ventured to hold the dog in conversation while I rang again. After another pause the door was slightly opened, and a voice of no agreeable timbre asked what we wanted. We explained, across the dog, that we had come by appointment to see Mr. Whittier. The door was closed a second time, and, if our carriage had still been waiting, we should certainly have driven back to Danvers. But at length a hard-featured woman grudgingly admitted us, and showed us, growling as she did it, into a parlour.

Our troubles were then over, for Mr. Whittier himself appeared, with all that report had ever told of gentle sweetness and dignified cordial courtesy. He was then seventy-seven years old, and, although he spoke of age and feebleness, he showed few signs of either; he was, in fact, to live eight years more. Perhaps because the room was low, he seemed surprisingly tall; he must, in fact, have been a little less than six feet high. The peculiarity of his face rested in the extraordinary large and luminous black eyes, set in black eyebrows, and fringed with thick black eyelashes curiously curved inwards. This bar of vivid black across the countenance was startingly contrasted with the bushy snow-white beard and hair, offering a sort of contradiction which was surprising and presently pleasing. He was careful to keep on my right side, I noticed, being presumably deaf in the right ear; even if this were the case, which he concealed, his hearing continued to be markedly quick in a man of his years.

His generosity to those much younger and less gifted than himself is well known, and I shall not dwell on the good-natured things which he proceeded to say to his English visitor. He made no profession, at any time, of being a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critic, and his formula was that such and such verse or prose had given him pleasure,—"I am grateful to thee for all that enjoyment" was his charming way of being kind. But I will mention what he said about one book, the *Life of Gray*, because I do not remember that Gray is mentioned in any of the published works of Whittier. He said that he had delighted in that narrative of a life so quiet and so sequestered that, as he put it, it was almost more "Quakerly" than that of any famous member of the Society; and he added that he had been greatly moved by the fulness and the significance of a career which to the outside world might have seemed absolutely without movement. "Thee were very fortunate," he went on, "to have that beautiful, restful story left to tell after almost all the histories of great men had been made so fully known to readers."

He asked me what and whom I had seen. Had I yet visited Concord? I responded that I was immediately about to do so, and then he said quickly, "Ah! thee should have come a little sooner, when we were still united. There were four of us a little while ago, but two are gone, and what is Concord without Emerson?" He spoke with great emotion of Emerson—"the noblest human being I have known," and of Longfellow, "perhaps the sweetest. But you will see Holmes," he added. I said that it was my great privilege to be seeing Dr. Holmes every day, and that the night before he had sent all sorts of affectionate messages by me to Mr. Whittier. The latter expressed great curiosity to see Holmes's short *Life of Emerson*, which, in fact, was published five or six days later. With reminiscences of the past, and especially of the great group of the poets his contemporaries, my venerable host kept me long entertained.

He presently said that he would leave me, that he might search for a portrait of himself, which he was so kind as to offer to me as a memorial of my visit. I proposed to take my leave, but he insisted that I must not go; he was absent about twenty minutes, resting, as I gathered, from the exertion of speaking, which had caused a noticeable hoarseness. He returned, entirely refreshed, and was once more delightfully communicative. I know not how he was induced to go back to the early anti-slavery days, but, this subject having been started, he pursued it with the greatest vivacity. I was left with the impression that on his sedentary and noiseless existence the troubles of 1835 had left an indelible impression—that these formed, indeed, the most exciting pivot for his reminiscences. He told the story of the Concord riots eagerly and merrily; no doubt in almost the same words he had often told it before. His eyes flashed, he slapped his knees, he may almost be said to have gesticulated, and there was something less than Quakerly quietism in his gusto at the exciting incidents of the narrative. He was met, he said, in the street of Concord by the rioters, who were looking for George Thompson, the abolitionist lecturer; Thompson was a man of about his own age, and the mob, supposing Whittier to be he, pelted the poet with rotten eggs, and, worse than that, with stones. Their aim was bad, for they scarcely touched Whittier with the more serious missiles, which rattled instead on the wooden fence behind him. He said it made him feel like the Apostle Paul. Another abolitionist, a Mr. Kent, at this moment providentially opened his street-door, and Whittier was pulled in out of the angry crowd. I forget exactly what happened next, but there was a great deal of shouting and firing, and in process of time George Thompson seems to have joined the anti-slavery men in their refuge. At all events, Mr. Whittier described, with immense animation and spirit, how it became necessary at length to make a dash, and how Thompson and he were brought in a carriage to a side-door, and the horse suddenly whipped through the unexpectant crowd out of the town and far away before any one thought of pursuing them. At this final recital, the old gentleman could remain seated no longer, but started from his chair and fought his battle o'er again. No doubt it was all recorded history, and could be reconstructed with clearer accuracy from the books, but it was a delightful and quite sufficing experience to hear it thus told, by the most distinguished person engaged, after an interval of nearly fifty years.

If it is not too trifling, I must men-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, in connection with his magnificent, lustrous eyes, that, the conversation turning upon the hues of things, Mr. Whittier greatly surprised me by confessing that he was quite colour-blind. He exemplified his condition by saying that if I came to Amesbury I should be scandalised by one of his carpets. It appeared that he was never permitted, by the guardian goddess of his hearth, to go "shopping" for himself, but that once, being in Boston, and needing a carpet, he had ventured to go to a store and buy what he thought to be a very nice, quiet article, precisely suited to adorn a Quaker home. When it arrived at Amesbury there was a universal shout of horror, for what had struck Mr. Whittier as a particularly soft combination of browns and greys proved, to normal eyes, to be a loud pattern of bright red roses on a field of the crudest cabbage-green. When he had told me this, it was then easy to observe that the fulness and brilliancy of his wonderful eyes had something which was not entirely normal about them.

He struck me as very gay and cheerful, in spite of his occasional references to the passage of time and the vanishing of beloved faces. He even laughed, frequently and with a childlike suddenness, but without a sound. His face had none of the immobility so frequent with very aged persons; on the contrary, waves of mood were always sparkling across his features, and leaving nothing stationary there except the narrow, high, and strangely receding forehead. His language, very fluid and easy, had an agreeable touch of the soil, an occasional rustic note in its elegant colloquialism, that seemed very pleasant and appropriate, as if it linked him naturally with the long line of sturdy ancestors of whom he was the final blossoming. In connection with his poetry, I think it would be difficult to form in the imagination a figure more appropriate to Whittier's writings than Whittier himself proved to be in the flesh.

Two days later I received from Mr. Whittier a very kind letter, and the gift of his latest volume of poems, *The Bay of Seven Islands*. It was far from being his last, for it was to be followed by two more in his lifetime and by a gleaning of posthumous verses. But it was the book of an old man, and in reading it one was reminded that fifty-three years had passed since *Legends of New England* had first given the name of Whittier to the lovers of poetry. In saying that *The Bay of Seven Islands* is an old man's book, however, I do not mean that it shows marks of senile failure, but only that the eye of the writer is constantly on the past, counting the sheaves, watching the red colour in the western sky. In verses, not less sincere because they are a little rough, he offers his own apologia. He desires, he says, that it shall be said of him when he is gone:

> Hater of din and riot
> He lived in days unquiet;
> And, lover of all beauty,
> Trod the hard ways of duty.
>
> To all who dumbly suffered
> His tongue and pen he offered;
> His life was not his own,
> Nor lived for self alone.

This, we can clearly assert, will always be admitted of Whittier. But what will impartial criticism, which is deaf to all the virtues if their expression is not enshrined and kept fresh in really fine literature, decide about the poetry of this good and graceful man?

Mr. Whittier was composing verses all his life, and the difference of quality between those he wrote at twenty and at eighty is remarkably small. He was a poet in the lifetime of Gifford and Crabbe, and he was still a poet when Mr. Rudyard Kipling was already famous. During this vast period of time his style changed very little; it had its ups and downs, its laxities and then its felicities, but it bore very little relation to passing conditions. There rose up beside it Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, but none of these affected Whittier. His genius, or talent, or knack—whichever we choose to call it—was an absolutely local and native thing. It was like the Indian waters of strange name of which it sang, Winnepesaukee and Merrimac and Katahdin; it streamed forth, untouched by Europe, from among the butternuts and maples of the hard New England landscape. The art in Whittier's verse was primitive. Those who love his poetry most will wish that he had possessed a better ear, that he could have felt that "mateless" does not rhyme to "greatness." In all his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books there is a tendency to excess, to redundancy; he is apt to babble on when he has nothing very inspired to say.

But when all this is acknowledged, none but a very hasty reader will fail to recognise Whittier's lasting place in the history of literature. He is not rich, nor sonorous, nor a splendid artist; he is even rather rarely exquisite; but he has an individuality of his own that is of durable importance. He is filled with moral enthusiasm as a trumpet is filled with the breath of him who blows it. His Quaker quietism concentrates itself until it breaks into a real passion-storm of humanity, and when Whittier is roused he sings with the thrilling sweetness of a wood-thrush. By dint of simplicity and earnestness, he frequently hits upon the most charming phrases, instinct with life and truth; so that the English poet with whom it seems most natural to compare him in the lyrical order is the epic and didactic Crabbe. If the author of "The Borough" had been dowered with the gift of writing in octosyllabics and short stanzaic measures, and had been of stern Puritan stock in Massachusetts, and had been roused by the sight of a public iniquity, such as slavery, recognised and applauded in society, he might have presented the world with a talent very much resembling that of Whittier. But, as it is, we look around in vain for English or American poet of anything like the same merit who shares the place of Whittier.

The grave of the admirable Quaker poet at Amesbury is said to be hemmed in by a hedge of vigorous arbor vitæ. His memory, in like manner, depends for its protection, not on the praise of exotic communities which can never, though they admire, rightly comprehend it, but on the conscience of New England, shy, tenacious, intrepid, to which, more than other poet has done, Whittier made a direct and constant appeal.

Edmund Gosse.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON'S ROMANTIC NOVEL*

It is more than fourteen years since the publication of *Aylwin* was promised. The book was then entitled *Aylwin: an Open Air Romance for Poets, Painters, and Gypsies*. It was dedicated in a sonnet "to the beloved memory of George Borrow, the Great High Priest of the Ungenteel." It is significant that the sub-title and the sonnet have been dropped, and that Mr. Watts-Dunton adds to the title of *The Coming of Love* (published a year ago), "The Story of Rhona Boswell."

In reading *Aylwin* it is interesting to those who have long studied Mr. Watts-Dunton's theory of æsthetics to be frequently reminded of the principles he has steadily inculcated. The preliminary paragraphs in this instance, almost more misleading than usual, would induce most people to look for a work, rich indeed and powerful, but scarcely a novel to anticipate a story in which the digressions should be more important and more entertaining than the actual narrative. These anticipations are most agreeably disappointed. Mr. Watts-Dunton has held fast to his memorable rule, "In art every work is a failure that does not reach its own goal, howsoever brilliant may be its passage along alien paths." As we hope to show, the work is full of various charm, but it is in the first place a vivid, enthralling, absorbing love-story, full of movement and life and vigour. Its open-air freshness, its thrilling interest, and its intense and noble passion will make it one of the most eagerly read novels of recent years. We have no hesitation in saying that for variety and charm and brightness this book has few rivals, and it will be read with delight by multitudes who may scarcely reflect at all on its deeper meaning.

It is impossible to explain the *motif* of *Aylwin* without indicating the nature of the story. Aylwin's father, a memorable figure, evidently drawn in part from life, is driven into mysticism by the

*Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

death of a beloved wife. She was drowned before his eyes, and though he married again and seemed content, and though his face was calm and unfurrowed, yet one thought possessed him. "Here was a revelation of what afterwards was often revealed to me, that human personality is the crowning wonder of this wonderful universe, and that the forces which turn fire-mist into stars are not more inscrutable than is human character." The most precious thing in his possession was the cross of precious stones which he gave her on the night of their betrothal, and which she kissed when the tide of death swept over her. This cross he wore on his naked bosom, and the laceration of its sharp facets seemed to give him rest and joy. He willed that when he was dead that cross should lie upon his breast, and solemnly charged his son that this wish should be fulfilled. He asked also that a curse, written in Hebrew and English, upon any despoiler of the grave, should be buried with him. The terrible verses were taken from Psalm cix., "Let there be no man to pity him, nor to have compassion upon his fatherless children. . . . Let his children be vagabonds, and beg their bread; let them seek it also out of desolate places." The son, Henry Aylwin, who tells the story, is a Materialist in spite of the fact that he has Gypsy blood in his veins, for Fenella Stanley was an ancestress. His father tells him:

I was like you once. I could once be content with Materialism—I could find it supportable once; but, should you ever come to love as I have loved (and, for your own happiness, child, I hope you never may), you will find that Materialism is intolerable, is hell itself, to the heart that has known a passion like mine. You will find that it is madness, Hal, madness, to believe in the word "never." You will find that you dare not leave untried any creed, howsoever wild, that offers the heart a ray of hope. Every object she cherished has become spiritualised, sublimated, has become alive—alive as this amulet is alive. See, the lights are no natural lights.

The tomb is desecrated, and that by the father of the girl with whom Henry Aylwin has fallen in love, Winifred Wynne. The curse begins to work itself out, and the main part of the book tells how stubborn Materialism was subdued by a storm of love and sorrow. Aylwin's search for the lost Winifred brought him among the Gypsies. Sinfi Lovell—the finest heroine in recent fiction—Winifred's foster-sister, is his ally in the long agony of pursuit, in all that has to be endured till the curse is wrought out. Through her—she was sometimes an artist's model in London—Henry Aylwin comes into the society of Gypsies, of artists of the London lower class, and through her is brought at last to peace.

He finds the cross, and lays it again upon his father's breast. Winifred bears her share of the curse, but in the end the great-hearted Sinfi, by taking the curse upon herself and by mastering her own curse, sets the sufferer free. All throughout the insistence is on the fact that no man who loves a woman in the high spiritual sense and who has lost her can be a Materialist. The fullest expression of this view is ascribed to the artist D'Arcy, who evidently stands for Rossetti. It runs thus:

I, alas! have long known that the tragedy of tragedies is the death of a beloved mistress, or a beloved wife. I have long known that it is as the King of Terrors that Death must needs come to any man who knows what the word "love" really means. I have never been a reader of philosophy, but I understand that the philosophers of all countries have been preaching for ages upon ages about resignation to Death—about the final beneficence of Death—that "reasonable moderator and equipoise of justice," as Sir Thomas Browne calls him. Equipoise of justice indeed! He who can read with tolerance such words as these must have known nothing of the true passion of love for a woman as you and I understand it. The Elizabethans are full of this nonsense; but where does Shakespeare, with all his immense philosophical power, ever show this temper of acquiescence? All his impeachments of Death have the deep ring of personal feeling—dramatist though he was. But, what I am going to ask is, How shall the modern Materialist, who you think is to dominate the Twentieth Century and all the centuries to follow—how shall he confront Death when a beloved mistress is struck down? When Moschus lamented that the mallow, the anise, and the parsley had a fresh birth every year, whilst we men sleep in the hollow earth a long, unbounded, never-waking sleep, he told us what your modern Materialist tells us, and he re-echoed the lamentation which, long before Greece had a literature at all, had been heard beneath Chaldean stars and along the mud-banks of the Nile. Your bitter experience made you ask Materialism, What comfort is there in being told that death is the very nursery of new life, and that our heirs are our very selves, if when you take leave of her who was and is your world it is "Vale, vale, in æternum vale"? The dogged resolution with which at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first you fought and strove for Materialism struck me greatly. It made you almost rude to me at our last meeting.

This *motif* is so important, and may be so easily misunderstood, that it deserves a careful exposition. Mr. Watts-Dunton is not in the ordinary sense a didactic novelist. Even of so great a writer as George Eliot he himself has said that she tries to bring into consciousness those feelings which her narrative ought to have produced by itself. The novelist ought to produce his effect not by philosophic reflection and artistic presentation, but by artistic presentation merely. The success of Mrs. Humphry Ward shows that many worthy readers prefer the sermonic application of incident. In the case of *Aylwin*, there is no such thing. The lesson springs directly from the narrative. The writer shrinks from asserting more than the spiritualistic conception of the cosmos. He is not in any sense a dogmatic theologian. All he means to say he has put elsewhere into unforgettable words:

Love, my darling,
Looks straight at Doom, though wolves of Death are snarling,
And smiles: "Behold, I stand!"

The mystical temperament so rarely finds expression in true literature that Mr. Watts-Dunton's rendering demands close attention. If he were pressed he would no doubt be compelled to formulate certain propositions. Here he has presented the problem of the enormous cruelty of nature with such force, even with such violence, that he makes it solve itself. He has stood firmly by his older affirmations that, though earth is not heaven, it is, nevertheless, crusted with gems or stones according to the eyes that see and the feet that walk. In the affections will be found that which will stand the ultimate test and vindicate the universe. We should be inclined to conjecture that he has purposely chosen superstition as the result of sorrow in order to avoid anything in the nature of theology. All that he stands by is Spiritualism as against Materialism. In Mr. Dunton's view the acceptance of evolution only moves the problem a little further back. What must stand, he argues, what love and death make certain, is the spiritual view.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's conception of the universe reflects itself in his view of nature, and to some readers the passages to which they will be drawn back with most constant fascination are the wonderful nature sketches. The Renaissance of Wonder which followed the temper of Pseudo-Classicism and domestic Materialism and found its highest interpreters in Coleridge and Rossetti is associated with the romance of man's history; in fact, the basis of that Renaissance, as Mr. Watts-Dunton himself has pointed out, is the supernatural.

The Gypsy element in this book is no doubt the fullest, and, on the whole, the most novel. In this field Mr. Watts-Dunton has very few competitors, and none whom he needs to fear. We may put aside the "Gypsy Experiences" of Tom Taylor, and take the comparison with Borrow. It is, to tell the truth, an invidious comparison, for each writer has taken his own way. Borrow himself ever remains one of the greatest of English writers. But Mr. Watts-Dunton has seized on what Borrow has practically passed by—the mystical side of the Gypsy character. Up to this point they are at one. There is no space, however, in which to discuss Mr. Watts-Dunton's study of Gypsy mysticism, the only study of the kind we know, although *The Coming of Love* must not be forgotten.

Mr. Watts-Dunton is too true an artist to drag in sketches of Gypsy life simply because he happens to know it. He is drawn by the fact that nowhere in womanhood can there be found a deeper, truer, more self-sacrificing love than in Gypsy girls, and nowhere a more attracting and alluring beauty. Notable and powerful as Gypsy men often are, they are not to be compared with the women, and one of the loveliest of affections in the world is that which unites Gypsy mother and Gypsy daughter. If Mr. Watts-Dunton has made any mistake, it is that he has allowed his noble Gypsy girl, Sinfi Lovell, to eclipse his beautiful, innocent and charming heroine. That Sinfi Lovell is from life we cannot for a moment doubt:

She was quite young, not above eighteen years of age, slender, graceful—remarkably so, even for a Gypsy girl. Her hair, which was not so much coal-black as blue-black, was plaited in the old-fashioned Gypsy way, in little plaits that looked almost as close as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plaited straw, and as it was of an unusually soft and fine texture for a Gypsy, the plaits gave it a lustre quite unlike that which unguents can give. As she sat there, one leg thrown over the other, displaying a foot which, even in the heavy nailed boots, would have put to shame the finest English lady I have ever seen, I could discern that she was powerful and tall. Her bosom, gently rising and falling beneath the layers of scarlet and yellow and blue handkerchiefs, which filled up the space the loose-fitting gown of bright merino left open, was of a breadth fully worthy of her height. A silk handkerchief of deep blood-red colour was bound around her head, not in the modern Gypsy fashion, but more like an Oriental turban.

It is the courage, the fidelity, the depth, the faith, and the passion of her soul which win us. She is content to keep Aylwin company through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and to carry his death away, leaving the man she loves to the woman he has chosen above her. Aylwin finds no drawback to Sinfi Lovell in her lack of education. The fact that she knew nothing of the traditional ignorance which for ages has taken the name of knowledge gave an especial piquancy to everything she said. "In knowledge of nature as a sublime consciousness, in knowledge of the human heart Sinfi was far more learned than I."

That many of the characters in the book are closely described from life is sufficiently clear even to the uninitiated. Conjectures might be hazarded in various cases, but we refrain. One picture only is unmistakable and exact so far as it goes. It is that of Rossetti. It is hardly to be supposed that the man, who, in spite of his qualifications, his right, and it were almost said his duty, has refused to write Rossetti's life, should drag him into a novel to give zest to the narrative. A character like Rossetti (D'Arcy) is required for the exigencies of the story, and he is described only with relation to this. It was he who took charge of Winifred when her consciousness was submerged. He did not fall in love with her, for when her consciousness sprang up again and took heed she no longer deeply interested him. Hence we are told of Rossetti's love for animals. "They interest me," he said, "by that unconsciousness of grace which makes them such a contrast to man." This was the secret of Rossetti's love for wild animals. In his extraordinary domain little Indian bulls, wombats and kangaroos might be found, and he was fond of paying visits to Jamrach. "The kind of amusement they can afford me is like none other. It is the self-consciousness of men and women that makes them, in a general way, intensely unamusing. . . . Has it ever occurred to you how fascinating a beautiful girl would be if she were as unconscious as a young animal?" Rossetti, too, had gone through the ultimate experience of suffering; he, too, had passed through his agony to reject Materialism, and he is used as an ally in the process by which Aylwin comes at last to union with his father's spiritual view.

We have been careful to leave out in this article what, after all, this book stands or falls by—the story. For the story is so excellent that it should be read, not read about. One hint may be added: there is something tantalising in the allusive glimpses we have of Rhona Boswell. Readers may find the sequel to *Aylwin* in the story of Rhona Boswell, otherwise called *The Coming of Love*.* Of the success of *Aylwin* with those who make a practice of reading novels, we have no doubt at all. Our purpose has been to show that it claims and merits the close study of every serious reader.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

*The Coming of Love. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Published by John Lane, 1897. See review in THE BOOKMAN, February, 1898.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OTTO VON BISMARCK *

Nothing that can now be written will serve to alter by one single tint or shading the portrait of Prince Bismarck as it already hangs in Fame's great gallery, and as it is forever fixed in the minds and memories of men. His record is made up; his glory is secure; his place in history is established once for all. A mighty epic-figure, the champion of a national idea, the master of all who came within the range of his overwhelming personality, a giant in body as in mind, and above all an intensely human man, his career has from its very outset received at every turn the full blaze of that fierce white light which beats not only upon monarchs but upon their makers; so that of his life, of his character, and of his achievements there is nothing new to learn, or at least nothing that can in any way affect the sober judgment of mankind. Much has been already written of him, and much no doubt will still be written; but the essential facts on which posterity must base its final verdict are all before the generation that saw him as a living man, and time will only accentuate and heighten the sharpness of the outlines in which his own contemporaries drew him. Amid all the literature that relates to him the three books now before us may be said to contain whatever is necessary to a thorough understanding of the man and of the statesman, and each of them in its own way supplements and explains the others.

The little volume by Professor Munroe Smith is a simple, lucid and thoroughly well-drawn sketch of the whole of Bismarck's great career. It marshals the essential facts both of his public and of his private life, and gives us at a glance a comprehension of them in their relation to the history of the times in which he lived. No words are wasted; no superfluous comment is injected into a singularly fair and most informing story, and when the reader lays the volume down he has acquired an impartial insight into the life and work of the most creative statesman of our century. Professor Munroe Smith's sketch is in reality, therefore, a careful summing up of Prince Bismarck's achievements from the standpoint of the student of history, and it represents him as posterity will see him when the question of his personality is less considered than the vastly greater question of the task which he performed and the ends which he attained.

The ponderous yet fascinating record kept by Dr. Moritz Busch is written from another standpoint altogether. It is the work of one who felt the personal side of Bismarck to be the one thing most worthy of permanent remembrance. With Dr. Busch the man comes first and the statesman second. And this was quite inevitable in one who spent long years in close companionship with the great Chancellor, who saw him in the unreserve of private life, who sat beside him in his cabinet, who ate with him at table, who smoked and drank with him, who heard his marvellous talk when every restraint was cast aside, who laughed at his wit, and wondered at the brilliant sword-play of his intellect, and thrilled at his flaming indignation, and shared with thorough sympathy the tremendous scorn which he poured forth at times upon the witless nobodies who sought to thwart and baffle him. Dr. Busch's book is not, in substance, wholly new. Some parts (and by no means unimportant parts) of it were published years ago; yet so much has now been added, and these additions are of so remarkable a frankness that this record bears the same relation to its author's other books as a finished painting bears to a preliminary sketch. How daringly minute and unreserved is the revelation of the Prince's conversation, may be inferred from the circumstance that no publisher in Germany has ventured to produce it there; while before its appearance in English, Dr. Busch felt it pru-

*Bismarck and German Unity. By Munroe Smith. With a portrait. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History. Being a Diary Kept by Dr. Moritz Busch. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.

Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman: Being the Recollections and Reminiscences of Otto, Prince Von Bismarck. Written and Dictated by Himself. With two portraits. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $7.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent to leave Germany lest he should find himself ere long imprisoned in one of the imperial fortresses to meditate at leisure on the personal discomforts that attend the sport of *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

Prince Bismarck's contribution to the understanding of his own career comes last upon our list, and deserves the fullest notice both from the intense curiosity that has been felt regarding it, and because it embodies the final and authoritative expression of his thoughts and sentiments as he would wish them to remain for men in after years to read and to remember. The book is not in the strict sense of the word an autobiography. It is best described by its German sub-title, *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*. Its thirty-three chapters or sections do not form a consecutive account even of their author's public career, but each takes up some phase or incident of that career and is written primarily with the intention of throwing light upon the motives that influenced him in important crises and of showing clearly the actual circumstances under which he had to act. And this is highly important to the historian; for it is only when the difficulties that beset a statesman and the limitations that are imposed upon him by his environment are fully understood, that one can get at the measure of his greatness. Often it may happen that the course which is theoretically the simplest and most obviously right, will through special circumstances and through the possibility of complications not apparent to the casual observer, be in reality the most difficult and in the end the least desirable. These chapters, therefore, must be read as constituting in many places an apologia for Prince Bismarck's statesmanship, and as revealing to us the secret intrigues, the nice considerations, and the very real limitations that again and again were most important factors in the determination of his policy. The immensely interesting story is told, however, in a generous and lofty spirit. The Prince has put aside all personal feeling, and his tone throughout is that of the great statesman and diplomatist, of one whose fame is so secure that he can be entirely magnanimous, and who, while he is always frank, will say no word that stings. And thus his book is quite in keeping with the lofty place he occupies in history. Indeed, lest he should be led involuntarily to speak of themes which he could hardly treat without some touch of feeling, he has given nothing that concerns his fall from power. The final chapter speaks quite briefly of the Emperor Frederick, and there is nowhere to be found more than a casual mention of the present Kaiser. The book itself was all in type as long ago as 1893, and since then nothing has been added, though the Prince did, as we are told, recast two chapters in the proofs; and it may be that this alteration was the result of a mature decision not to say a single word that might recall those painful controversies by which the last years of his life were known to be embittered. If so, the scandal-monger will experience a feeling of disappointment; but the book as it stands is all the worthier of its author's fame; for the very dignity and nobility of its self-restraint impress us far more than could the keenest rapier-thrusts of invective and recrimination. Yet though Prince Bismarck has withheld his hand when it would have been easy for him to enjoy a sort of posthumous revenge upon his enemies, the book is not by any means a colourless account of governmental policies and diplomatic history. It is rich in observations regarding men and women, as well as public measures. It contains a hundred graphic pictures of the great personages with whom Prince Bismarck came in contact, and everywhere he hits them off with all his well-known shrewdness and profoundly subtle knowledge of human nature, while his terse and pregnant judgments are enlivened by continual anecdote and incident. He lifts the curtain for us and shows us how immensely important in all the crises of his career was the personality of those through whom and under whom he had to do his work. We go behind the scenes with him and behold the kings, as it were, with their crowns off, the queen and empresses in their nightcaps, the chancellors and ambassadors in *négligé*, and we get a vivid realisation of the human element that enters somewhere into every episode of history. Running through all the chapters there is found a comment on the men and women whom Bismarck met and knew—the clever but unbalanced Frederick William IV.; the slow and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather limited soldier who made, however, a very stately and imposing figure as the first prince to wear the crown of the newly founded German Empire; the imperious Muscovite Nicholas boasting that he could master his Russians so long as he could look them in the eye, but dreading them behind his back; the wily Gortchakoff, shrewd, eloquent and plausible, but vain, intensely jealous, and avaricious to the last degree; Prince Albert treating Bismarck with an air of "ironical superiority"; the English Queen distrusting him as being an opponent of British interests, yet showing him at all times perfect courtesy and consideration; and Napoleon III., good-hearted but weak, and something of a dreamer—all these and scores of other equally important persons are set before us in these pages from the point of view of one who knew them well. That the chapters do not form a consecutive narrative is responsible for some omissions that must cause regret. Thus in reading of the Congress of Berlin over which, in 1878, the Prince presided as "the honest broker," we miss a characterisation of Lord Beaconsfield, and there is much that Bismarck might have told regarding the preliminary events of the War of 1866, which is not given, for the Prince has chosen to confine himself to a discussion of the Schleswig-Holstein question and then passes on to the events immediately connected with the treaty made with Austria at Nikolsburg. Nevertheless, the memoirs as a whole quite justify the public expectation with regard to them, since they afford some rich material to the historian, to the political biographer, and to the student of diplomacy.

The three books taken together, then, give nearly a complete conspectus of the man with whom they have to do. In the first we look at Bismarck as the world at large looks back upon him; in the second we behold him as his intimates beheld him in the easy intercourse of private life; while in the third we see him as he saw himself, and as he wished posterity to see him, both as a man and as a statesman. The reader who, with a serious and discriminating mind, will carefully digest the material presented to him in these books, may reach a very accurate understanding of a personage who, in impressiveness and true historical importance, find only one potential parallel in the annals of the nineteenth century.

It is odd that so few persons appear to have discovered what was essentially the keynote of Prince Bismarck's character. It is obvious, indeed, from his own self-analysis that even he quite failed to recognise it. He describes himself as having been in early youth a republican, but in sentiment a monarchist. He used to reflect, he tells us, on how irrational it is for millions of human beings to give a permanent obedience to a single man, while often criticising him with anger or contempt. On the other hand, he states that his historical sympathies remained upon the side of absolute authority. In a general way this conception of himself as a blend of theoretical democrat and actual monarchist is the conception which all writers appear to have adopted, and on this hypothesis they have explained what they regard as inconsistencies in his political career. That he should have served the First William, for instance, with absolute fidelity and unquestioning loyalty, advocating at all times the doctrine of divine right, and that nevertheless he should have set himself in later years to undermine the political credit of the present Kaiser—this inconsistency is viewed by some as springing from the dual nature of his mentality. That is to say, so long as he was permitted to control and to direct, and while the monarch was a monarch after his own heart, then they assert that Bismarck was a monarchist; but that as soon as the monarch showed an independent spirit, then Bismarck's republicanism came to the surface and blazed out into something of the defiant indignation of a Hampden or a Cromwell.

This view of Bismarck seems to us to be entirely mistaken. When studied in the light of his whole history, and with a knowledge of the sentiments which he has now himself recorded for us, the philosophic analyst of character ought to recognise the fact that in the profoundest depths of his nature, Prince Bismarck was neither a true monarchist nor yet a true republican, but that he represented a type entirely distinct from either, in that he was the incarnation both in thought, in feeling, and in action, of the aristocrat. Superficially, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be sure, the aristocrat *pur sang*, and the monarchist may seem to be identical; yet there is in truth a fundamental difference between them. The sham aristocrat is one who sets an inordinate value upon the externals of his rank and place, and he concedes a vast respect to the rank and place of others. He cherishes his title if he has one. He is a seeker after new orders and new decorations, and his estates and hereditary appurtenances possess for him a wonderful significance. The true aristocrat, on the other hand, one who is born with a patrician soul, cares nothing for externals. They are to him mere trappings; they confer no honour. It is rather the essential nobility of their possessor that can even make them seem respectable. To care for them, in fact, is even just a little vulgar, since this is but another form of the deference which men of other ranks will give to money or to whatever else is quite ephemeral and accidental. Hence it is that the very highest type of the patrician will refuse distinctions that other men so eagerly pursue, as when we find a noble like Lord Salisbury turning his back upon the dukedom which it has so often been within his power to accept; when we find him giving out each year in a spirit of half contemptuous indifference, the "Birthday honours," which lesser Englishmen all scramble for, not even taking the trouble to discriminate, but scattering them as a man would scatter coppers among the rabble in the streets; and when we see so many English gentlemen refusing peerages, because they much prefer their old historic names to what appears to them the tinsel finery of a brand-new title. Now the sham aristocrat is inevitably a monarchist, because he is in his degree a snob. To him the monarch is the fountain of honour, and is set above all other men forever, by the grace of God; but the true aristocrat holds no such view as this. He knows quite well that at the most, the king is only *primus inter pares*, a political convenience, a creation of others, and often as an individual a mere nonentity. For emperors and kings, from the time of Augustus Cæsar to the smug régime of Louis Philippe of France, have sometimes been quite *bourgeois*. With how much awe can a great Russian noble be expected to regard the parvenu kings of the Servian House of Obrenovitch? How much true deference would a Montmorency feel for the Swedish Bernadottes? About as much as the Howards felt for the royal descendant of Owen Tudor, and as the Cecils feel to-day for the city knight, and the ennobled brewer. Moreover, between the monarch and the aristocracy there does not necessarily exist even a community of interest; and some of the fiercest struggles that history can show have been waged not between the monarch and the people, nor between the aristocracy and the people, but between the monarch and the aristocracy.

The supremely aristocratic type is not invariably to be sought among those who can boast the oldest lineage and the highest rank; for the aristocratic spirit is something that is born within a man. It is, when nicely analysed, a matter of temperament and feeling. It goes with power and courage and creativeness, and with an instinct for domination and supremacy; since all these qualities are the qualities that have made an aristocracy historically possible, that have kept alive its splendid traditions, and that in every age and in the persons of its chiefs, have moulded and controlled the destinies of nations. For their own purposes they may have served the kings, but they have also made and unmade kings. They have used them as their own instruments, and not infrequently they have stood forth as a bulwark to the common people against the rapacity and tyranny of the royal line. There is, indeed, no necessary clash between the common people and an aristocracy. An aristocrat of the supreme type is never out of sympathy with the humble toilers. With all the power of his soul he will despise the pretentious smugness of the upstart middle classes just as he will often front the monarch with a haughty scorn; but he feels himself to be the protector and the advocate of the lowly and the poor; and in history he has, indeed, almost invariably proved himself their truest friend. And this is why in modern England that party which most fully represents the aristocratic tradition finds on its rolls the greatest of the peers and the humblest of the peasants, while the opposing party is the party of the trader, the Brummagem manufacturer, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rank and file of a newly made plutocracy. Take, then, a man who represents the best and highest type of aristocrat, and send him into public life, and he will be a royalist when the cult of royalty affords the surest means to the attainment of those ends toward which he strives, and he will maintain the outward bearing which is necessary to the part which he assumes; yet he will not be dazzled by the light which he sets up to guide the steps of others. He will feel himself to be the monarch's equal, and when circumstances render it impossible for him to use the monarch, then he will frankly cut himself aloof from all adherence to the fiction of monarchical divinity.

This, then, explains Prince Bismarck as the ostensible servant of one German ruler, and afterward, as the critic, and in a way, the adversary of another; and his course is not to be regarded as an inconsistent wavering between two opposing theories of government. Rather is it a mark of his entire consistency, in that at all times he was true to one magnificent ideal, the ideal of the aristocratic statesman. What he has written down about himself, makes this view thoroughly intelligible, and it explains his attitude beyond the possibility of error:

> Any irregularities in a ruler who showed me confidence and good-will to such a degree as did William I. should be of the nature of *vis major*, which it was not for me to resist; I must look on it as the weather or the sea, or any natural event to which I must accommodate myself. This impression rested on my personal love for the Emperor William I., not on my general conception of the relation of a king by the grace of God to his servants.
>
> The extent of monarchical devotion is not identical as regards every prince; it makes a difference whether the limit is drawn by political understanding or by feeling. A certain measure of devotion is determined by the laws, a still greater by political conviction; anything beyond that requires a personal feeling of reciprocity, and this it is, which brings it about that loyal masters have loyal servants, whose devotion extends beyond what is required by public considerations. It is a peculiarity of royalist feeling that any one who is moved by it does not cease to feel himself the servant of the monarch, even when he is conscious that he influences the decisions of the king.

Side by side with this quotation let us place another passage which is equally significant.

> The German national feeling remained so strong in me that at the beginning of my university life I at once entered into relations with the *Burschenschaft*, or group of students, which made the promotion of a national sentiment its aim. But after personal intimacy with its members, I disliked their refusal to "give satisfaction," as well as their want of breeding in externals and of acquaintance with the forms and manners of good society; and a still closer acquaintance bred an aversion to the extravagance of their political views, based upon a lack of either culture or knowledge of the conditions of life which historical causes had brought into existence, and which I, with my seventeen years, had had more opportunities of observing than most of these students, for the most part older than myself. Their ideas gave me the impression of an association between Utopian theories and defective breeding.

These two passages when read together sufficiently support our thesis, which is that Bismarck was fundamentally neither a monarchist in the full sense of the word, nor a republican, even though he may have thought himself divided between monarchical sentiment and republican theory. He was no monarchist, for his devotion to the monarch was not an absolute devotion, but one, as he says himself, determined by political understanding and by personal feeling. He was not a republican, for his aristocratic instincts made him shrink at once from the social crudities and political extravagance of the *Burschenschaft*. He made himself the faithful champion and servant of the Emperor William I., because he loved him as a man, and because he could work out through him that policy which to his own mind loomed up far greater than the dynastic interests of either king or kaiser, since to him the national welfare was greater than the welfare of any individual man; but when he found that under the Second William he had to deal with a vain, ungenerous, jealous, hare-brained youth, who made state policy subordinate to personal vanity and theatrical display, and who fretted under the wise control of the great Chancellor, then Bismarck felt himself released from any obligation to the Emperor, and watched his antics with the concentrated scorn of one who sees some foolish prodigal make ducks and drakes of a fortune left him through the wisdom and the patient toil of others. He would not, to use his own expres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive phrase, sit by, like a dumb dog, and share responsibility unless he could at the same time share the power, any more than he would in early youth ally himself with caddish students, and appear by this association to share their ignorance of what befits a gentleman. And in all this he was neither the monarchist nor the republican, but a man with an intense consciousness of power and capacity, with a lofty sense of what was due to himself from others and of what he owed to them, with a deep devotion to country and to race, and with a haughty contempt for all who failed to understand their obligations as he understood his own. He was, in fine, a born aristocrat of the highest type, who at heart cares not for either king or cad, but who desires to be supreme because he believes that his supremacy makes for the universal good.

How sincere he was, and how real was his devotion to the public service is seen through all the years when he was making history, in his control of a temper that was full of fire, and of a nature that found patience the hardest thing to learn. When he took up the reins of power, the task before him was not only difficult without, but difficult within. It was bad enough that Germany was split into a score of petty States, whose rulers were intense particularists, and among whom Austria swaggered and bullied, while Prussia, with the memory of Olmütz fresh in mind, accepted snubs without resentment. Yet these things were externals only. Far more discouraging, perhaps, were the internal conditions under which Bismarck took up the line of action that was at last to thrust out Austria from the roll of German States, and to give to Prussia the hegemony of a mighty empire. There was, in the first place, the King, a man of very limited mentality. When called to the throne he had only the training of the average military officer; he was absolutely ignorant of some of the most fundamental principles of Prussia legislation; while his stock of general knowledge even was absurdly meagre. He had, moreover, the strongest prejudices through which there ran a certain strain of mysticism, that often made his judgments and his modes of thought extremely difficult to fathom. His wife, the Queen Augusta, exerted a very powerful influence over him, and her preferences both personal and political were opposed to Bismarck's; for, though a Protestant herself, her sympathies were Catholic, and though a German by birth, her tastes were wholly French. A little later, and the Crown Princess, who afterwards became the Empress Frederick, introduced another element of difficulty. She never ceased, so Bismarck says, to be at heart an Englishwoman, while Bismarck's plans continually ran counter to British interests. At every hand, there was something to hinder, to thwart, and to baffle the policy of the great Minister,—the King's half superstitious deference to Austria, a power which Bismarck wished to humble; the Queen's dislike of Russia, a power of which Bismarck wished to make an ally; the loyalty of the Crown Princess to England, a power which Bismarck wished to sacrifice to Russian friendship. Add to these conditions a refractory parliament whose members would gladly have meted out to him the fate of Strafford, and it will be seen how hopeless must have seemed the task of working out his single will. Nor had he naturally the temperament that brooks delay, that speaks soft words, that waits with patience, and that disarms prejudice. All through his life, in other things, he was a man whose haughty daring flung defiance in the face of all authority, and trampled on nice usage with utter disregard of consequences. The man, who, when a student at the university, was summoned before the Rector Magnificus to receive a censure, and who came into that intensely academic presence booted and spurred and followed by an enormous dog; the man who at Frankfort, when no bells were provided for his room, fired off pistols to summon the attendants; the man who at the meeting of the representatives of the German States, where the Austrian envoy alone had tacitly acquired the right to smoke as a quasi-recognition of his pre-eminence, drew out a long cigar, and asked the Austrian for a light; the man who, when the French ambassador Moustier, after the manner of the French in those days, politely sneered at Prussia's military power, at once insulted him; the man, in fact, who, from his earliest years, was one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of violence, quick passions, illimitable daring, and a mighty scorn of all authority — this man, because his duty lay that way, set himself to the task of learning patience, and self-control. Little by little he led and taught and persuaded the mind of the difficult old man who was his master; little by little, and with infinite patience, he unravelled the webs of numberless intrigues; little by little he felt his way along the tortuous path that led him toward the final goal, until the moment came when he could set his foot upon the neck of parliament, and hold the King relentlessly to the task before him, and then strike the resistless blow which first showed Europe that a giant had been born, whom none could baffle or outwit. The Six Weeks' War with Austria made clear his path, for it taught the German people that a new Arminius had arisen as their champion; and from that day until the Prussian King received the imperial crown in the palace of a conquered enemy, Bismarck no longer waited on events, but made himself their master.

There is just one side of Bismarck's statesmanship upon which even his admirers are not as yet entirely agreed; and this is the side of its political morality. On the whole, the verdict of contemporary writers outside of Germany has been unfavourable; in England, especially, has the comment been severe. After giving every possible form of praise to his intellect, to his clearsightedness, and above all to his success, he has still been frequently depicted as a man with whom success meant everything, and who felt no scruples as to how success should be obtained. He has been called cynical. It has been said of him that when war was quite unnecessary, he plunged his country into two great wars with all the *sang froid* and the lack of feeling with which a chess-player would make a move upon the board. And finally it is urged, and the assertion has Prince Bismarck's own authority, that at the very moment when the threatened rupture between France and Germany had been apparently averted, and when diplomacy alone had settled all immediate differences, then Bismarck by wilfully perverting facts, and by giving them a colour which they did not rightly bear, so fanned the fires of French resentment and so stirred the passions of his own countrymen, as to render war inevitable. Of the fact itself there is, indeed, no doubt. As to the justification of the fact, however, there is room for argument. Was Bismarck, then, devoid of high political morality? Did he act otherwise than as an honourable and high-minded man should act when placed in the position that he held? Was he treacherous, deceitful, cynical, unmoral? We do not think that when the facts are fully pondered, these questions can be answered save with a most decided negative.

Conflicting duties always give the student of pure ethics the hardest problems which he has to solve. There often co-exist two moralities—the greater and the less—and these will sometimes clash. There are also certain principles which in themselves, are so very simple as to be regarded as mere truisms, as axioms even. Yet none the less in many a given case their application is extremely difficult, and under certain circumstances and in actual practice, they cease to be observed. Thus, as an abstract principle, one always ought to tell the truth. No man should knowingly deceive another. No man should lead another into harm. No man should be delighted at the misfortunes of another. All these things in the abstract are no doubt quite true, but in the concrete they often become very doubtful; and if they do not hold in one sphere, why ought they necessarily to be observed unalterably, and under all circumstances in another sphere not very different from the first? Take for example, the duty of a general in time of war. He is, we will suppose, within striking distance of the enemy. The opposing armies are almost in touch with one another, and the general intends to make a movement which will put his adversary into such a position as will lead him on to rout and ruin. If this movement be not successfully accomplished, then the general's own army will be caught as in the trap and shot to pieces. The general, therefore, writes a number of false despatches in which a totally different move is ordered, and he gives these papers to an aide with private instructions to let himself be captured by the enemy, who will read the orders and thus be thrown completely off his guard as to the gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral's real intentions. The scheme is carried out; the enemy is thoroughly deceived; his flank is turned; he is compelled to offer battle under conditions that are utterly disastrous; his troops are butchered by the thousand; his cause is lost; his own career is ruined; and the sender of the false despatches wins an overwhelming victory. Here every one of the simplest principles of moral conduct has been violated. The general in question has both planned and acted out a falsehood. He has deceived another with intent to do him injury; and he is rejoiced to think that the injury was so complete, and that his own stratagem was so successful. How does the world describe him? Does it decry him as unmoral, as deceitful, treacherous, cynical? Or does it hail him as a patriot, who has served his county well, who has done his whole duty, and who ought in consequence to receive not only the applause of his own countrymen, but an honourable place in history?

But if this be so in warfare, why should it not be also true in statesmanship? The statesman serves his country as the soldier does, and like the soldier he must continually face the enemy, and win from him such victories as he can. And it may be added that the statesman's task is more important than the soldier's, for the soldier is at most the statesman's instrument. His work is a detail, a means by which the statesman sometimes must secure results. Now if it be permitted to the soldier to carry out his duty in his chosen way, and if the end at which he aims is so important and if his duty is so very clear that the ethics of ordinary life fall for the moment into abeyance, is not the same thing true of what the statesman does?

The charge of insincerity in general when brought against Prince Bismarck is singularly unsupported. Almost alone among the Continental diplomats was he noted for his frankness and outspokenness. Before the war with Austria, he told with very curious accuracy the whole plan that he had in mind. At his historic interview with Napoleon III. and Prosper Mérimée, he spoke with an unreserve so great that Napoleon afterwards declared "The man is mad!" He was indeed, so frank that most men disbelieved him, so utterly did he depart from the diplomat's traditional secretiveness. Here by the way, hair-splitters have a chance to raise another delicate and interesting question. Bismarck perhaps spoke frankly in the expectation that those who heard him would believe the opposite of what he said. He utterly deceived them all by telling them the simple truth. To tell the truth in such a case was in its real effect, and possibly in its motive also, to tell a lie. Was it then morally wrong to tell the truth? And if so, would it under these same circumstances have been right to tell a lie? This seems a little complicated.

So far, indeed, as all the rest of his career is to be judged, it would be difficult to bring a valid accusation of political immorality against Prince Bismarck. The whole charge, therefore, rests upon his conduct in bringing on the Franco-Prussian War. What were the circumstances under which he did it? He was the real head of the greatest German State. He was charged with the interests of thirty million human beings whose welfare, not only at the moment but in the future, rested wholly in his hands. And more than that, as the event soon after showed, the national unity and the national aspirations of all Germany were his to further or to mar. No more tremendous responsibility can rest on any human being than a responsibility like this; and in accepting it, he must consider on the one hand nothing but the great results that if successful he will work out for his country and his king, and, on the other hand, the ruin and disaster that must come to them if he shall fail. In 1870, the Prussian kingdom was surrounded by potential foes. Austria was sullenly resentful at her recent humiliation, and was parleying with France in the expectation of an alliance to crush the Prussian State beneath the weight of the two great empires that hemmed it in. On the south lay Italy, not long before allied with Prussia, but bound to France by strong political and sentimental considerations. Its king had also taken steps to join the French in case Napoleon should move his troops across the Rhine. The coalition, had it been actually made, would have been so powerful as to be almost certain to succeed. Moreover, the South German States were for the moment feeble in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their loyalty to Prussia, while on the North lay Denmark, still smarting from the memory of Düppel and the Schleswig-Holstein War. How much of all this Bismarck knew, and how much he had only half surmised is not quite clear; but what he did know was that he was in the midst of formidable foes, who waited only for the ripening of their plans, to strike with irresistible effect.

Most dangerous of all was France, whose emperor could no longer hope to keep his throne, and hold it for his son unless he should repair by a successful war the many losses of prestige from which his weak diplomacy had lately suffered. In Mexico and in Luxembourg, France had been treated with an ill-concealed contempt; and now the rise upon the French frontier of a mighty military power exasperated every Frenchman, and made all feel that they must seek the first pretext for wiping out these most exasperating memories by carrying the imperial eagles once again to victory. The moment was a critical one in every way. The Prussian army was ready, in all its marvellous efficiency; the army of France believed itself to be prepared, but was not. The alliance against Prussia which France desired to make was still in embryo. A war was certain in the end; and the one and only question before Bismarck's mind, was whether he should fight a single adversary, who was unprepared, or whether he should wait and fight an overwhelming combination. What then was his real duty to his country and his sovereign? To move immediately meant a much less widespread war, a probable success, and ultimate results which every German had for centuries desired. Was it unmoral to decide as Bismarck did, to regard his country's safety and security and glory as the first of all things to be sought? The case when thus presented scarcely needs much argument, for he could not have reached a different decision without betraying the great trust committed to his charge, and hazarding the honour and the welfare of the German people.

The history of modern times affords but one career, that in its blended fascination and significance, can properly be matched with Bismarck's, and that of course is the career of Bonaparte. In many ways the latter is far more spectacular. The world in fact has never seen another so remarkable. In the first place, the achievements of the soldier must be more dramatic than the statesman's. The drum and trumpet always stir the blood as nothing else can do. Moreover in the dazzling swiftness of Napoleon's exploits, and in the melancholy of his closing years, his story makes a marvellous appeal to the imagination. The stripling, who with perfect coolness, swept the streets of Paris with his grapeshot, and thus began his rapid rush to fame, leading his half-starved, ragged regiments against the finest army in the world, and blasting it within a few short weeks; the inexperienced tactician bewildering the most famous strategists and revolutionising military science by his daring and his almost superhuman genius; sweeping across the frozen Alps, and flaming like a thunderbolt through Italy; wresting from his chiefs the symbols of supreme command; mastering the State, and making it an empire for his own delight; carving out new kingdoms and bestowing crowns at will; compelling monarchs to sit meekly in his anteroom; and then, when drunk with glory, meeting swift disaster, and dying in an exile made unbearable by insult and neglect—no other human life can match this life in its extraordinary transformations. When set beside it, even Bismarck's grand career seems almost tame and colourless. Yet none the less, if the comparison be made, it is not doubtful which of these two men was in reality the greater, when judged by lofty standards and by the permanent results of what they did. Each of them, indeed, is a most perfect racial type.

In Napoleon we see the Latin race incarnate, as it attained its fullest evolutional development in Italy; for as Taine has ably shown, Napoleon was in reality a reversion to the Medicean standard in both intellect and morals. Brilliant, bewildering and base, a demigod and a devil all in one, sublime in audacity of conception and absolutely unscrupulous in performance, splendid and sordid, violent and vulgar, unstable, jealous, ungrateful, lustful, passionate, and a shameless liar, he wrought out wonderful achievements that vanished with him into air. In Bismarck there stands forth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the true Germanic type, whose fundamental attribute is power, and above all else endurance. Chaste, loyal, brave, and single-minded, he saw before him one great end, and he attained it. Napoleon dazzled the whole world; he made France for a few short years the mistress of the Continent; yet he left her shorn of all her conquests, humiliated, helpless; and his victories so drained her of her best and bravest, that to-day her strength is sapped, her glory is departing and she is gliding down the path where Italy and Spain have gone before. Bismarck worked steadily toward the objects that he sought; he grasped them firmly, and he held them fast; and he has left an empire whose crown was first bestowed upon its imperial wearer in a palace where Napoleon once held sway, and whence another of that name had just gone forth to see his armies shattered by the cannon of his German conquerors. And this is also typical; for the Latin race does very marvellous things; but when they have been done, the men of the more virile Teutonic stock who can not dazzle but who stay until the end, stride in imperiously and take possession. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

A PRECURSOR OF REALISM *

The historian, who, in future generations, undertakes to recount the manners and customs of the nineteenth century, will, thanks to modern fiction, find his task far simpler than that which confronts the classic student of to-day. In recent years the novel has taken such a prominent place in literature, and has grown to be so largely a reflex of contemporary life, that we seldom stop to think how essentially it is a modern product, or to picture to ourselves a state of civilisation in which it practically played no part. Yet our knowledge of the social life of the Greeks and Romans must be drawn mainly from other sources. Fiction they had, to be sure, but of a very primitive sort, for the most part,—the Milesian Tales, and other kindred collections of amorous adventures, as ephemeral as they were fantastic. The best of classic romance was embodied in some higher literary form, —in the Homeric poems, for instance, or the tragedies of Æschylus,—forms which gave little promise of the modern novel of manners. And it is precisely this dearth of anything resembling the modern conception of the novel which throws into such sharp relief the solitary specimen that has come down to us of an attempt at realistic fiction, the mutilated and fragmentary *Satira* of Petronius.

How, at this early date, such a graphic and convincing picture of local manners and character came to be struck off, centuries before the formula of realism had been even remotely foreshadowed, is a riddle which must remain unanswered. The *Satira* stands alone as a paradox in literature,—a mine of information to the antiquarian and linguist alike: a work that deserves to be as well-known to every student of fiction as Voltaire's *Candide*, or Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is manifestly unfair to judge of any book as a whole, from such scanty remnants as those which have come down to us of Petronius; but even these are enough to show that it was probably one of the world's masterpieces of comic literature, and that its loss is as great a literary calamity as would have been the loss of Rabelais or of Cervantes. Unfortunately, however, much of the *Satira* is of a nature not adapted to family reading. Many of the scenes depicted are startling in the extreme, and are treated with the ingenuous frankness characteristic of more than one Roman writer. And for this reason, such translations as have hitherto been made have appealed chiefly to the classical student, and to the collector of pornographic literature. Yet it seems a pity that a work which gives

*Trimalchio's Dinner. By Petronius Arbiter. Translated from the original Latin, with an Introduction and Bibliographical Appendix by Harry Thurston Peck. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the best existing pictures of many phases of Roman life, should remain practically inaccessible to the general reader: and it was a happy inspiration which prompted Professor Peck to translate the *Cena Trimalchionis*,—the one portion of the *Satira*, which is at once complete in itself and fairly free from objectionable allusions; and this he has given us in spicy, idiomatic English, with surprisingly few omissions, and here and there an ingenious softening of phraseology where the Latin is needlessly outspoken. And he has further placed us in his debt, by his introductory chapter on "Prose Fiction in Greece and Rome," of which the only important shortcoming is its brevity. It certainly ought to fill a long felt want, for it is the first attempt in English to treat the subject in anything like an adequate manner.

This introduction affords good evidence of the writer's wide range of reading, and catholic taste in fiction; and it derives not a little of its interest from the many comparisons drawn between ancient and modern writers,—between the Milesian Tales, for example, and the *Contes Drôlatiques* of Balzac; or between the erotic letters by Aristaenetus and Marcel Prévost's *Lettres de Femmes*. But the salient fact in this brief survey of the origin of fiction, which is traced to its ultimate source in the Beast Fable, is this: that down to a comparatively late period, the unit in fiction is the short story rather than the novel. All early attempts at anything more pretentious are simply an agglomeration of a number of short tales more or less loosely strung together, after the fashion of the *Arabian Nights*, or Boccaccio's *Decameron*. Even the Homeric epic is, as Professor Peck phrases it, nothing more nor less than "a clever dovetailing of brilliant episodes." And just as the *Æneid* owes its unity to the wrath of Juno, so a common type of the early novel is that in which the hero has suffered some physical or mental transformation, through the malignity or vengeance of some higher power, and undergoes all sorts of marvellous adventures before being restored to his original condition. A good modern example of this class of fiction is the best known work of the younger Crébillon, *Le Sopha*, in which the hero is forced by enchantment to inhabit a succession of sofas, his spirit passing from one to another, until finally released by the fulfillment of a remote contingency. The only two specimens of Roman fiction which have come down to us from the classic and early post-classic periods, the *Satira* of Petronius, and the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, better known, perhaps, as *The Golden Ass*, seem both to belong to this category. Between the two, there is a superficial resemblance which at first sight is striking; they are both lengthy works, *the Golden Ass* containing eleven books, the *Satira*, in its original form, not less than sixteen. In the former the hero is transformed by magic into an ass, his only avenue of escape being to eat some roses; and throughout the adventures which follow, these flowers are continually appearing just out of reach. In the *Satira*, the narrator, Encolpius, as nearly as can be inferred from surviving fragments, is afflicted with some bodily infirmity for having violated the sanctity of certain religious mysteries. In both stories the heroes ultimately regain their original condition. But it is the spirit in which the *Satira* is conceived, that makes it so extraordinary. While adhering in the main to the conventional form, with all its attendant stock-in-trade of witches and were-wolfs, and the intervention of the gods, Petronius has in reality given us a marvellous picture of ancient life, a series of admirable vignettes, drawn with a pitiless frankness unsurpassed in modern times. In accord with the generally accepted theory, Professor Peck identifies the author of the *Satira* with that Petronius, surnamed the Arbiter of Elegance, who was one of the court favourites in the time of Nero, "an earlier Beau Brummel to an earlier George the Fourth"; and the spirit which animates the book is quite in keeping with the recorded facts of the latter's life and death; for it is the spirit of a man who has ceased to take life seriously—the spirit of one who has learned to know well the age he lived in, and to whom there is little that is sacred or noble in his fellow men, whether of low or high degree. It is easy to fancy that to one long accustomed to the baseness and ingratitude of Nero's court, it must have been a positive relief to paint the lower

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strata of society. And in the present instance the company is certainly of the lowest. Encolpius himself, who tells the story, is a thorough and most ingenuous knave, and apparently proud of the distinction, in much the same fashion as that amiable rascal François, whose adventures Dr. Weir Mitchell has recently chronicled. In the episode here translated, however, the hero's characteristic traits are kept in the background. Trimalchio is for the time being the central figure; and for him alone the *Satira* deserves to live. He is likely to endure as an eternal type of the vulgar upstart, the classic prototype of the modern *nouveau riche*. And it is safe to say that he will still be read when Daudet's *Nabab* or Howells's *Silas Lapham* are forgotten. Who could ever forget this picture of the red-faced, bald-headed Trimalchio when he first makes his appearance at the dinner,—a picture which might do duty as a gargoyle for Notre Dame?

> The very sight of him almost made us laugh in spite of ourselves: for his shaven pate was thrust out of a scarlet robe, and around his neck he had tucked a long fringed napkin with a broad purple stripe running down the middle of it. . . . He sat there, picking his teeth with a silver tooth-pick.

The guests are a motley crew, quite worthy of their host; they include among others, a porter, an undertaker, a tombstone cutter and a rag-dealer; but as one of their number elegantly remarks: "they are not to be sneezed at, for they all have plenty of rocks."

As can be readily understood, such a work as the *Satira*, full of local slang and topical allusions, offers peculiar difficulties to the translator. Professor Peck has in a measure disarmed criticism, by setting forth in the preface the methods of translation which he has followed, and incidentally compares his undertaking to an attempt to turn the Chimmie Fadden stories into Spanish or Italian. As a matter of fact, Petronius is an author whom any scholar may well approach with a certain amount of hesitation, for he affords the nearest approach we possess to a specimen of the Sermo Plebeius, the current speech of the lower classes. The fact is that Latin was originally ill adapted to the needs of literature. The early Romans were a nation of shepherds and of warriors, and when the small circle of men of letters who gathered around younger Scipio undertook to polish their language and to make it conform to Greek models, before it had attained its full development, they necessarily sacrificed its elasticity. As a consequence, classic Latin is essentially artificial,—magnificent in its logical precision, and for that reason the chosen vehicle for legal utterance during a score of centuries; but it lacks the delicate shades of meaning which the more flexible descendants of popular Latin possess. The speech of the common people, however, was not to be so fettered; free and untrammelled, it throve and developed, and grew rich in ponderous derivatives and lengthy compounds, cumbersome but expressive. They cared little for the elegance of Greek prose or the exigencies of Greek metre. In the time of Petronius the divergence between classic and popular Latin is hard to measure. Our knowledge of it is scanty and largely inferential. But it certainly was a simple speech, full of uncouth forms, and rich in homely saws and proverbs, and in metaphors drawn from every-day life.

Of this speech the book of Petronius is our best authority; the speech of the narrative is a good specimen of the every-day colloquial Latin of the better classes, very likely the Latin which the Arbiter himself might have used, and not unlike the Letters that Cicero wrote to intimate friends. The language of Trimalchio and his guests, is of a very different sort, and would quite justify Professor Peck's comparison to the Chimmie Fadden stories, but for one essential difference,—the *Satira* is not a dialect story. In this respect Petronius is a precursor of the modern Italian "Verists" like Verga and Matilde Serao, who in their Sicilian and Neapolitan stories, retain the picturesque phraseology of the peasantry, but make no attempt to reproduce their incomprehensible patois.

It is obvious, that anyone undertaking to translate a book like this, inevitably exposes himself to criticism. Yet of the many avenues open to him, it would seem that Professor Peck has chosen that best adapted to the exigencies of the case. To translate the entire *Cena Trimalchionis*, in such a way as to make it intelligible to a reader knowing little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or nothing of Roman life, and without the aid of a single foot-note, is in itself a *tour de force* of no small dimensions. But the unique feature of the present translation is the attempt to render the argot of the *sermo plebeius* into equivalent English slang; and some of the renderings are certainly extremely felicitous. Nothing could be better than "she has money to burn" for *nummos modio metitur* (p. 90); or "he was hot stuff," for *piper non homo* (p. 105). On the other hand, some of the paraphrases might be objected to as too modern. "Billingsgate," for *omnium textorum dicta*, is perhaps permissible, for if the word has not yet passed into the language, it is at least in a transition state, but when on page 137, Hermeros is made to state that he can "read print," the anachronism is a little too violent.

Of course it is inevitable that there should be a few unfortunate translations; as for instance (p. 94), *sic notus Ulixes?* is rendered "do you take me for that sort of a hair-pin?" In the original, Trimalchio, true to his character, is trying to show his learning by quoting *mal àpropos* a passage from Vergil; in the translation he succeeds in being simply vulgar. In a few other cases, the realism of original, often of quite a naïve sort, has been partly lost; for instance, any one who has ever witnessed an attempt to lead a pig by a cord knows that the pig, when it moves at all, usually takes the initiative. Petronius must have had this in mind when he wrote the amusing scene (p. 115), where Trimalchio has a number of pigs brought in, from which the guests are to make their own selection, and after a choice is made, the Latin runs on as follows: "*Et cocum quidem potentiae admonitum in culinam obsonium duxit*," which may be freely rendered: "After this warning the prospective entrée led its future cook to the kitchen." The translation given in the book, "the cook . . . led the pig away," I think weakens the effect.

There is one other point in regard to which I am inclined to quarrel with the translation. The double negative is a striking characteristic of vulgar diction; and its retention in the translation would have admirably preserved the flavour of the original. Yet only one of the three instances in the *Cena Trimalchionis* has been retained.

But it is invidious to criticise a work which, taken as a whole, is the best and most characteristic translation which I have yet come across, certainly preferable in its retention of the peculiar atmosphere of the original, to either the German of Friedländer, or the Italian of Cesareo, excellent as they both are. It is a matter of regret that the subject matter did not permit Professor Peck to finish his task and give us a complete version of all that remains of the *Satira*. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*

ALL WAYS OF LOVE

Thou askest how I love thee? Every way!—
Humbly, as some poor minstrel low and bare,
But noble by his passion, even may dare
To love his Queen, and woo her in his lay;

And fiercely, as the tiger loves his prey,
Or like young pelicans, that rend and tear
Their mother's breast, to drink their life-blood there,
Ruthless, though her that gives them life they slay;

And proudly, as the poet loves his song;
With ardent yearning, like his love of fame;
With reverence, like his love of Poesy;

As life loves breath, as love loves kisses long,
As stars love shining, as the fire loves flame;
But most, as man loves woman, love I thee.

Curtis Hidden Page.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXILE

I'd rather be hearing the sweep of the pines on the hill
  Than all of your mad night noises, mocking me so;
I'd rather be under the stars, shining steady and still,
  Than watching the glitter of lights here, above and below.

I'd rather be taking the cold river-way just begun,
  With a beckoning candle afar making warmth on the night,
Than here in the crowd and not one,—O my heart, not one!—
  To turn all the sighing to laughter, the gloom into light.

Take all of your maddening bells and the mirth they have rung,
  And give me a voice that is far, a voice that is clear;—
For the whisper of love can outmeasure all songs that are sung,
  As one,—O my heart!—could outnumber the multitudes here.

The wave of my river were never so dark nor so cold,
  As the tide of the crowd, and I in it, yet ever alone;
And I'd rather be eating a crust, with her hand close to hold,
  Than wanting the bread of the heart in a city of stone!

O, I know that the New Year is setting of hopes all a-thrill!
  And I know that the New World is young, and is brave and is bold,—
But I'd rather be hearing the sweep of the pines on the hill,—
For love has a soil of its own, and memory still,
  Thank God for the Old!

Viginia Woodward Cloud.

KIPLING'S WOMEN

A debt of gratitude that the world has shown itself unwilling to recognise, is that which it owes the people who have snubbed or abused its men and women of genius. Conventional criticism, which is usually polite and inane, tells us that such and such a great thought or creation was inspired by a beautiful picture or landscape, or a noble action of human life. We have been taught to think of Goethe, Scott, Tennyson as stately, patriarchal, benign; seeking to find in the roar of the sea and the whispering of the wind, the key to the mysteries of life and death. The "good Sir Walter," grumbling and peevish because the beef is under or over done, or the "noble Alfred" gulping a glass of twopenny bitter, have no place in the picture. The real inspirations, the stings that rankle, the social humiliations that gall, the snubs that steel the soul and send the pleasure-loving, leisure-loving great man back to his ink and writing table, spurred to achievement and blasting vengeance are ignored. The sneers of the *zany* are good brain tonic. How splendidly Swift and Molière and Heine hated! What treasures of meditated bitterness and anguish must have been locked up within their souls! They and their works live, but of the gnats who stung them to action, there is never a trace.

If Rudyard Kipling were dead it would not be indiscreet to seek in his life and environment, the key to his work, to endeavour to show that Mulvaney was the logical and inevitable result of his thought and genius; that this or that of his writings was the result of some mere passing impression of enthusiasm or irritation. But with a living writer this is obviously impossible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kipling anecdote is plentiful—rather too plentiful. Kipling on shipboard; Kipling in Calcutta; Kipling as assistant editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore; the Kipling household; Kipling at San Francisco, have been given us with infinite variety of detail. No other contemporary writer has furnished such an abundance of copy. But it is all very vague and superficial and must be almost wholly discarded in forming an estimate of his work. There is one detail, however, occasionally hinted at, that is of value. Kipling in India, before fame came, was not, despite his cleverness and his ability as an amateur actor and an arranger of drawing-room plays, a social success. This must never be ignored in the study of his women.

Kipling's women may be divided into first distinct classes: I., His Married Flirts—Mrs. Hauksbee, Mrs. Reiver, Mrs. Larkyn, and the rest; II., His Nice Girls; III., His Women Who Suffer; IV., His Barrack Heroines; V., His Native Types. There are of course other women in his world; ambitious mothers, scandal-loving, trouble-making colonels' wives, religiously inclined ladies with a taste for missions and the circulation of tracts; but the five classes are distinct and it is by the first that we are prone, not unjustly, to judge him. His native women are natives first, and women second. In his tales of barrack-life the women are brought in merely to show more strikingly some attribute of his men. Dinah Shadd, with her strong heart and clamorous tongue is hardly more than an episode in the life of Terence Mulvaney. Judy Sheehy, who set a trap for Mulvaney, and of whom Lascelles said truly or falsely, "She would be better for a man's name to her own," is the most striking of his barrack types. Perhaps we shall, some day, hear more of her. Judy at five-and-thirty, wise in sin and effrontery, would be a splendid if repellant figure.

The life that Kipling knows is keener and more emotional than ours. In hard riding and dancing, violent flirtation and strong drink, people seek a refuge from the heat of the Indian sun. There are few children to exert restraining and tempering influence. Passions are allowed to have free play, the life is in many respects unique, and its men and women are not to be measured by our standards. The era of which Balzac constituted himself the historian, was much the same. Then, the greatest cataclysm in history had passed. Society was settling itself. Men were giants in love, hatred, ambition, envy, avarice. The foundation of the Human Comedy is to be found in the tumultuous events of the immediate past. Eighty-nine, Rouget de Lisle, the victorious armies of the Republic, Robespierre, Marat, Charlotte Corday,—the First Consulate, Marengo—Eylau—Moscow—Waterloo—these were the events leading up to the lonely struggle of the Lily of the Valley in blue Touraine.

The keynote of the character of Mrs. Hauksbee is her love of power for power's sake. She is forty years old, she has a husband — somewhere — there are crow's-feet about her eyes. She likes her dinner, admiration, to be well-dressed, but above all she likes to make men and women do her will. Power is the breath of her nostrils. And after being a power the next best thing, is being thought one. As she moves through this Anglo-Indian life of feasting, dancing, red tape, love-making, scandal-breeding, brandy-drinking; this life that sometimes degenerates almost into a rout, and in which the man or the woman occasionally becomes primitive and savage in moments of anger, passion, despair, there is never a false or an uncertain step. If she has sinned—and what her sins are and what they are not, who may say?—she has done so dispassionately and with calculation. In Kipling's treatment of her there is no taint, no lurking sneer. She alone, of all the women who move through his pages, compels his honest admiration and respect. She may have snubbed him outrageously. Perhaps he has winced under her raillery and sarcasm, and turned away with wrath and bitterness in his heart, only to be half won back by her bright, kindly smile and well-timed word. In treating of her, his flippancy gives way to a certain awe. He stands before her, amazed and delighted at her wit, her insight, her knowledge of men and women, the frankness of her vanity.

From Kipling's dashing, hard-riding Married Flirts to his Nice Girls is but a step. There are thirty or forty of them, one very much like another. At random,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost, one may take Minnie Threegan, of the "Story of the Gadsbys," Tillie Venner, of "Wressley of the Foreign Office," Kitty Mannering of the "Phantom Rickshaw," Kitty Beighton of "Cupid's Arrows." Between the four there is very little to choose. Kipling's treatment of the Nice Girl is almost a confession that he does not understand. His wide-eyed scorn is almost brutally frank. Fiction of necessity ignores a variety of personal interests and attributes. Darby's devotion to Joan is not to be doubted; but he cannot be thinking of her always; there are other things in his life: taxes, tobacco, tailors, trousers. The loss of Joan would make him fairly miserable for a month, but eliminate trousers, tailors, etc., and you strike at the very root of his existence. Be the historian of their loves and woes never so prolix, he must confine himself to such details as directly affect that fragment of their lives which he aims to depict. The art is in making us find between the lines the nine and sixty details that transform the inky creature into a being with living nerves, brain and stomach. Kipling, by sheer strength, has done this. His Nice Girl is very fond of her dinner, her mamma and papa, tennis, polo, bonbons, violet perfume, Ouida's novels and Marie Corelli. Also a thousand other things. Her Hero is a sort of Chandos—Corrèze—Bertie Cecil—a stilted creature, who stalks and struts and rolls his eyes, and makes love sweetly and mysteriously, and has a big, black, bumptious past. She does not expect to meet him. He would be quite unconventional. She would make a good mate for a cavalry officer who says "Hum! Haw!" or a bank clerk; but the man of brains and heart who lays a great, strong passion at her feet, and talks of giving her his best work is a fool. Wressley of the Foreign Office did that, and found out his mistake. "A few kisses," Kipling brutally comments, "are better and save time."

In the love between the sexes Kipling sees little unselfishness and purity of heart. The steadfast, lofty affection of a Eugénie Grandet would be quite impossible in a woman of his world. Woman in her love must be fool or vampire. Balzac somewhere said something about there being two parties in a love transaction. Over against his woman-who-does-not-care, Kipling has given us another figure, infinitely more terrible, of woman abasing herself for love, clinging at the man's knees, crying aloud in her sin and anguish and shame. In his treatment of Mrs. Keith-Wessington ("The Phantom 'Rickshaw"), there is no trace of pity. She is badly treated, but Kipling never allows us to forget that other man—somewhere—whom she in her turn is deceiving. What tragic power there is in the dinner scene of the "Story of the Gadsbys!" Captain Gadsby has engaged himself to Minnie Threegan, and is clumsily breaking the news to Mrs. Herriot, the Woman of Thirty. The impetuosity of the woman is astounding. She rails at him, pleads with him, insults him. Then in a spirit of wild, strange, uncontrollable humour for his amusement and her own, and to prove her power she makes a ridiculous fool of her latest admirer, who is seated on the other side of the table. She brings into play all the arts of a consummate actress; affects to treat his blundering renunciation as a rather vulgar and ill-timed joke. Then suddenly the barriers give way, and she blurts out passionately, "My God! Pip! I was a good woman once." The power shown in bringing about the revulsion of feeling is remarkable. Kipling has never surpassed this. It is a master-stroke, worthy of rank with Becky Sharp's admiration for her husband when she sees him "strong, brave and victorious."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Right at the outset and in order to save a large number of our readers the trouble of writing enthusiastic letters on the subject, we shall ourselves mention the fact that in our last number there appeared an advertisement of THE BOOKMAN in one of whose paragraphs an infinitive was split right through the middle. No one appears to have noticed this as yet, but it would be only a question of time, and so we publish the fact right here. We want to say, however, that we do not write the advertisements for this magazine, and, therefore, if any one is at the present moment preparing a large piece of polished sarcasm over this matter he can send it to the business manager. As for ourselves, we disclaim any responsibility either personal or editorial for the abomination.

I.

We have been somewhat flattered, but very much more dismayed by a letter in which a gentleman says that he considers the Letter-Box the best feature of THE BOOKMAN, but that it has of late apparently been discontinued; so that he is in doubt whether or not to continue his annual subscription. Now, really, you know, we never said that there was to be a Letter-Box in every number. How could we? Even an ordinary mind can see that if persons do not write us any letters we cannot answer them; and our correspondent's mind is obviously no ordinary one, as is seen by his very proper appreciation of the Letter-Box. To be sure, there have been people who darkly hinted that we compose the letters as well as the answers, but this is to praise our versatility at the expense of our honesty. If our correspondent really wishes to have a Letter-Box in every number, he should go around among his friends and get them to write us letters. As a matter of fact, the general epistolary activity of THE BOOKMAN'S readers seems to have decreased of late, for after waiting nearly three months we have on hand only those letters which we are answering now.

II.

A lady writing from Reading, Pa., who apologises very unnecessarily for being a woman, pens the following:

I call your attention to this sentence on page 91 of the current number of THE BOOKMAN. Speaking of Hall Caine's *The Christian*, you say, "But he has *scored rather neatly off the Archdeacon of London.*" Isn't that almost as bad as splitting an infinitive?

There was really no reason for this lady to apologise for being a woman; in fact, her sex lucidly explains the fact of her having criticised this phrase; for had she been a man she might conceivably have had some knowledge of the game of cricket, and in that case it would never have occurred to her to take exception to the technical expression which she quotes.

III.

Another lady, who has a terse postal-card sort of style, sends us the following:

October BOOKMAN, page 161, 1st col., under caption VI., last lines, I find "almost entire unanimity." As Cyrano says, "that's pretty weak." Don't you think so? Does unanimity admit of degrees in THE BOOKMAN?

Unanimity does not admit of degrees either in THE BOOKMAN or anywhere else within the sphere where it is supposed to exist, but unanimity may be more or less widespread. A small class of persons may be unanimous about a thing, or a large number of persons may be unanimous about a thing, or the whole public may be unanimous—that is to say, of one mind. When, therefore, we speak of "an almost entire unanimity," we speak of a state of affairs where nearly all persons are of the same mind, though where there still remain a few dissentients.

IV.

A lawyer who lives in Topeka, Kansas, has sent us the following letter:

Editors of BOOKMAN:

Dear Sirs:—A review of *A History of the Woman's Club Movement in America*, published on page 261 of THE BOOKMAN, November, 1898, concludes with the highly enigmatical words: "To us the portraits are not uninstructive. They are so typical. But as to what we mean by this we decline to say." Please explain.

Well, you see, while we are very courageous, we are more courageous about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some things than we are about others; and in writing this particular review we were not so courageous as we have been at other times and on other subjects which are less likely to get us into trouble. So we spoke darkly. We always speak darkly when we are perturbed in mind. If our correspondent will take a look at the portraits in question, we think he will understand just why we spoke darkly on this occasion, and if he were himself to say anything in public about them, he would speak just as darkly as we did. Now, remember that this response is given in strict confidence.

V.

A well-informed Baltimore lady sends us the following which requires no comment, and which we reprint for the benefit of the other correspondent whom she mentions:

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Dear Sirs—On page 161 of your October number you mention that "a Boston lady desires information as to where literature pertaining to the origin of the 'Yellow Kid' may be obtained." In this connection your correspondent may care to know of an interesting article on "American Yellow Journalism," written by Elizabeth L. Banks, and published in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*. In this article a short account of the "Yellow Kid" is given. You appear so scornful of your correspondent's desire for information on this topic that were it possible I should send this suggestion directly to her; but since I am not aware of her address, I am obliged to ask for your good offices as the transmitter of this bit of information.

VI.

The following letter comes to us from St. Paul, Minnesota, written apparently on a piece of shaving-paper:

Dear BOOKMAN—I have no complaint to make, and am not competent to criticise, but please excuse a "constant reader" who (perhaps owing to his English birth and early training) "wants to know, you know." Why does Mr. Hoeber in his delightful paper on "A Century of American Illustration" spell Bewick's name "Berwick?" Is it spelling "refawrm" or is it a mistake of the printer (alas, the poor printer!)—"a mere *lapsus linguæ*, as the fellow said when he dropped the leg o' mutton"—which escaped the lynx-eyed proofreader?

We are inclined to think that it was a *lapsus typorum;* but how do we know?

VII.

An inquisitive person who signs himself or herself "A Second Clear White Soul," asks us a number of questions, which we answer in their order:

(1) Why do you always have the cover of your magazine the same? You know "variety is the spice of life." As it is, I never look at the outside because there is no change. Please don't tell me that you think about something else than outside appearances.

We assure our correspondent that we think a great deal about outside appearances, and that is why we do not vary the cover of our magazine. The same cover continually repeated gets to be associated with THE BOOKMAN in the minds of those who see it even casually. This gives the magazine a sort of individuality, and has, we think, a distinct commercial advantage, as constituting a sort of trade-mark.

(2) Do you answer only those letters about which you can find something funny to say, or is your stock of humour so large that you can think of something bright for all?

Well, now, this is a rather embarrassing question to answer, and reminds us of the old query, "Have you left off beating your mother?" We should like to think that what we say is "bright," but it is not for us to assert that such is the case. So we will just mildly reply that we answer all letters, making no exceptions whatever.

(3) Why is it that you so rarely say nice things about the books you review?

Because they so rarely deserve it.

This Clear White Soul has put some dear little human touches into his or her letter, as in the expression of personal good wishes, and a little confidential parenthetical burst, "I never wrote or attempted to write a book in my life"; and also this naïf postscript: "If I ever write to you again, I won't use this miserable ink." To which we answer: Never mind the ink, but write often.

VIII.

Somebody or other propounds the following question:

THE BOOKMAN has lately printed a hitherto unpublished poem by Thomas Moore, and also a bit of hitherto unknown Thackerayana. Now I would like to ask whether you think these two disinterred productions have any literary merit about them?

Well, hardly. Possibly we could write as badly as Thomas Moore did when he wrote the lines that we lately published,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but we hope not; and as to Thackeray's *King Glumpus*, no one would ever think of printing it for its own sake. It is, however, interesting to see how wretchedly a genius can write at times; and so far as Thackeray is concerned, while there is no particular literary merit in *King Glumpus*, the lines have some interest to those who are considering the development of his metrical technique. And then there were the drawings, you know.

IX.

A gentleman who says some friendly things, as most persons do when they are intending ultimately to hit us on the head with a club, is very severe over the fact that we have criticised rather sharply some volumes of minor verse. He says that these volumes were, in the first place, undeserving of so extended a notice, and that the authors of them are harmless persons who might very properly be let alone if they could not conscientiously be praised. We don't quite see this. When a person publishes a book and sends it to us for review, he probably wishes to know what we think of it, and we are always distinguished by a cheerful willingness to do so. Naturally we have to say what we think, and not what we do not think. Then again, there is so much log-rolling and dishonest puffery in the literary world that what is most needed at the present time is some one who will go around and smash things in a good, whole-hearted, energetic fashion. We modestly present ourselves as a candidate for this office. Seriously speaking, what this country most needs in a literary way is a critic, or rather a regiment of critics, to discourage amateurish work, and to prevent the reading public from having false standards imposed upon it through the good-natured dishonesty of those who write reviews that are always *eau sucrée*; in fact, if what some persons call "the literary output" could be cut down about 66 2-3 per cent., it would be a good thing, in the first place, for the public, and, in the second place, for the publishers, and last of all for the unhappy persons who have literary aspirations with nothing back of them but a rhyming dictionary and a fund of reminiscent commonplaces.

X.

Here is a bit of scientific criticism:

> You are always talking about a sense of proportion, but I can't see that you show any yourself. Take the last BOOKMAN, for instance. In it you give nearly three pages to a book by Paul Laurence Dunbar, while to Rudyard Kipling's new work, you devote only a single page. And yet you yourself have stated that you consider Kipling as being probably the greatest living English writer. Why, then, didn't you devote more space to him?

Because we didn't want to.

BIBELOT ISSUES*

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, has again issued his yearly output of dainty books. As was the case last year, his new books number thirteen, not counting his *List of Books*, which is quite a booklet in itself, and contains three pages of "contents." It is interesting to note that Mr. Mosher's list now includes forty-three titles, as many book-lovers are aware from the possession of the books themselves.

In *The Germ* Mr. Mosher issues this year the most important reprint he has yet published. He has reprinted in one beautiful volume the four parts of *The Germ* issued in 1850, without abridgement, and with reproductions of the etchings by W. Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, James Collinson, and Walter H. Deverell, and has included

*The Germ: Thoughts Towards Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art. $5.00 net. Modern Love and Other Poems. By George Meredith. $1.00 net. The Story of My Heart. By Richard Jefferies. $1.00 net. Underneath the Bough. By Michael Field. $1.00 net. A Prince of Court Painters, Denys L'Auxerrois, Sebastian van Storck and Duke Carl of Rosenmold. By Walter Pater. Each 75 cents net. The Tale of King Florus and the Fair Jehane. By William Morris. 75 cents net. Quattrocentisteria: How Sandro Botticelli Saw Simonetta in the Spring. By Maurice Hewlett. 75 cents net. The Heptalogia, or the Seven Against Sense. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. $2.00 net. The Eclogues of Virgil. Done into English prose by J. W. Mackail. 75 cents net. The House of Life. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. $1.00 net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an article by the late James Ashcroft Noble, telling its interesting story. As is usual in Mr. Mosher's publications there are many foot-notes of especial interest, in one of which Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton says: "Then came, in 1850, *The Germ*, that short-lived magazine of four numbers, upon which so much has of late been written. *The Germ* was really an official manifesto or apologia of Pre-Raphaelitism; all that it had to preach was the noble doctrine of the sacredness, the saving grace, of conscience in art." How it did this Mr. Mosher's beautiful book gives the book-lover of modest means his first opportunity to discover for himself. Very interesting is the appendix, containing parallel readings of different versions of Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel*, which first appeared in *The Germ*. Along with *The Germ* Mr. Mosher has appropriately reprinted Rossetti's *House of Life*.

In the light of the new volume of poems by Mr. George Meredith, many readers will turn with interest to one of the new volumes in the Old World Series, *Modern Love, and Other Poems*, and they will be greatly rewarded. In addition to that wonderful sonnet sequence, "Modern Love," the volume contains the most beautiful poems from the almost unobtainable 1851 volume of *Poems*, and from Mr. Meredith's later volumes, *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, and *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*. Re-reading these poems confirms one's faith in Mr. Meredith's great qualities as a poet.

For this edition of *Underneath the Bough* Michael Field has written several new poems, and has dedicated her book "to those of further England, who have given me that joy of listening denied to me in my own island." We quote a characteristic verse from one of the many charming poems in the book:

> Ah me, how sadder than to say farewell,
> It is to meet
> Dreading that Love hath lost its spell
> And changed its sweet!
> I would we were again to part
> With that full heart.

When Mr. Mosher first issued Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Quattrocentisteria* in *The Bibelot* for May, 1896, there were comparatively few who discovered its charm and beauty, but this new edition, which makes an exquisitely pretty book, will be read with delight by the many who have enjoyed the same author's *The Forest Lovers*. The new edition of *The Story of My Heart*, the autobiography of Richard Jeffries, has now been issued for the first time in a form adequate to the beauty of the work.

We have only space to just mention Mr. Mosher's other books, a reprint of Swinburne's rare volume, *The Heptalogia;* four little volumes of the *Imaginary Portraits* of Walter Pater; *King Florus*, by William Morris, and *The Eclogues of Virgil*, done into English prose by J. W. MacKail.

Someone was once asked the question: "When is a classic *not* a classic?" and gave the reply, "When it is just published." If the same person were to ask "When *is* a classic a classic?" we should be tempted to reply, "When it is republished by Mr. Mosher;" and to classic books Mr. Mosher weds classic taste in bookmaking. *M. K.*

LITERARY PARIS

The election of Henri Lavedan to the French Academy, which took place on the 8th of December, was a foregone conclusion. Everyone has known for quite a while that he was sure to be the successor of Henri Meilhac. He easily triumphed over Henri Becque, who is not likely to ever pass through the sacred portal, and Paul Hervieu, whom he is almost sure to number before long among his colleagues.

I need hardly say who Henri Lavedan is. With Anatole France and Gyp, he forms a trio of mercilessly skeptical satirists of contemporary French society, and if we compare our *fin de siècle* with the stateliness of the France of Louis XIV., he is no unworthy successor of La Bruyère, one of his predecessors on the fauteuil, which he is going to occupy.

But in reality it is not simply the satirist that the Academy has just chosen. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been privately decided that Meilhac's successor would be a dramatist, and Lavedan's two great successes of this year, *Le Nouveau Jeu* and *Catherine*, made him then the logical successor of the author of *La Belle Hélène*, *La Petite Marquise* and *Froufrou*, especially as Rostand is not thinking as yet of a candidacy. And yet, at the last moment, the unexpected came very near happening. The great success scored by Paul Meurice at the Théâtre Français with his *Struentée*, put it in the heads of many men of letters that it would be a graceful thing for the Academy to honour with an election the octogenarian literary executor of Victor Hugo. But he refused to be a candidate unless absolutely sure of an election, and then too, he dreaded the compulsory visits that a would-be academician has to pay to his future colleagues; it was calculated that he would have to climb between four and five thousand stairs (you know there are very few elevators in private houses in Paris), and it seemed to him to be a little too much for a man of his age. Lavedan is not *quite* so old; his age is just about one half that of Paul Meurice, a little less, even.

The Academy had also one of its great gala days, on November 18th, when Pierre Loti read his report on the *Prix de Vertu*. It goes without saying that every Paris newspaper had its little article on the incongruousness of Loti, as a eulogizer of virtue. But, as the French say, *Une fois n'est pas coutume*. Anyhow Loti performed his task as gracefully as all his predecessors, and the reading of his report was followed by a little incident which showed that the institution of these "Virtue Prizes," is not as completely useless as some would have us believe. Five hundred francs, nearly the largest amount the Academy can bestow on anyone, was given to two blind sisters, by the name of Michaun, who are taking care of their old mother with admirable devotion and tenderness. But how long would five hundred francs last? some in the audience at once thought. So the next day the *Figaro* announced that its staff would like to hear of ten people willing to contribute annually one hundred francs each, for the support of two sisters, and before the next issue appeared, twelve responsible subscribers had sent in their names!

Among the Academicians, the only one who is claiming the attention of the public just now is Brunetière. He has just brought suit against a well-known publisher, Stock, for issuing a little pamphlet, *La Raison de Basile*, which consists of Brunetière's letters to the newspaper *Le Siècle*, on the subject of the Dreyfus case, together with the answers of Yves Guyot, the editor of the paper. Brunetière was not consulted about the publication, and claims that his prose, though originally addressed to M. Guyot's paper, remains his own property. Of course he would never have allowed it to appear under a cover which likens him to Beaumarchais's Basile, the merciless panegyrist of calumny.

He gives us at the same time the sixth series of his *Etudes Critiques de Littérature Française*, in connection with which I ought to mention two similar volumes from his associates in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the third series of René Doumic's *Etudes sur la Littérature française*, and Edouard Rod's *Nouvelles Etudes sur le* XIXe *siècle*.

The *Revue* itself has just undergone one important change. It has lost Jules Lemaître, who has become the dramatic critic of *Le Journal*, and Doumic has succeeded him.

I hardly know whether I ought to mention here a rather curious Parisian rumour. It is said that the stately fortnightly is to have a new and redoubtable competitor, and that the editor of the new periodical is to be Maurice Bernhardt, the great Sarah's much petted son!

Another new periodical is gaining steadily in the favor of the public. It has for its editor Fernand Labori, Zola's now celebrated counsel. It was started two or three years ago as *La Revue du Palais;* it has just enlarged its scope and changed its name to *La Grande Revue*. It appears once a month.

Sarah Bernhardt herself is entering upon a new venture, as manager of one of the theatres belonging to the city of Paris, the Théâtre des Nations, which served as a temporary home to the Opéra Comique, now again installed in its own home, Place Favart. The first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work Sarah intends to produce in her new theatre is *Marthe*, by Henry Kistemackers. But the dramatic event which is awaited with most curiosity, is the production at the Théâtre Français, of Jean Aicard's adaptation of *Othello* with Mounet-Sully in the title part.

Another event of a literary nature, is awaited with even greater interest; I means the publication of Anatole France's new volume, *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*, which is to be a sequel to the now famous *Mannequin d'Osier*. It is understood that the Dreyfus case, about which Anatole France has displayed more passion than he was thought capable of, will form no inconsiderable part of the book.

Lovers of French poetry will be glad to know that we are going to have an excellent edition of Verlaine's complete works. It will be the first important venture of Madame Léon Vanier, who is now conducting her late husband's publishing house. It will consist of at least six volumes, the first of which includes the following collections of poems: *Poémes Saturniens; Les Fêtes Galantes; La Bonne Chanson; Jadis et Naguères; Sagesse.* The edition will contain a good deal that has never been published before.

Among the forthcoming French books, I have to mention one which is to be published in Germany, at Leipzig. It is the correspondence exchanged between Franz Liszt and Hans von Bülow from 1853 to 1883. Curiously enough, although von Bülow was a German, and Liszt knew German perfectly, the two great musicians always corresponded in French.

Among the published books of the month the most interesting seem to be *La Caricature et l'Humeur Français au* XIXe *siècle*, by Raoul Debert; Filon's *De Dumas à Rostand; Le Roman Français au* XVIIIe *siècle*, by André Lebreton; and *L'Education Nouvelle* by Edmond Demolius the author of *A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*. This new book contains a description of "l'Ecole des Roches," a new school, started by M. Demolius after which he believes to be the Anglo-Saxon pattern. Thus far its pupils are foreign boys, almost without one exception.

I wish to mention also two translations: *Trois drames religieuses de Calderon*, translated for the first time, by Léo Rouanet, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, translated by an old classmate, Léon Morel.

One literary figure is just about to disappear from Paris. J. K. Huysmans has decided to withdraw from the turmoil of the big city and to spend the remainder of his days in the shadow of the great Benedictine monastery of Legugé, in Poitou. He is not to become a monk himself, as he wishes to devote a good deal of his time to literature. *En Route* and *La Cathédrale* are therefore not to be his last works.

I began with one Academy, I shall end with another. The Goncourt Academy, which is likely to be known in the future as the *Académie des Dix*, will soon enter upon its career. After satisfying the claims of Edmond de Goncourt's living relatives it will have at its disposal a little over one million francs, and it has just applied to the Conseil d'Etat, for a *déclaration d'utilité publique*, which will give it power to receive gifts and legacies. Let us wish it godspeed!

Adolphe Cohn.

LITERARY LONDON

I can give this month very little news about forthcoming publications. We are thinking just now about the books that have come out, or that have been already announced, and are dismissing the spring season even from our meditations. So far this season has been a very good one. I doubt whether on the whole there has ever been a better, and it is particularly encouraging to observe that books of real literary merit have had a large sale. The taste of the public is not so depraved as one is apt to think in pessimistic moments. In particular the success of Mr. Watts-Dunton's novel *Aylwin*, has been extraordinary, and has completely surpassed the anticipations of his publishers. In fact they have not been able to supply it quickly enough to meet the great demand. I believe I am correct in saying that the subscription for it at first was very small. Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watts-Dunton, though very well known to literary men, was unknown to the general public, and the booksellers took up his novel in a gingerly fashion. On the day of publication all the copies prepared were exhausted, and ever since then, the publishers have been straining their machinery to the utmost to meet the orders. I have no doubt that in America when the book becomes known, its success will be equally great. In fact there is something in its mysticism which ought especially to appeal to the genius of the American people.

Some particulars about Mr. Watts-Dunton may be acceptable. He was in early life engaged in the practice of the law, but was always a keen student of literature and science, especially of science. He studied the evolutionary philosophy with such thoroughness, that few possess an equal knowledge of its history, but he shrank from the materialism apparently involved in its conclusions. He was able to satisfy himself at last that this materialism was not justified, and while always shrinking from the discussion of theology, maintained as stoutly as Mr. R. H. Hutton, even when the materialist philosophy was at its height of arrogance in England, that a spiritualist cosmogony of the universe was the only true one. Mr. Watts-Dunton transferred his main study to literature when he found that he could make no further progress in science without opportunities of original experimenting, and he became very intimate with two notable men, Dr. R. G. Latham and Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake. I suspect that it was during this period of obscurity that he wrote *Aylwin*, although I have no certain knowledge. Hake was intimate with Rossetti and his friends, and was wont to enlarge on the power and knowledge of his associate. One night he repeated in the Rossetti circle one of Mr. Watts-Dunton's beautiful and tender sonnets now printed in *The Coming of Love*. The result was that Rossetti and he immediately became acquaintances. The acquaintance ripened rapidly into one of the closest and most beautiful literary friendships of which we have any record. Watts-Dunton during the last troubled period of Rossetti's life, was his guardian angel, and was among those present at his deathbed. Shortly after, began the friendship with Mr. Swinburne, which has led to the two men residing together for twenty years.

For a long time, Mr. Watts-Dunton's studies in literature were purely disinterested. I do not mean to say that they have ever been anything else. What I mean is that he had none of the common impulse to reveal himself beyond the small circle of his intimates. He wrote anonymously in a very obscure and dying periodical, some highly suggestive critical reviews, which led to his coming to know my late friend, Professor Minto, then editor of the *Examiner*. It was under Minto's influence that he first began to contribute under his initials, his essays in contemporary criticism. I well remember their first appearance under the initials T. W. About that time the editorship of the *Athenæum* came into the hands of Mr. Norman MacColl. Mr. MacColl has been a strong and successful editor, but he will be the first to admit that his happiest stroke was when he secured Theodore Watts as his coadjutor. Then began those articles which have given the *Athenæum* its chief distinction through so many years, which led to such judges as Lowell and Swinburne putting the writer first among all the critics of his time, and which contained not so much mere estimates of contemporary books as expositions on a generous scale of the deepest truths of philosophy and life. To his task the author brought boundless stores of knowledge, and still better things — a richness and depth of reflection, an originality and freshness of soul, and above all, a complete independence of thought which singled him out. Year by year, he has poured out these treasures, and has had the deepest influence on his contemporaries, particularly upon critics. Some of these critics have not acknowledged their obligations in the most generous way, but the fact remains. Of some defunct English critical periodicals it might be said with perfect truth, that "the trail of the blackguard was over them all." But Mr. Watts-Dunton never went in for slashing. When he could not praise a book, he either let it alone or took it for a text. You could gather by the way in which a single courteous sentence dismissed the volume, what the critic's opinion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was, but further than that he rarely went. If there is a limitation to his criticism, it is that he has never been able to look tolerantly at books which he thought impure or corrupting. In this way he has been unjust, as I think to one or two authors, and in particular has failed to take a true measure of Walt Whitman. In this estimate, however, he is no doubt supported by many critics of rank, who have no puritan prejudice. In this work the years wore on quietly, until at last *The Coming of Love* and *Aylwin* were practically forced from Mr. Watts-Dunton's hands, by importunate publishers and friends. Criticism in England rarely shows traces of personal rancour, and the reviews of *Aylwin*, have been with one or two exceptions, easily accounted for, cordial and generous to a degree.

Ian Maclaren's new book *Afterwards*, is just published, and promises to have a great success. There are signs that the author is turning away for a time at least, from his Drumtochty to the life of the great city in which he plays so important a part. Nothing it seems to me is more fresh and arresting in the new book, than the study of a ritualistic curate in Liverpool, "Father Jinks." One may be sure that whatever surroundings Ian Maclaren chooses the sentiment of his books will always be the same. He has often thought of a book giving the darker side of Scottish life, but I shall be surprised if he ever steels his heart to do so. Mr. Crockett is generally thought to be writing too much, but his acceptance with the public is unabating, and the circulation of *The Red Axe*, so far, is second only to *The Lilac Sunbonnet*. He is to run three serial stories abreast this year, and I believe next year also. Mr. Barrie, whose habit is different, is slowly but steadily working at the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. He informs me that it is rather more than half completed. It will be one of the chief attractions in *Scribner's Magazine* for 1900. The popularity of Anthony Hope continues to increase, the sale of *Rupert of Hentzau* being exceptionally large even for him. Mr. Stanley Weyman has recovered a great deal of the ground he lost by *Shrewsbury*, in his new novel *The Castle Inn*. Mr. H. G. Wells has so far regained his health, that he has been able to commence a new humorous story. Mr. Seton Merriman's *Roden's Corner*, has sold splendidly, and though not the most successful of his books, shows, I think, more signs of power than any other. Mr. Merriman has doomed the first four of his books to extinction, and they will no longer be published. Mr. Kipling has passed the same sentence on three of his. Mr. Kipling, by the way, has had a great success in point of circulation in his last volume, *The Day's Work*, but it is generally agreed that it shows a decided falling off from its predecessors, a falling off not in care or strenuousness, but in freshness and inspiration. No doubt, however, he will soon recover any ground that he may have lost.

Changes to be recorded amongst our periodicals are fewer than usual. The *Saturday Review* has changed hands again. Mr. Frank Harris's editorship has shown brilliance, but I should hesitate to call it successful. It is said that the new editor, Mr. Harold Hodge, intends to revert to the old traditions. If he could revert to the old prosperity at the same time, he might be congratulated. There was a day when the *Saturday Review* had a circulation at least five times as great as the *Spectator*. That has changed long ago. For the *Spectator*, one of our most successful newspapers, the proprietors received an offer not long ago, of £80,000, and the sum was refused, while the *Saturday Review* some years ago, was disposed of for the very moderate amount of £1,000. I am sorry to hear that a recently started review, which seemed promising, is *in extremis*.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOVEL NOTES

A HERALD OF THE WEST. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

THE COUNT'S SNUFF BOX. By George R. R. Rivers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

CARTAGENA, OR THE LOST BRIGADE. By Charles W. Hall. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

The movement toward the writing of historical remance which has been so marked a feature of national fiction for two or three years past, seems lately accentuated with a growing tendency to celebrate American triumphs at arms. This would appear at first glance to be a natural outcome of the recent conflict with Spain, but oddly enough such is apparently not the case. Two or three unimportant books of the month do, it is true, touch the Cuban campaign in a remote, ineffectual way, but the Porto Rican invasion has been left—so far—to Gilbert and Sullivan. The new works more worthy of serious consideration deal with our wars with worthier foes, and two are woven about the mighty events of 1812.

The better of the two, and one of the best of all these recent historical romances is Mr. Altsheler's *A Herald of the West*. The author has evidently made conscientious painstaking preparation for his task. Much study must have gone before the careful writing, and the style of the work is excellent. The story wrought out against this large, firm historical background, describes the personality, the impressions, and the adventures of a young patriot during our last struggle for liberty. The tale opens in Washington, with his listening to Clay's impassioned call to arms, and closes with his fighting under General Jackson at New Orleans. The young patriot is a lover also, but he is a patriot first, and the description of the battle of New Orleans will be remembered long after the love story is forgotten. Another memorable impression of the work is its feeling of reserve force. The author did well in *A Soldier of Manhattan*; he has done better in *A Herald of the West*, and the impression that he has not fully reached the measure of his strength seems to promise larger performance.

The Count's Snuff Box treats of the same stirring times in an entirely different way. The title of the story strikes the plane of the work. Its standpoint is mainly social, and many of the mightiest events in national history are subordinated to trivial and rather uninteresting matters. The principal incident and the central character are reasonably well known. The appearance in Washington, in the opening of the memorable year 1812, of the mysterious Count Edouard de Crillon—the owner of the snuff box—and the conspiracy of the Henry letters, have been as much written about perhaps as any other episode in the making of the Great Republic. This is the motive of the story, but the author passes the confines of history, and follows the Count further than historians have been able to follow him. They say he left Washington as mysteriously as he came, and that nothing more was heard of him after his going, than had been known before his coming. The author's imagination fills out the blank, continuing the story beyond the life of the Count, and into that of his son.

Cartagena, or the Lost Brigade, points back still further than our resistance to England's tyranny, and has the advantage of dealing with a comparatively little known, yet most interesting epoch in Colonial history. Few, save the student, will remember the vast armada sent by England to conquer the Spanish dependencies in the West Indies, and Central and South America, on the declaration of war between England and Spain in 1740. Still fewer, perhaps, are familiar with the large and noble part borne by our countrymen in that conflict, some five thousand having volunteered as loyal subjects of the English Crown. The ingratitude with which their heroic service was repaid, may have sowed the seeds of the Revolution. The story of their heroism is the author's text, and he handles it with eloquence. So fresh, so absolutely new are most of the incidents, that it is hard to realise they are facts forming part of our own history. A slender love story runs through the work, but its strength lies along sterner lines, in the clash of battle-ship and the tramp of armies.

ROSE À CHARLITTE. By Marshall Saunders. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

This a quiet story of Acadie and the Acadians as Vesper Nimmo, a young Bostonian found them, when he drifted to Nova Scotia, because it hardly seemed worth while to let himself drift elsewhere. There is, it is true, a plot within the drifting movement of the work. A mysterious letter left by Vesper's wicked grandfather, confesses a wrong which he has committed, and Vesper assumes the duty of reparation. There is not, however, any immediate purpose of the kind in his mind when he goes to Acadie, for he does not know then or for a long time after, that he will find the descendants of his grandfather's victim, among the gentle Acadiens of Sleeping Water. Still less does he expect to lose his heart to the Rose of Sleeping Water, his most worldly heart, which has resisted the sophisticated charms of the Back Bay maidens and widows. The lovely Rose à Charlitte is a widow, or is believed and believes herself to be one, when Vesper Nimmo meets her. There is mutual love almost at first sight, and then comes the shock of the husband's reappearance. Rose is deeply religious, and takes refuge from her own and her lover's weakness within the arms of the Church. The picturesqueness of the Roman Catholic religion is used with telling effect, causing a renewed realisation of the loss of its absence in national fiction. Then the cruel husband is mercifully removed by a just Providence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Rose is at last free to become the blameless wife of the man she loves. And so, after all, life seems to run in Acadie much as it runs in more sophisticated quarters of the earth.

THE MAN WHO WORKED FOR COLLISTER. By Mary Tracy Earle. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

The author has hardly been happy in the selection of a title for this pleasant little volume of readable tales. The name of almost any one of the other stories would have been better, and it is indeed not easy to see any reason for giving this slight sketch the foremost place. It is good to be sure, but rather less so than some of the others, and altogether less important, so that assuming the author to have arranged the order of the tales, here seems to be another interesting instance of a writer's inability to judge the relative merit of her own work. In another's judgment, "The Mask of a Lost Soul" is of a much higher order, both in conception and in workmanship, and there is scarcely one of the fourteen slender studies that does not make a stronger and higher claim. The types and the atmosphere of most of the sketches are distinctively Southern, but the feeling is larger than any locality, and the appeal usually is to the universal, and always to the finest and the highest. "My prayers may be good," says Sieur Hippolyte, "but your own sacrifice of wrath or greed, or whatever is it that besets you, will take you farther toward the gates of heaven. . . . . Higher . . . there may be some on the outskirts who do not see what it is we come to when we do not love as well as we are loved."

DAVID HARUM. By Edward Noyes Westcott. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

There are others who will take issue with the introductory statement that "one of the most conspicuous characteristics of our contemporary native fiction, is an increasing tendency to subordinate plot or story to the bold realistic portrayal of some of the types of American life and manners." There are indeed a good many close observers of the current literary movement who hold hopefully to the contrary. There are even a few optimistic souls who are becoming more and more encouragingly convinced of a growing recognition by both writers and readers, that photographic reproduction of the commonplace never did, and never can "*stand* for the highest we have yet attained in the art of fiction." These optimists have in fact lately come to declare openly that they are not interested in books by characters that bore them in life, and that they are unable to enjoy in fiction, that which repulses them in reality. They make no question of the truth of the presentation. Most of them know David Harum and his kind, with their sordid motives and mean environment only too well. All is reproduced with merciless care and repellant distinctness in this long, aimless work. There is a little coarse-fibred humour, but it is hard reading, owing mainly to the lavish use of dialect, which is also passing, let it be hoped. The construction of the story is awkward. After two unrelieved chapters of David and his equally uninteresting sister, both disappear absolutely for so long a time that one wonders what they have to do with the rest of the story. So much then for the substance and manner of the work which is urged as standing for the highest we have yet achieved in the art of fiction. As for any possible justification through the feeling of the work, it seems scarcely necessary to say more than merely to quote the rule laid down by David Harum himself, to "Do unto the other feller, the way he'd like to do unto you—an' do it fust." No, there are others, who decline to accept such as this, either in form or in spirit, as standing for "the highest we have yet achieved in the art of fiction."

CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

This is a most enlivening book. It positively sparkles with good things. It is gay and clever and bright, brimful of wise and witty sayings. Once or twice we found the talk a little too smart for our liking; now and again it was just a trifle too foolish; but these jarring sentences were very few and very far between. It is true that the Prologue at first catches our breath a little with its somewhat forced brilliancy, though after the first shock we get seasoned and enjoy it most thoroughly. But after the exalted smartness of Cabinet ministers—and Miss Fowler's Cabinet ministers are very smart indeed—we are inclined to feel injured when the heroine ignominiously descends to pointless puns. Isabel is a dazzling personage, too clever to be altogether amiable, but quite clever enough to know how to be fascinating. Her lover, Paul Seaton, is an ideal hero of the old chivalrous school, a level-headed genius of the soldier sort, with just that curious combination of sensitiveness and callousness which makes a successful man. Yet it is not among the leading characters nor among the brilliant people that we feel ourselves most strongly appealed to, but rather in the quiet corners—with old Mr. Seaton, the Methodist minister, or Lord Wrexham, the man of little brain and large heart. It is he who touches the deepest note of pathos in the book, when he makes to the wayward, petulant woman who has jilted him such a speech as this:

"My dear, there must never be any question of forgiveness between you and me, for I was yours to do what you liked with. We both made a mistake — you in thinking that you could be content with me, and I in dreaming that I could make you happy. But if ever you get tired of growing old alone, remember that there are always one man's heart and hand waiting for you if you should choose to take them."

Miss Fowler introduces us to society of various ranks, and entertains us well everywhere, for Lord Bobby, with his boyish quips, flits breezily through the upper regions, and takes the stiffness out of even a State concert, while old Martha discourses refreshingly, if rather too garrulously, on politics and religion, in the minister's kitchen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The book is not without its faults. The plot is weak, and certain characters, notably Lady Esdaile, are exaggerated; but these defects are entirely lost sight of in the enjoyment which comes of reading so vivacious a story.

THE SHAPE OF FEAR. By Elia W. Peattie. New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

The cover of this little book looks to be woven of mists and moonbeams, as mystical and as exquisite as the tales themselves. Exquisite may seem a singular term to apply to a volume of ghost lore, but no other word could so well convey an idea of the first impression of the work. Sweetness, beauty and grace are its earliest effects, and these are not the usual characteristics of the shapes of fear assumed to revisit the glimpses of the moon. The conventional ghost story deals almost exclusively with horror and crime, and its gruesome fascination has an unwholesome show. These unconventional sketches deal mostly with goodness and love, yet there is no loss, rather an increase, of the unknowable's charm. They are such slender, shadowy delicate little studies of the unknown that the effect which they produce appears at first out of proportion to the size of the work. But as it is examined more closely, its real importance shows through its slightness. There could be nothing greater than the motive of the titular tale; nor anything making more universal appeal than the second story. "The Loom of the Dead" also touches some of the deepest, tenderest chords of human nature, and the spiritual humour of two of the stories illuminates the beautiful seriousness of the spirit of the whole. In truth the little book takes such hold of the heart, as well as the imagination, that one scarcely dares trust one's self to speak of it in deliberate criticism. Yet unstinted praise may be given the work from a purely critical point of view. The stories are works of art; the spirit of the work is of the noblest; the style is of the best and the simplest, so simple that only the very greatest is more simple.

A LOVER OF TRUTH. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The story paces soberly and steadily straight along a familiar road, and will doubtless find a sizeable and satisfied audience by the way. The lover of truth, whose greater love consists mainly in a larger indifference to the wounds her candour inflicts, is uncomfortably well known to those who know nothing of fiction, as well as to those who read novels. In this instance her name is Jean Reycroft, and she is endowed with a larger share of morbid self-consciousness than usually goes to the making of the misery of her type and her friends. The author insists upon Jean's individuality, but the reader will hardly concede it, and will probably feel that the very gradual, not to say, slow development of the story, does little if anything to set Jean apart from her kind. It is quite in keeping that she should expect her sister to remain unmarried simply because she herself proposes an artistic career, in the absence of any temptation to matrimony. It is equally true to the type that she herself abandons this empty pretence of a career at the first inducement to marry. It all happens just as it always does happen, perhaps as it always should happen, in the eternal fitness of things. But after all, one wonders whether there be any real reason ethical or literary, why trivial commonplaces should be celebrated, no matter how faithfully and carefully, to the length of twenty-three long chapters, and more than three hundred pages.

THE PURITANS. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

"I looked at you in church," said one friend once to another, "and could not think what had come to you; you seemed to be still, and yet I could not see you steadily, you wavered so, and shook. By and bye I realised that the furnace flue was between you and me, and that what puzzled me was simply the vibration of the hot air."

"That," said the friend, "is exactly like Boston."

It is this quiver of the intellectual atmosphere, which nevertheless permits the fundamental serenity of those who inspire it to remain perfectly undisturbed, which writers about Boston endeavour, with more or less success, to reproduce. Mr. Arlo Bates, however, in the book under consideration, has tried to do more than this, and, with the laudable intention of demonstrating that modern New Englanders are the spiritual heirs of their Puritan forefathers, he has given us a book which, as a novel, fails in plot and in power of characterisation, and as a thesis, is far from convincing; though it succeeds in being a fine collection of eminently quotable epigrams. The description of a youthful ascetic as having been fed on the "sterilised milk of the Word" is particularly happy.

Miss Wilkins's New Englanders are the children of the Puritans, unquestionably, though she does not trouble to tell us so; but she lets us feel it, which is far better; that we do not feel it, under the very clever and witty tuition of Mr. Arlo Bates, is due, perhaps, to the fact that he is himself very Bostonian, and therefore thinks about and analyses his characters, instead of creating them through the medium of the sympathetic imagination. He also permits himself to introduce real personages upon his stage, though under stage names. Now this may be good art or it may not; when the real personages are contemporaries of the writer it almost never is well done; and our present author has succeeded in producing characterisations of two eminent ecclesiastics which will impress the friends of each as coming near to lay him open to a prosecution for libel. Moreover, a little more care in regard to his technicalities would have saved him some rather ridiculous blunders. For although, unlike Mr. Hall Caine, he seems to be aware that there is a tolerably wide difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England (or rather the Protestant Episcopal Church in America), he might have learned with advantage from that gentleman that there do actually exist in the Episcopal Church real monastic Orders, that the word "novice" is techni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cally proper in regard to monasticism, while a "deacon" denotes one in Holy Orders and looking forward to the priesthood. Of course, either a deacon or a priest may also be a novice; but the three words are by no means mutually interchangeable. We may also take the opportunity to observe that the more High Church the deacon, the less apt would he be to say, as both of Mr. Bates's deacons do several times assert, "I am a priest!"

But why not priest as well as Puritan? We really do not know. To this reviewer the characters seem about as much of one as of the other. They are types, and not the children of anybody; weak-kneed puppets falling in love simultaneously, though with different women, and thereafter moving away from each other and from their former religious position, until one reaches Rome and the other agnosticism, obediently to the author's wire-pulling, but with no reason that this reviewer was able to discover, why their fortunes should not at any moment have been reversed.

Nevertheless, though his book is neither a novel nor even good argument, Mr. Bates, at least in our opinion, has got hold of a great truth. He had it open to him, possibly, to write a great book; he has succeeded in producing a diluted *Pilgrim's Progress* (or *March of the Marionettes*), in the reverse direction, lying chiefly through an imitation Vanity Fair, and ending in the City of Destruction.

THE LOVES OF THE LADY ARABELLA. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The title is a taking one, but, as some one rather recently remarked of Keats's poetry, the sound comes before the sense. The loves of the Lady Arabella are by no means the motive of the story. The greater part is taken up with the doings of a young Lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy, with swaggering and swearing, and gaming and fighting—all as far as possible from affairs of the heart. With matters of sentiment, the Lady Arabella has in fact, an unusually cool and distant acquaintance, and it is hard to understand what the author refers to in speaking (titularly, at least), of her "loves." For that rather wooden young woman, who remains vague and cold and dull, notwithstanding the insistence of the author to the contrary, gives no sign of being in love with anyone, beyond an uncomfortable preference for the impassive Ovington. He cares nothing for her or for anything except for the grim fanaticism that he calls religion. The only man professing love for the Lady Arabella is Giles Vernon, one whom she despises and betrays. No, the Lady Arabella is not a nice person, and the reader rather resents her as the *raison d'être* of the long story. Daphne, on the other hand, is a most charming little shadow, that never emerges quite distinctly. Lady Hawshaw, on the contrary, is real and fine, and one's heart warms to Sir Peter. For—leaving out the loves of the Lady Arabella and passing the jib and boom and blue peter of the earlier technical pages—the tale rattles and bangs along at a good round pace, and ends in the most orthodox fashion, with the hero galloping at the last minute to the very steps of the scaffold with a pardon for the only man who loved the Lady Arabella.

PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

A novel without a central idea is like a wheel without a hub, its direction is uncertain and it hardly arrives. The author of *The Descendant* apparently recognised this all-important fact, since that story is bound to its motive with iron bands. So firmly indeed is it rivetted to evolution, that a semi-scientific importance increases the grim power of the work. It is, therefore, with surprise as well as disappointment that her new book is found lacking in concentration, and even in distinctness of purpose. It is hardly more than an inarticulate moan at the pain of living, the old groan over old miseries and sins that has been uttered since the beginning of the world, and that will be heard to the end of time. This new moan over the old misery does nothing to make it less. Such black books inveighing hopelessly against despair can only increase the world-pain. It is hard to find any excuse for their making. They are not literature in its higher sense. They are too bitter and gloomy to interest the young, who hardly understand, they repel the mature, who already understand too well. And yet aside from its depressing, unwholesome effect, the book can scarcely be characterised as actually harmful, except in two respects. The wife who deserts her husband solely because of the poverty for which he is not to blame cannot be accepted as the adorable creature the author believes her to be without blunting the moral sense. The deserted husband who turns to the Church as a means of livelihood, and who poses as a saint because it pays, cannot be admired, as the author admires him, without profanation of holy things. The only resemblance between this new book and the earlier work of the author, which gave such brilliant promise, may be found in the epigrammatical character of the style and the detached bits which flash from many pages.

GOOD AMERICANS. By Mrs. Burton Harrison, New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

Again it seems a question whether the celebration of the social trivial justifies an entire volume. Again it may apparently be protested that a long, sudden leap from New York to the Orient threatens dislocation of the spine of a story. Again it may be doubted whether the men and the women so confidently presented are really good Americans. At first glance they bear a strong family likeness to the personages originally introduced in *The Anglomaniacs*, but on closer examination small differentiating inelegancies appear. For example, none of that set would "shake" anyone, even though he were only an obstreperous guide. Let it then be admitted that in these little matters the genuine American ring may be heard, and the eagerness with which most of the characters seek newspaper notoriety must perhaps be conceded also. Moreover, possibly there may be something of the soil in Peter Davenant, the dominant figure,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It sounds American at all events to hear that "with all the energy of a nature that must have outlet for its strength, he believed in his life, efforts, ambitions, influences." It seems, however, less distinctive to be told later on that "a vulgar woman he could not endure or approach, and a commonplace woman wearied him thoroughly"—since that fact is probably true of the well-bred, intelligent men of several countries. The woman in whom he fancies he finds his ideal stands for the Feeble Fickle Feminine, and belongs as much to Europe as to America. If there were only a land where she did *not* exist!

The marriage between the ill-assorted pair does nothing to furnish the novelty that the rest of the story lacks. The outcome is the inevitable which follows all such folly. The only departure from the hard-beaten, narrow track is the concluding intimation that this light woman becomes a model wife after undergoing a desperate surgical operation. There are no details as to the character of the operation, but one who knows the type of woman must refuse to believe, even in fiction, that the utmost surgical skill can give a woman like Sybil Davenant a new head and a new heart. Toward the end of the story there are evidences of a wish, if hardly an intention, on the part of the author to ennoble the work through some definite, high aim of Davenant's. The feeling is created at the eleventh hour that he really scorns the pettiness by which he is surrounded, but the ennobling purpose is not evolved, so that there is again a large, long elaboration of the social trivial.

THE INSTINCT OF STEP-FATHERHOOD. By Lilian Bell. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Under this remarkable title (Lilian Bell's titles are always remarkable) are collected six or seven short stories. Admirers of Miss Bell's *Little Sister to the Wilderness* and *The Under Side of Things* may be disappointed in some of these, but there are three at least which are very charming, each in a different way. "A Study in Hearts" will certainly appeal to the American girl, as Miss Bell positively asserts that there is always *somebody* in love with her, even though it may frequently prove to be the wrong somebody. This particular American girl, Jessica Drew, is a very attractive young person, and her little affairs of the heart are touched upon in a pleasing and winning way. "The Heart of Brier Rose" is full of pathos, and "A Woman of No Nerves" is a humorous sketch which will be especially understood by those nervous individuals who are driven insane by the squeak of a slate pencil, "that sound which is more horrible in the ears than the wail of a lost soul," and whose lives are often made miserable by the various squeaks and creaks which came so near putting an end to Aunt Ann's love affair forever. For, to quote Miss Bell: "We were talking impersonally of the need of a certain man for a certain woman, and each secretly, as I thought, adapting the abstract phrases to our concrete senses, when suddenly she took up an emery pencil and began to burnish the gold rim of the plate. Did you ever hear the sound? Get me a grindstone and any little knife you want sharpened, and I will form an accompaniment to this conversation such as followed the only attempt I ever made to make love to a girl."

But on the whole we advise Miss Bell to give us a long story the next time, and another character like Kate in *The Under Side of Things*.

AS THE HART PANTETH. By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. $1.25.

Miss Rives has given us in her second book the incomplete love story of two idealists. The one idealist is a poet, and the other is a violinist. They are wedded to the idea that their lives should be devoted to their art. He watched her development from a child, running wild in her Southern home, with only her violin for companionship, to the day that she became a famous musician in a large city. Here he constituted himself her "chaperone," to borrow his own word. When asked what he was to her, he replied, "Honestly, I don't know how to answer you. I am her friend, brother—critic." But the time came when he *did* know, and then in order to be true to his ideals and to his art he went away, leaving the girl to suffer as only a woman can, and to awaken to the fact that the fulfilment of every desire and ambition was as nothing without the supreme surrender of love to complete it all. It is very sweet and lovely to read of these idealists, but far from satisfactory. One is inclined to shake the man who holds himself morally and mentally so far above his fellow-men, and yet who willingly brings suffering into the life of the woman whom he should shield and love like a sensible, well-balanced man. But then we must remember that he was a poet!

HER MEMORY. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

In his lesser efforts as in his greater, Mr. Maartens always displays certain exquisite qualities. His sensibility, his insight into gentle natures, into the workings of children's and some women's minds, are very rare. It is by this sensibility he betrays something of the alien, and not by any weaknesses of style, for it is of a kind unfashionable just now in the men-writers of our race. *Her Memory* is not of the calibre of *God's Fool* and *The Greater Glory*, but in his minor work there is nothing slipshod; and this story, rather meagrely suggested, is of real interest. Yet it seems to us to be only the prelude to the drama, which must develop quickly now that Sir Anthony finds he has cast aside a profession for which he had real genius, now that he has married again so decisive and practical a character as Lady Mary, and now that Margie has grown up to find herself ousted from the sacred office of guardian to her father by a stepmother. What will they make of each other? Sir Anthony could not always shut fast the door on his artistic instincts, not to speak of his artistic success. Some weakness in his political administration is bound to appear sooner or later. Lady Mary will keep him in the world, and his heart will be full of rebellion. Margie, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loyal, the reticent, and the narrow-minded, must drift away from him. We can imagine even she and her stepmother joining forces in the end to keep him a practical and successful and miserable man. It is in the future of the personages our strongest interest lies. But Mr. Maartens has written a charming prelude to the drama we dimly descry.

SONS OF ADVERSITY. By L. Cope Cornford. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.

Whatever be Mr. Cornford's fame among the readers of adventure stories, and as yet it is certainly not so wide as his merits deserve, he will weary no one outside that class who has the glimmerings of a literary sense. He can write admirably, and he does it, too, not by fits and starts, but with a consistent vigour and a most evident delight in his work. It is this visible enjoyment on the part of the writer which charms us most—more than the story, though that is good also. He gets all he can out of the situation. His best success is with the study of character and motives, a very important thing in stories of adventure. The figure, and what one is allowed to guess of the character of Stukely Nettlestone, by turns traitor, gamester, and gallant man, hold fast a place in one's memory. He could hardly have been better reflected than as we see him in the mind of a young son, to whom he had been lately a hero, a saint, and who was, hour by hour, learning the strange mixture in his many-hued nature, and the endless possibilities of his unfortunate career. From every page nearly we could quote samples of delightful writing, whether descriptive of the world as it flashed and gloomed on the eyes of the susceptible young Roger, fighter and poet—though he would have disowned the latter title—or of the siege of Leyden, or of a young maiden as she looked to her lover. The style is full of manly charm, rough or sweet, according to the needs of the case, but ever vigorous. Among the story-writers of his class only Mr. Bernard Capes can be compared to him for carefulness of workmanship; and there is a simplicity about Mr. Cornford's manner which wins our interest more surely.

THE CHANGELING. By Walter Besant. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

The problem of heredity has been exercising this popular writer; and he has studied it profoundly enough to be aware that nothing certain is known about it at all; but that it is safe to assert good bringing up will not invariably ensure a good result when there have been disreputable forbears. In this book, a child of many prayers and much training turns out such an unpleasant cad, harking back to his unknown father, that the story has actually to end with a melancholy page, which is against Sir Walter's tradition, and against our liking, so far as his tales are concerned. But we can't help thinking the child might have had a better chance. Lady Woodroffe was not a winning person. She was probably a very painstaking instructor and guardian of youth, but the talents of motherhood we can hardly imagine her as possessing. The rest of the story is much more in his usual vein. The congregating of the poor Pennefathers round their millionaire relative is eminently characteristic, and often amusing. In the college for women, founded by Hilarie, where there are no lectures, but only high and stimulating companionship, and the inculcation of the romantic principle that it is a degradation for women to take money for their work, and that the society is rotten that allows it, we recognise one more sign of the steadfastly amiable ideal he has cherished, and will always heroically cherish, in the face of facts, of ridicule, and the ethics of social economy.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.

We admire this book extremely for several reasons—for its originality, for its virile and expressive English, above all for its grit. It deals with emotions—jealousy, hatred, love, grief—but its sentiment is never flabby nor its pathos exaggerated. "Owd Bob," the Grey Dog of Kenmuir, the pride of the Dales, is a type of the excellence of his own chronicle, in his strong and disciplined self-restraint. McAdam, the alien from the north, is not an amiable Scot nor any credit to his country, but his keen sarcastic wit, his deep and passionate though hidden affections, and his dour fixity of purpose, are deeply characteristic of his race. The dogs supply the dramatic effects for the most part. Their meeting on the bridge after the show is as effective a scene as could well be imagined. The dialect is, of course, Cumbrian, but is quite easy to read, and the English, quaint, even archaic at times, has an incisive force of phrasing which grips the memory and holds a foremost place in it for long. The book is to our mind the most powerful of its class that we have read. It is one to read with admiration and to praise with enthusiasm.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE. A Biographical Study. By M. E. Lowndes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co..

An enormous critical literature has grown up about Montaigne, the chief works of which, M. Malvezin's, M. Grün's and M. Bonnefou's, can be known only to a few specialists among us. Mr. Lowndes is not exactly an investigator at first hand; but he is what we wanted even more, a cool and critical examiner of what the essayist's countrymen have done to elucidate his life and work. He has gone with them, or rather after them, to the sources, and gone with an awakened judgment, correcting their inferences and drawing his own with independence and sobriety. His book is, therefore, far more than a recapitulation of other people's labours. His grasp of the man's character is firm; and out of the few facts actually known he has virtually made a new biography. At least, he has shown Montaigne, the subject of many private experiments in education, and the participator in the great educational revival of his time, to be something of a rebel against all systems, and a sceptic in this more even than in other matters. Just how far and how little he was a courtier, just how his ideals and his practice of citizenship and public work were at variance, has never been so plausibly and precisely stated before.

On the critical side it is a singularly able and an original book. There is hardly a superficial word in it. There is no rhapsody. It will not satisfy the new enthusiast, perhaps, as does Emerson's eloquent and somewhat fanciful essay. But whether one likes it or not, the truth lies mainly in Mr. Lowndes's sober pages. One would like to quote again and again to show the points he makes, to prove his discrimination, and the fine shades of his criticism. To the careless reader Montaigne is a man out of whose mouth anything can be proved. This reader needs to follow the composition of the essays with this elucidator, who calls them "the accumulated reflexions, if not of a lifetime, at least of a whole maturity and age—reflexions not modified one by another, nor moulded to a dominant scheme, but set down as occasioned by all variety of incitement, and at often considerable intervals of time;" he needs to learn that they are a "progress of humours," that their writer is no guide to opinions, but a great master of the practical methods of thought. And Mr. Lowndes has flashed a clear light on Montaigne's order of mind by doubting whether he, "interested chiefly in those ultimate questions of life and death to which science at length admits herself unequal, would have been so much impressed even had he foreseen the whole structure of experiential knowledge," otherwise modern science. Never before has the Italian Journal been used as a "witness to Montaigne's Bohemianism and capacity—not of his time—for purposeless and light-hearted wandering."

There can be no serious fault-finding with the book. But a few things have surprised us. He repeats the eulogy of La Boétie somewhat conventionally. La Boétie lives for us still because Montaigne loved and idealised him. He was an able man of high character, but he had more of pedantry than Mr. Lowndes will admit. Perhaps his character was "at once stronger and more simple" than his famous friend's. He was safeguarded by his simplicity; but the comparison suggests a defect in Montaigne, who yet would not have been Montaigne had he been simple—perhaps only a pettifogging magistrate. Then his attitude to Christianity is somewhat over-elaborately explained. There, indeed, he was simple. When you have mentioned that the essayist was always inclined to uphold, in moderation, existing things, you have said all. There is not a line in him that can seriously be taken to have a genuinely Christian meaning. We think, too, there is a good deal that is fanciful in finding Montaigne philosophically systematised in Descartes. Then there is a needless insistence on his want of exact scholarship. His plentiful loose Latin and his meagre Greek have served us excellently. This is the kind of criticism not worth making about imaginative writers; and Montaigne was such as much as if he had used the dramatic form, and Mr. Lowndes owns it. And here is a passage in which more than any other in the book we find convention uppermost and the critical spirit astray. "'He was of that order of mind which, however readily active in response to external stimulus, is wanting in the inner springs of action, and, having neither the co-ordinating nor the volitional impulse, is content to accept the world fragmentarily, as it is presented in experience, and seeks neither to remould it in actuality to an ideal nor to reduce it to unity of thought. His was the order of mind that falls into place naturally as a spectator, not as an actor in life, etc." This sounds almost like a complaint. Whether it be such or not, is it accurate? Is it not mostly empty words? What is meant by "action?" Montaigne took his place among the workers, the actors—though in a debonair and unobtrusive fashion—when he set the example of clear judgment, when he set the fashion of realism in the attitude towards existence. His observation of life brought material to his singularly active and inciting mind. If he had set about reforming the world—the little scrap of world within the most gifted vision—would his notions have been less fragmentary? They would not have been less consciously so. True, he is with all the natural science pioneers in his fragmentary contributions to knowledge. But neither was he, nor are they, of necessity, intellectually "content to accept the world fragmentarily," though they may be so, as Montaigne was, by temperament, The passage simply means that he did not invent a system which would vaguely contain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the world, otherwise the contents of the inventor's imaginings. But he dug diligently in his own little garden, and his system of cultivation is still that in use by such active observers of life as are more concerned with truth than with sentiment.

These are meagre criticisms; but a careful reading of Mr. Lowndes's book has called for none more serious.

JEROME SAVONAROLA: a Sketch. By Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.

Evidently the last word has not been written of Savonarola. There has been no lack of them—rather too many for intelligible discrimination—but they have been contentious, as Mirandola's, or partisan, as Vasari's. Villari in his exhaustive and contemporaneous biography presents him as the politician, and George Eliot in *Romola*, and Mrs. Oliphant, in *The Makers of Florence*, veil him in a glamour of sentiment and poetic charm.

Luther said that humanity was like a drunken peasant, always ready to fall from his horse on one side or the other. It is still in a maudlin state concerning the great friar whose name once stood for Florence, and of whom the years, seemingly, never tire. Through four centuries he has projected himself, the same inscrutable figure that Florence knew and loved and hated. Strife usually ceases with death, but concerning Savonarola the public mind of to-day is in much the same temper as it was in those Florentine days, when the ringing words of the preacher had Jesus Christ acclaimed King and Ruler of Florence, and when he incited a frenzy so inflamed and inflaming that it lit the fagots for his own destruction.

For the man towered above the preacher, even as his goodness towered over corrupt and tyrannised Florence.

That fair city was the background for figures that stand out as strongly and distinctly —Michelangelo with his mighty disdain, Dante with his gloomy pride, the Medici in gorgeous, passionate power; around these no uncertain light wavers. It is Savonarola alone who remains impenetrable, profound, in stern yet saintly mystery, still challenging mankind to reduce him to human measurement, to say how much was man, how much saint, politician or ecclesiastic.

The latest contribution to Savonarolan literature does not altogether answer this. It does not essay to do so. Father O'Neil handles his subject conservatively, and, in particular points, convincingly, but as a priest, and son of the Church, he cannot be expected to speak *ex cathedra*. Neither can he, as a Dominican, and, therefore, a spiritual kinsman of the prior, divest his pen of sympathetic championship.

He calls him the moral and political regenerator of Florence, but he does not attempt to explain or to defend his insubordination and defiance to the Pope. He concedes, however, the personal and political animosity of the pontiff toward the friar, who had become the political and ecclesiastical storm-centre of the day. Of the Pope's known dissoluteness he has nothing to say.

The purpose and tendency of the book seem to be a protest against "letting the devil have all the good tunes"—to refute the claim that Savonarola was the forerunner of Luther.

It is the Æschylean presumption that the highest tribunal upon earth is the collective conscience of humanity. In this way Father O'Neil presents his plea, with copious estimates of Catholic and non-Catholic writers, establishing the catholicity of the friar even by the voice of the enemies of the Church.

Considered apart from its evident purpose, the book is a concise and coherent summary of the life and writings of Savonarola and as a brief insight into those stirring times. A valuable bibliography is appended. On the whole, this sketch goes far toward presenting a faithful picture of the spiritual and human qualities of the friar, concerning whom the Papal successor of his Papal executioner said: "In Heaven I shall know the explanation of three great mysteries: The Immaculate Conception; the suppression of the Society of Jesus; the death of Savonarola. Saint, schismatic or heretic, ignorant vandal or Christian artist, prophet or charlatan, champion of the Roman Church or apostle of emancipated Italy —which was Savonarola?"

Perhaps it is not for either priest or layman to answer.

IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND. An account of a journey into Tibet. By A. Henry Savage Landor. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 2 vols. $9.00.

It is a thousand pities Mr. Landor's book is true. We bear a distinct grudge against the mass of government inquiries, reports and depositions, all duly signed, sealed and witnessed, and printed in the appendix for the confirmation of the aforesaid narrative. It is so little use as a travel book, and it would have made such excellent fiction. The mere picture of "A Perilous Passage" would have realised a fortune on an illustrated cover. Imagine climbing for forty or fifty feet across the face of a perpendicular precipice worn smooth by the action of the water and slippery with drizzling rain, hanging on by toe- and finger-nails to tiny holes a few inches deep, cut at intervals of three or four feet along the rock-face, and then continuing the journey on a ledge "five or six inches wide!" And that was only one of many feats, equally miraculous, beside which even the tortures seem ineffective and tame.

Seriously, the value of the book as a record of travel is considerably discounted by the lack of precision as to localities and dates. Finding no map in the first volume we conscientiously procured one, only to pore over it in vain. And even when we at last discovered Mr. Landor's map snugly tucked away at the end of Volume II., it was little help to us, for, as the chapters go on, we find our hero so busy telling us what he said and did that he forgets to mention where he was when he had the racy conversations he reports. In short, we advise the reader to neglect the map, to search for no information, to decline to be instructed, and to read simply for entertainment, and, if he will, for sensation. Let him dip into the book anywhere,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he will not fail to light upon some lively passage that will amuse and interest him. Take, for example, the story of the bewitched sponge. Mr. Landor's bath sponge had been lost for some time and was found (its owner being meanwhile tied up in a kind of rough and ready rack), crushed flat and dry beneath heavy cases. It happened to be thrown into a pool of water, whereupon Mr. Landor turned his head (so much freedom of motion being left him), and addressed his faithful fungus in English with the air of one uttering an incantation. And behold, a prodigy! As he spoke louder and louder, the sponge, absorbing the moisture, swelled to a larger and larger size until at last the Tibetans, panic-stricken at the weird and awful spectacle, took to their heels and ran. Of course they dared not kill a magician of such occult power, and when they found that his fingers, as became an uncanny person, were webbed higher than other people's, they recognised frankly that he was unkillable. And no wonder! We are forced to the same conclusion. For, short of absolutely chopping him in pieces, the Tibetans did their best to put an end to his life. In fact, Mr. Landor may now feel assured of length of days, for having survived what he has done, he will find no danger or disease that civilisation can threaten worth even a passing fear. But dangers, tortures, sufferings, horrors, Mr. Landor is racy through it all. He has his quip ready upon the rack, his jest as he slides helpless towards the torrent. Nothing checks his gaiety of spirits or his flow of gentle sarcasm. And if we take him on his own terms and meet him in another mood than that of gloomy condolence, let it not be ascribed to levity or lack of feeling, but rather to a sympathy of the higher sort.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE TRAIL. By Colonel Henry Inman and Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill.") New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Colonel Inman's previous work on *The Old Santa Fé Trail* has won for his second book, in which he has the assistance of Colonel Cody, a hearty welcome and a ready hearing. The present volume on *The Great Salt Lake Trail* does not fall behind the story already told of that oldest of primitive highways to far-off Santa Fé, in romantic interest, in historical value and in stirring and graphic narration. There are seven historic trails, we are told, crossing the great plains of the interior of this continent, and none of these, with the exception of the Santa Fé, has a more stirring and exciting story than that known as the Salt Lake Trail. Over this historical highway the Mormons passed on their lonely pilgrimage to the valley of that vast inland sea, where by its shores they built their marvellous city. Over this route, too, went more than one world-renowned expedition on its way to the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and beyond to the blue Pacific. Over the same old trackless waste lumbered the once-famous Overland stage long before the days of the railroad and the telegraph. Here as a boy "Buffalo Bill" began his remarkable career, which has made him a conspicuous and picturesque American figure. Dealing with the era of the trapper, the scout, the savage, and the emigrant, and with the adventures which marked the long and weary marches, *The Great Salt Lake Trail*, like its predecessor, combines history and romance, authentic data and camp-fire yarns, making this and the companion volume the most delightful and entertaining reading of their kind we have enjoyed since the Leather Stocking Tales. The illustrations in photogravure and in the text, and a map of the Trail, enhance the picturesqueness of the volumes..

MAIDS, WIVES AND BACHELORS. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

It is unfamiliar to find Mrs. Barr writing other than fiction, but the work bears the well-known characteristics marking everything from her pen.

It is not easy to designate in a word the character of this new volume. The papers composing it are mostly too slight to be called essays, and the topics are various and of most dissimilar humour, some merry, some sober and some serious. Most of them have to do with social and domestic matters and the relation of women and girls thereto. The part played by the bachelor is so small that it hardly seems worth while to have made mention of him at all. In these sketches, as in most of the author's stories, the appeal is to the woman, especially to the wife and mother. The longest, the most important and perhaps the most notable of the papers composing the book is that on "Good and Bad Mothers." It seems more carefully thought out than the slighter papers; it reiterates many established truths that are apparently falling into disuse, and it states some rather startling new ones, all of which most mothers may read and ponder to the advantage of present and future generations. There is no mincing of matters. Mrs. Barr speaks out fearlessly, uttering her condemnation of the faithless, fashionable mother who leaves her duty to the hired nurse. There is a bold showing of the consequences of the falsity of such mothers. "Society will have the bill to pay as well as the cruel mother. These neglected children, whatever their birth, come really from the dangerous classes and have a likelihood to drift there. For the first moral training of a child is the most important of all, and in these cases it is given by women gross both through ignorance and vice. . . . . Bad language, bad habits, hatred, petty conciliations, meanness of every kind are in the curriculum of any nursery left in the care of the women usually found in charge."

It must not, however, be supposed that the book as a whole is anything like so grim as this citation would indicate. Wit and humour brighten many of the papers, and in the religious flirts—"those demure lilies of the ecclesiastical garden"—the poetic quality of the author's fiction will be recognised with a smile. And like her stories, all these papers breathe a beautiful, wholesome spirit—there is no bar sinister anywhere.

THE BIBLIOTAPH, AND OTHER PEOPLE. By Leon H. Vincent. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Six of the ten papers which make up this volume are reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals; the remaining

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four are published for the first time. A large part of the book is devoted to the Bibliotaph—one of the rarest specimens, doubtless, of the great biblio family—and we readily accept the statement that the portrait drawn is "not wholly imaginary," for the vigorous personality of this particular book-burier is most convincing. Readers of these essays will surely be indebted to Mr. Vincent for introducing them to his Bibliotaph and initiating them into some of his mysterious ways. When one learns that he was homeless, a bachelor, and a wanderer, one is inclined to feel sorry for him, but a further acquaintance brings to light the fact that any such sentiment as pity is quite out of place when applied to this genial Bibliotaph, who made friends wherever he went. It is recorded that "he bought books freely, never disputed a price, and laid down his cash with the air of a man who believes that unspent money is the root of all evil." If there must be Bibliotaphs, it is to be regretted (more especially by book-sellers) that such large-hearted and large-minded representatives of the species are not more common in our day and generation.

The "other people" in this book are Thomas Hardy, John Keats, John Lyly, Dr. Priestly, Gautier and Stevenson. Mr. Vincent's essays are really "appreciations," and will be most welcome to every admirer of these various writers in poetry, fiction and euphuism; to the critic they are not of so much value; but then the critic prefers to write about such people rather than read about them. Mr. Vincent writes with a pleasing and genial pen, and what he says is informing and entertaining.

HOME LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS. By Alice Morse Earle. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

A word is sufficient to that numerous class who know Mrs. Earle's work in the Colonial field, and how she makes the dead past live and brings back the spirit of other days, when it becomes necessary to announce a new book from her delightful pen. Things quaint and queer, "real things, works and happenings of old times," are here "gathered by the author," and illustrated from photographs of rare relics, curious articles and scenes. "The pictures are the symbols of years of careful research, patient investigation and constant watchfulness." The book, as are all Mrs. Earle's books, is the result of great painstaking and tremendous industry. The publishers have recognised her labours commensurately by reproducing the photographs with skill and clearness of detail, and in giving the book a beautiful and substantial setting. The cover design in imitation of a sampler stamped on buckram is especially pleasing.

HISTORIC TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

This is the first of a projected series of volumes on American historic towns which the editor has planned, and a wholesome avocation during the infrequent leisure hours of a busy minister's life. "A series of illustrated volumes on American Historic Towns, edited with intelligence, would prove a unique and important contribution to historical literature. To the pious pilgrim to historic shrines the series would, perhaps, give the perspective that every pilgrim needs, and furnish information that no guide-book ever offers. To those who have to stay at home the illustrated volumes would present some compensation for the sacrifice, and would help to satisfy a recognised need." The scope and object of the editor will be gathered from this extract from his preface, but it needs the book itself to give any adequate idea of the interesting manner in which he has realised his scheme so far in this initial volume. Mr. George Perry Morris, associate editor of the *Congregationalist*, writes a very interesting and delightful introduction, and other New England writers of note contribute to the various chapters. The book, with its numerous pictures, its fine presswork and binding, is a very attractive production.

MISS AMERICA. By Alexander Black. With 75 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Black's new book wins at once from the beauty of its bookmaking; you know you will like it before you open it. And then, the numerous pen and camera sketches of Miss America—favoured damsel—in all her moods and phases, in her very various activities, outdoors and indoors, captivate the reader and make him prouder, if possible, of that fearful and wonderful product—the American Girl. Mr. Black has hit on an entertaining topic, and he handles it shrewdly, wisely, sometimes wittily, oftentimes piquantly, and seldom without humour. But the book will in all probability be most prized and valued for its interesting and varied illustrations of the American Girl. It is especially in the use of the camera that Mr. Black appeals, and his work in this volume shows a distinct artistic advance over his previous results in this field.

A STUDY OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, and the Rights of Women. By Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

This study is based on an academic dissertation on the subject, presented by Miss Rauschenbusch-Clough for her doctor's degree at Bern. It still bears the mark of its origin, in its effort after a completeness which results in a want of proportion. All the existing lives have been made use of, and though nothing of importance is given that is not recorded by Godwin or Mrs. Pennell or Mr. Paul, the work of the latest biographer is an excellent summary. To what extent Mary Wollstonecraft influenced women of other countries has been more carefully examined here than previously. The tone of apology for her work, life, and opinions is at this time of day a mistake, and so is the importance attached to her views on certain subjects on which she had not thought very profoundly, in which she made to pretensions to be a specialist. In fact, Miss Rauschenbusch-Clough has carefully amassed the material out of which the perfect monograph may yet be written.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, December 1, 1898.

The month's publications were much less numerous than those of October, but with a good variety of subjects and many titles, which will reach large sales. In fiction, *The Associate Hermits*, by Frank R. Stockton; *Gloria Mundi*, by Harold Frederic, and *Afterwards*, by Ian Maclaren, were among the most prominent. Miscellaneous subjects were particularly well represented. *The Story of the Revolution*, by Henry Cabot Lodge; *Essays on Work and Culture*, by Hamilton W. Mabie, and several new books relating to the recent war with Spain, including *The Santiago Campaign*, by Maj.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, being noticeable. New juveniles and illustrated books for the holidays were plentiful; among the former were those of Kirk Monroe, Martha Finley, W. O. Stoddard, Laura E. Richards and Harry Castlemon, while of the latter the new editions of *The Beginnings of New England*, *The Choir Invisible*, *The Fair God*, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The House of the Seven Gables* will be very popular for Christmas gifts. In this connection may also be mentioned *Sketches and Cartoons*, by Gibson, and the new volumes of illustrations by Thulstrup, Johnson and Granville-Smith. *The Day's Work* continues its remarkable sale, and bids fair to be the leading book for the entire fall season. *Roden's Corner*, *The Battle of the Strong*, and *The Adventures of François* are also in great demand. *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War*, is rapidly coming to the front with the claim of being the most amusing book of the year. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Christian* and *A Lady of Quality*, owing to the impetus derived from the production of the dramatised versions, are still selling rapidly, and to these may now be added *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula* and *The Little Minister*, especially in the Maude Adams edition.

Such substantial books as *Northward*, by Peary; *Through Asia*, by Sven Hedin; *In the Forbidden Land*, by A. H. S. Landor; *Bismarck*, by Dr. Moritz Busch, and *A Constitutional History of the American People*, by Francis Newton Thorpe, are being favourably received.

Religious literature is always called for at this time of year, but at present the demand is mostly for the daily text and year booklets, together with the helps for the Sunday school lessons of the coming year, of which *Peloubet's Notes* is the most popular. Commentaries on the *Gospel of St. John*, such as *Ryle's Notes*, are also called for this year.

The encyclopedia and dictionary trade is a feature of the season's business. *Webster's International* and Funk and Wagnall's *Standard Dictionary*, together with an abridgement of the latter, *The Students' Standard Dictionary*, are the accepted authorities now used.

Business generally has continued brisk, increasing in volume as the holidays draw near. Text-book sales are naturally light, but include an unusual demand for works teaching Spanish, and particularly for *El Maestro de Ingles*, a Spanish-English grammar for Spaniards, which is being exported in quantities to Cuba, Porto Rico and even Spain itself. Library trade is strong in all departments of literature.

The following were the best selling books during the past month:

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand. 50 cents and $1.00.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.50.

The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. $1.00 and $2.50.

Gloria Mundi. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Sketches and Cartoons. By Charles Dana Gibson. $5.00.

Ave Roma Immortalis. By F. Marion Crawford. $6.00 net.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. Illustrated. $2.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, Dec. 1, 1898.

The approach of the holiday season finds western booksellers in an optimistic humour. Everyone is preparing for a lively time, present conditions and future indications fully warranting the inference that the "rush" during the few days preceding Christmas will tax all resources.

A remarkable point in connection with the publishing output this year is that notwithstanding the fact that preparations for autumn books were in a decidedly backward condition at midsummer, yet the work has been pushed with such remarkable energy that practically all the season's important books were in the hands of the trade by the middle of November. This is all the more wonderful when the immense volume and the high quality of the literary productions this year is considered.

The most popular book of the hour is *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which, strictly speaking, is scarcely a book at all, as the term is generally understood. Considering the enormous sale

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this play, and the recent appearance in book form of *The Ambassador*, by John Oliver Hobbes, and *The Adventure of the Lady Ursula*, by Anthony Hope, it would seem that a new field is opening for publishers.

The next most popular book is Kipling's *The Day's Work*, which will in all probability lead in numbers sold the successful books of 1898. Following this *The Battle of the Strong*, by Gilbert Parker, met with a wonderful demand, while *A Yankee Volunteer*, by M. Imlay Taylor, *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, by Jerome K. Jerome, *Red Rock*, by Thomas Nelson Page, *Rupert of Hentzau*, by Anthony Hope, *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, *The Castle Inn*, by Stanley J. Weyman, and *Gloria Mundi*, by Harold Frederic, sold in exceedingly large numbers. There was a good local demand also for *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War*.

In the department of solid literature, as distinct from fiction, the best selling books at present are *Ave Roma Immortalis*, by Marion Crawford, *In the Forbidden Land*, by A. H. S. Landor, *My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution*, by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, *Bismarck: A Memoir*, by Busch, and *The Story of the Revolution*, by H. C. Lodge.

Juveniles are, as usual at this time of the year, quick selling stock, the new books in particular going very well. Among the leading favourites are *Elsie on the Hudson*, by Martha Finley, *Child Rhymes*, by Riley, and *General Nelson's Scout*, by Byron A. Dunn.

This is evidently a "Rubáiyát" year, the demand for the numerous editions of this famous work, which range, by the way, from $25.00 to 10 cents, being extraordinary.

Among books which are selling chiefly on account of the illustrations they contain, the most popular are the various volumes by Gibson, Nicholson, Remington and Kemble. So far there has been no falling off from the demand experienced in previous years for this class of books.

The best selling books last month were:

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand. $1.00, 50 cts., 25 cts.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

A Yankee Volunteer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By J. K. Jerome. $1.25.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. $1.25.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

The King's Jackal. By H. R. Davis. $1.25.

The Castle Inn. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

Gloria Mundi. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Oct. 24th to Nov. 19th, 1898.

Business has been brisk during the period indicated above, quite as brisk as in previous years. There is still the fact of lessening values to be borne in mind, but a number of high-priced works are appearing this season, the sales of which may turn the scale of returns in favour of the present time. Foreign and colonial trade continues satisfactory, the popularity of English literature all the world over being as great as ever.

Fiction in the form of the six-shilling novel continues in great favour. No single work calls for notice, but the copies sold in a month would weigh several tons.

In issuing new books and new editions the publishers' lists seem to have no ending. Like Tennyson's brook, they go on for ever. During one week recently one hundred and fifty entirely new books were shown to the trade, and one hundred new editions.

Works on India and Sudan are in good request; such books, for example, as Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum*, and Slatin's *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*. The cultivation of physical strength is still very popular, to judge from the sale of books on training. Books of readings and recitations, and on indoor amusements are now in their season. A little more attention is being paid to theological and religious works generally. The absence of the demand has been very noticeable for some time past.

There is a very large business doing in magazines. *The Royal*, *Harmsworth*, and *Wide World* magazines have slightly fallen off, but are still selling in large numbers. Among magazines for women especially, the *Woman at Home* and the *Lady's Realm* must be mentioned.

Juvenile books are, of course, doing a grand trade just now. The picture books are not of a very high grade of art; they are principally of the "Gollywog" and "Ugly Beasts" description, but they sell, and that is the great point. Books of adventure among the Indians, at sea, during the Indian Mutiny, during the various wars—these are the favourites with boys. The taste is everlasting, and each year produces a fresh crop. Several series of classic novels have been issued of late, but they have met with a small demand. As long as people eat, so long will cookery books be required. There is always a good sale for them, the most noticeable for the moment being Meyer's *Practical Dictionary of Cookery*.

The appended list has been made with much care, and may be taken as a fair index to the public taste:

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Castle Inn. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Gloria Mundi. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By J. Hocking. 6s. (Bowden.)
Windyhaugh. By G. Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Hope the Hermit. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Aylwin. By T. W. Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1, 1898, and December 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Aylwin. By Watts-Dunton. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Afterwards. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Gloria Mundi. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone.)
4. Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
5. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Afterwards. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Hope the Hermit. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Gallops. By Gray. $1.25. (Century.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25. (Small, Maynard & Co.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Home Life in Colonial Days. By Earle. $2.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. Kingsbury's Translation. Cloth, $1.00; boards, 50 cents. (Lamson, Wolffe.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. A Yankee Volunteer. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
3. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cts. and $1.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
Tekla. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

DETROIT, MICH.

The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
Worldly Ways and By-Ways. By Gregory. $1.50. (Scribner.)
Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
Cyrano de Bergerac. Hall Translation. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Philippines. By Worcester. $4.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen-Merrill.)
An Idyl of the Wabash. By Nicholas. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)
Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
A Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.50. (Harper.)
Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen-Merrill.)
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
3. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Lady Arabella. By Seawell. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Road to Paris. By Stephens. $1.50. (Page.)
5. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Tattle Tales. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
5. Mr. Dooley. $1.25. (Small, Maynard & Co.)
6. Aylwin. By Watts-Dunton. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. Hall's Translation. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Hope the Hermit. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)
4. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cts. to $1.25. (Various.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
4. Afterwards. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Gloria Mundi. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone.)
4. Ave Roma Immortalis. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
6. True Benjamin Franklin. By Fisher. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Great Salt Lake Trail. By Inman. $3.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Buccaneers and Pirates. By Stockton. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
5. The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Essays on Work and Culture. By Mabie. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TORONTO, CAN.

1. *Battle of the Strong. By Parker. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
2. *Tekla. By Barr. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Morang.)
3. *The Red Axe. By Crockett. 75 cts. an $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
4. *The Day's Work. By Kipling. 75 cts. an $1.50. (Morang.)
5. *The Castle Inn. By Merriman. 75 ct and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
6. *Yellow Danger. By Shiel. 75 cts. (To roto News Co.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Adventures of François. By Mitchel $1.50. (Century.)
2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.5 (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.7 (Harper.)
4. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.5 (Holt.)
6. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner

WACO, TEXAS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. War $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Battle of the Strong. By Parke $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.7 (Harper.)
4. The Adventures of François. By Mitchel $1.50. (Century.)
5. The Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.5 (Harper.)
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. B Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.5 (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. Ha translation. 50 cents. (Doubleday McClure.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchel $1.50. (Century.)
4. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner
5. Gunner Aboard the Yankee. $1.50. (Dou bleday & McClure.)
6. The Widower. By Norris. $1.00. (Appl ton.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

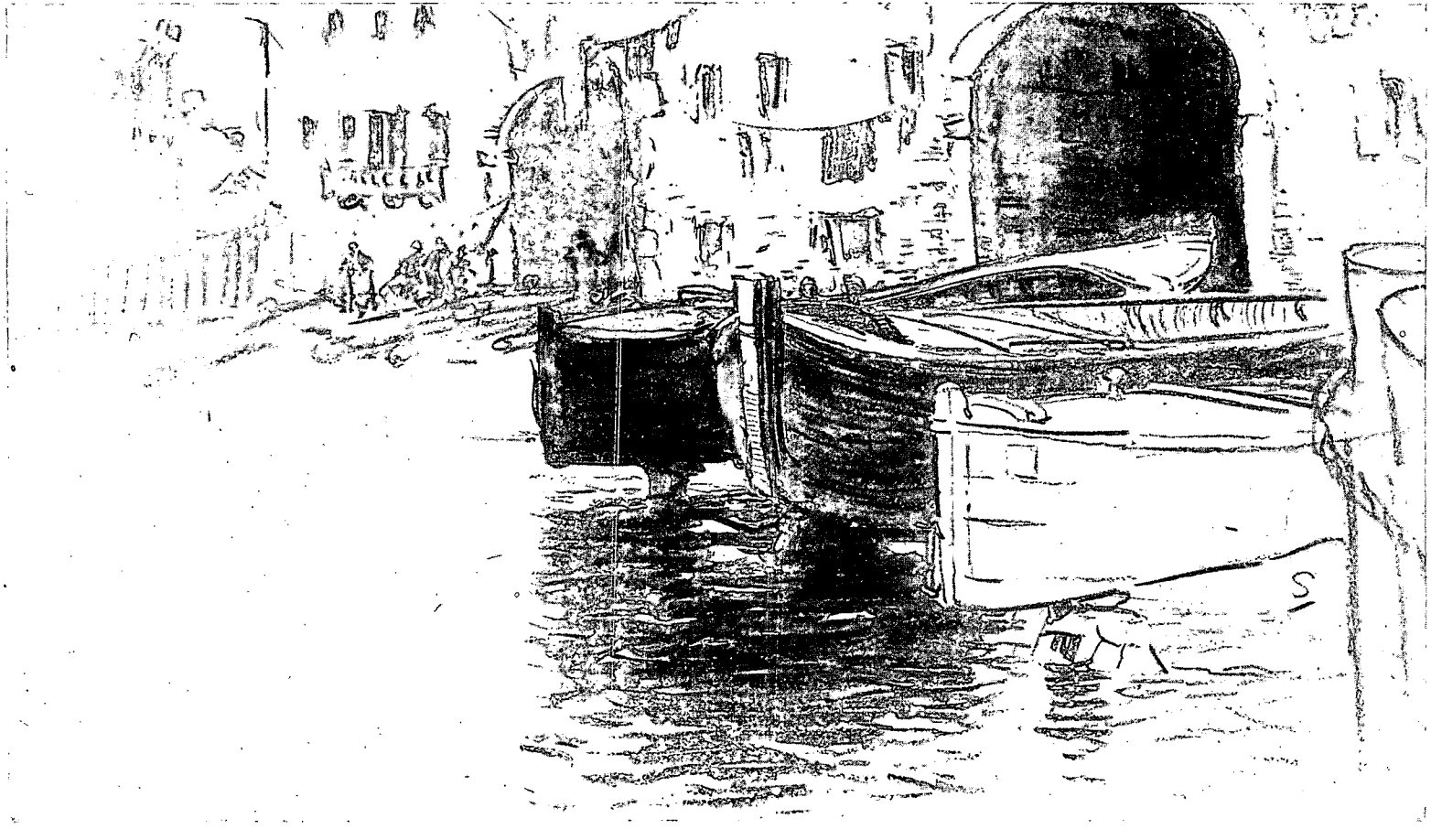
According to the foregoing lists, the si books which have sold best in the order demand during the month are —

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.5 (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. The Battle of the Strong. By Parke $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner
4. Adventures of François. By Mitchel $1.50. (Century.)
5. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.5 (Longmans.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.7 (Harper.)

*Canadian editions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE ONE THAT WHISTLER ETCHED."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED